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writes equally well of
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The Harrison Fisher cover of this issue without lettering mailed on receipt of 25 cents

How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose pictures you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become—how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never could get rid of them!

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging and I was tempted more than once to give it up.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind.

Why I Changed My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when dead skin and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Domino Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming! Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

My Extraordinary Experience

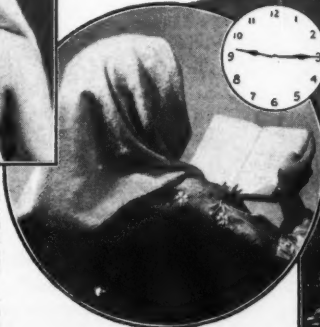
I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Domino Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface.

At nine-thirty I removed the Domino Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been trans-

formed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty. I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Domino Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. It is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Domino Com-



Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth and radiantly beautiful!

plexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a \$3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay to any one who reads my story. If I would write my experience with the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay for publication the Domino House agreed to accept only \$1.95 for a \$3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Domino Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Domino Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Send No Money

It is not necessary to send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Domino Complexion Clay is in your hands. You will have the same extraordinary experience that I had—and you will be grateful to me for agreeing to write this story. But I advise you to act at once before the special offer is withdrawn and Domino Complexion Clay is once more placed at its regular price.

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If You Act at Once

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Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon or a postcard today. Domino House, Dept. 658, 269 South 9th Street, Phila., Pa.

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Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
If you wish, you may send money with coupon

Why the Private School?

SINCE the war everything has been re-valued, even schools. Assertion has lost all authority. Bluff has turned into a boomerang. "I want to know" must now be answered.

Our public schools have done so much for us that some have thought they should do more. Now many are beginning to suspect that the "little red hen" cannot always lay a germinating egg, "the little red school house" cannot always turn out for democracy a leadership obedient to the charge of Lowell,

"Be strong-backed, brown-handed, upright as your pines,

By the scale of a hemisphere shape your designs."

There is even bold and somewhat careless talking of the utter breakdown of our public schools. Certainly public confidence is waning in the power of the public school to develop leaders for democracy when democracy must have wise leaders, or we perish. In far too many places children are on part time, double session, forty in a class. In our biggest city it was recently reported that 94 out of every 100 children receive nothing more than general training, in circumstances so unfavorable that men like John Dewey, E. L. Thorndike, Franklin H. Giddings, and E. R. A. Seligman, bravely call attention to the plight into which our schools are drifting.

To overestimate the good work of the public schools is impossible. In many places they have had a mind for the average, and also for the backward and defective. It is as to their preparation for leadership that like the Scotchman some honestly are saying, "I hae my doubts;" and an educator of high reputation recently remarked at an important conference: "We have system for the average child, special teachers for the backward child, and classes for the defectives—but God help the bright child."

THE truth is public schools are comparatively new. Even the first high school has but lately celebrated its one hundredth birthday. The war caught our public schools unawares; demoralized the teaching staff, introduced unprofitable controversy, and too often turned over the

children we love to the narrowness of politicians and the neglect of maternal flappers.

Meanwhile, the private school with roots struck deep down into the past has grown apace till this year one-sixth of our school children are believed to be in private schools, who, if in public schools, overcrowded as they are, might prove to be the straw that breaks the camel's back. Recent reports would seem to indicate that 80% of the boys at Princeton and 70% at Yale are from private schools.

The reason is that in addition to the democratic training given in the public schools the private schools make a start toward training leaders. They begin a job the home too often shirks or leaves half done. With their smaller percentage of pupils to each teacher and the longer continuation under one roof of the same group there can be attention to individual needs the public school in spite of good intentions sometimes cannot give. The private schools can go faster than public schools in trying out with proper safeguards, promising experiments to which children are entitled since they grow up fast. While there is still time, they correct physical, moral, and mental defects with an exactness not possible to education in the mass.

CLIQUEs they can more easily control. Thoroughness, enthusiasm and speed they enormously increase. Impact to character they can give with more success because their children live long enough with wholesome teachers, who add to their effectiveness the grace and the refinement parents who covet for their children the best things desired. Leadership can be developed without hurt to general preparation amid conditions which the private school is specially prepared to furnish.

But because it can both standardize and also care for the exceptions, the private school has a unique responsibility, the acceptance of which brings it public confidence. This is in fact its sole reason for existence. If the private school ever ceases to educate both the average and the exceptional it will go to the discard, and we shall all turn back to the public school, and make it meet our every expectation in spite of every difficulty.

Sylvan P. Powell

Director, Cosmopolitan Educational Department



Cosmopolitan Educational Guide



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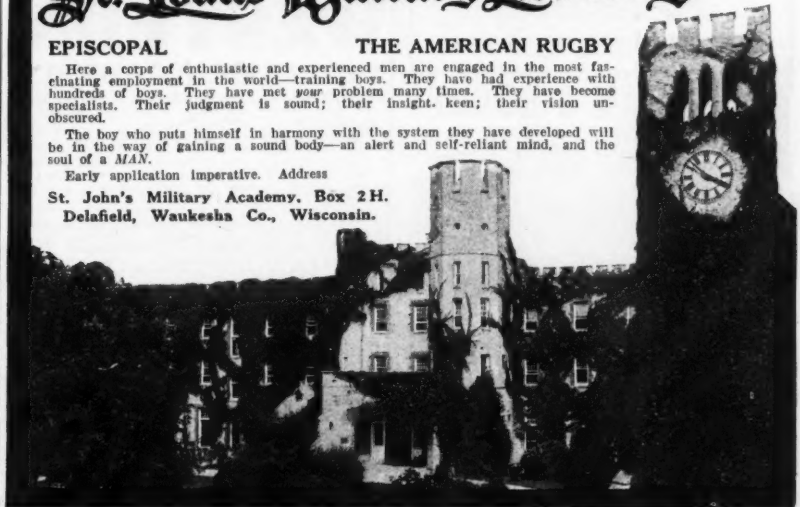
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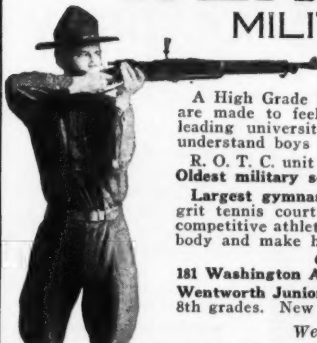
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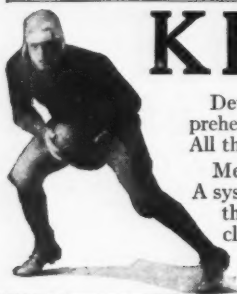
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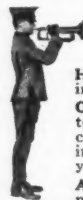
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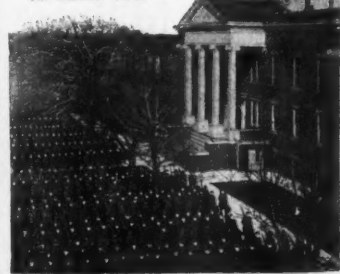
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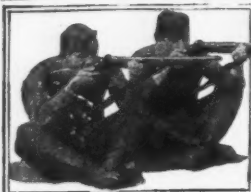
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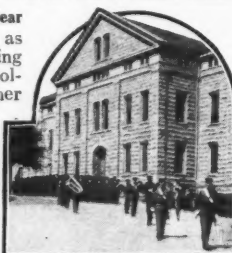
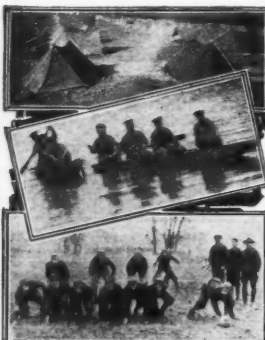
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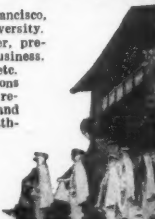
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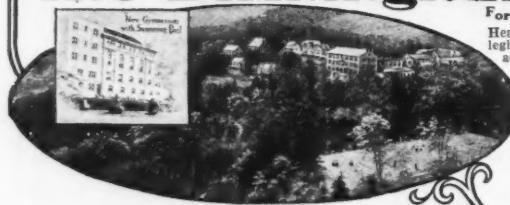
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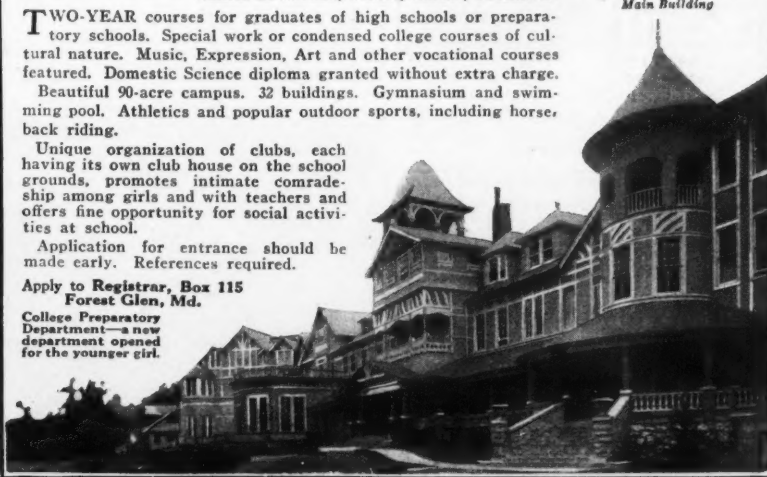
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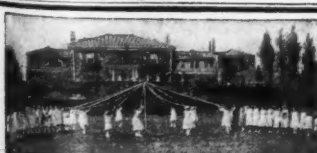
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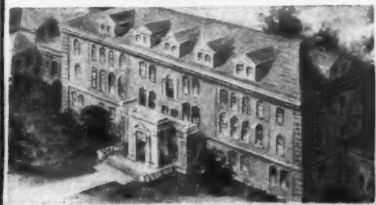
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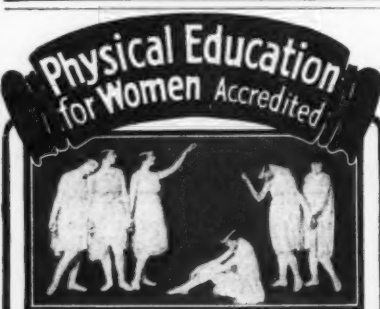
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We knew the associations they were now making, the habits they were now forming, the teaching they were now getting could never be made up for later—but what could we do? What would you have done?

It was with misgivings, therefore, that I started Jim at the local school. I knew him teacher, one of the town girls, a product of the same school with only the commonest kind of a common school education and no training or experience.

It seemed like a joke, but it became more and more a serious one. Jim was apparently learning nothing except bad language and behavior and we dreaded to think of sending our little girl into those surroundings.

One day Jim, Sr., returned from a trip and as soon as he stepped inside the house I knew something had happened.

"Mary," he shouted, "come here quickly, I've got it!"

"Got what?" I cried. "Are we to move to New York?"

"Oh, no," he laughed—"but something better—as far as the children are concerned. On the train I met a man, bragging about his children—showed me their pictures—their school reports and all that, but what interested me most of all was a letter from his 7-year-old son—Jim is 7 and think what sort of a letter he writes!—well, I had to admit the man had an infant prodigy—which, however, he denied—just a normal child, he maintained—but—and this is the amazing thing—the boy had been taught by correspondence through his mother! Do you get that?"

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I threw my arms around Jim's neck, thrilled by his enthusiasm. "Let's order the course at once," I said.

"It's ordered already!" he replied. "There's the outfit there in my luggage!"

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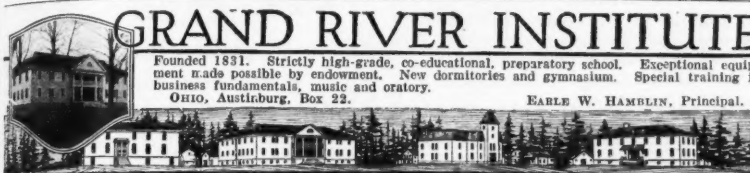
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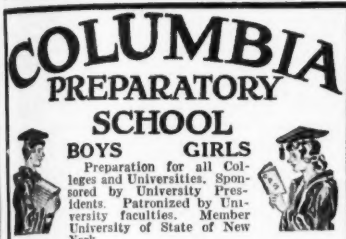
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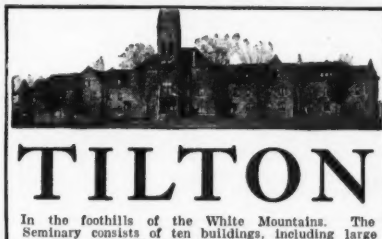
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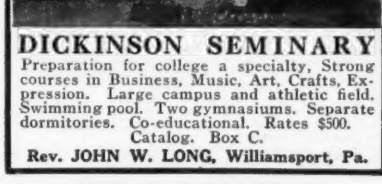
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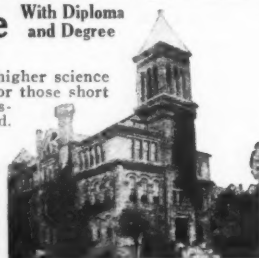
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Michigan College of Mines

ASK COSMOPOLITAN.



Dr. Lyman P. Powell

To Serve The Public, The Schools And The Colleges

DR. LYMAN P. POWELL is now Director of Cosmopolitan's Educational Department. By accepting this appointment, he has made it possible to extend the scope of the department's activities.

Dr. Powell will continue the service of assisting parents in the selection of a proper school and summer camp for their children. Also, because of his years of experience as an educator, he will be able to give practical advice in the solution of the internal problems which face school and college heads.

In coming to Cosmopolitan, Dr. Powell was influenced by the opportunity of having greater resources for carrying on his work as an independent adviser to educational institutions.

Prior to the world war he was head of the department of business ethics at New York University,

and then President of Hobart College. When the United States entered the war, Dr. Powell made a study of the effect of the war on education in this country and in Europe, and was chairman of the Committee of the Association of American Colleges which formally recommended international educational reciprocity.

Dr. Powell considers the plans for this department "the most interesting development in American education."

Among the department's activities is the issuing of a bulletin "Among the Schools and Colleges." It will be sent to educators on request.

Further information regarding Cosmopolitan's Educational Department may be had by addressing, Dr. Lyman P. Powell, Cosmopolitan Magazine, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Conspicuous Nose pores—

grow larger if neglected

COMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged. To reduce enlarged nose pores use this special treatment:

WRING a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Supplement this treatment with the steady general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will see how the treatment gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

This is only one of the famous

skin treatments given in the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. A special Woodbury treatment for each different type of skin is given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the right treatment for your skin.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles, make it ideal for general use. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
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The treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

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The Road to Long Ago

by James J. Montague

Often, when I hear the stories that a Little Fellow tells,
Of a land of summer sunshine, singing brooks and quiet dells,
Where there's neither work nor worry, and one listens all day long
To the crooning of the crickets and the robin's nesting song,
I'm reminded as he chatters, with his eager eyes aglow,
That this land was my own country, in the time called Long Ago.

From the hilltop which he fancies that his feet were first to tread
I have heard the mother robin call her children home to bed;
I remember how the crickets stilled their song when I drew near,
So I never could discover if they sang by note or ear.
Sometimes I heard fairy voices in the rustling maple tree,
But however hard I hunted, not a fairy could I see.

There were bears in my own country, so it wasn't safe to roam
When the woods were filled with shadows, very far away from home.
Quite a wicked little goblin lurked beside the river's brim,
And the better part of valor was to keep away from him.
Still, the sun seemed always shining through the long and pleasant day,
And I wonder rather often why I ever came away.

I would like to journey back there from this world of cares and men,
And to wander through the woodland and beside the brook again;
I would like to hunt those fairies, for the frost is on my brow
Meaning years, and haply wisdom, and I'd surely find one now.
Countless times I've dreamed about it, but I've come to learn at last
That all travel is forbidden on the pathway to the past!

The Trouble with the Hindu is

Says George ADE



WHEN A TROUBLE MAKER TRIES
TO PUT OVER A FALSE CLAIM.



A FEW BIG GUNS GIVE THE
ORDERS IN EVERY TOWN.



MEN WHO DOMINATE THE CROWD
HAVE SUPERIOR METHODS OF REASONING.



YOU WILL FIND A LOWER JAW SUGGESTING A BULLDOG

ONE day, in the shade of the big top, the "fixer" employed by an amusement enterprise billed as The World's Greatest revealed the secret: "When a trouble maker tries to put over a false claim for damages, knowing that the circus will be leaving at midnight and that we cannot stay over to fight him in court, I never try to settle with him. I find out who owns him and then I go and square the whole mix-up with the man higher up. A few big guns give all the orders in every town."

How about those essays on the essentials of leadership? It is easy to sit at a desk and decide that the men who dominate the crowd have superior methods of reasoning, a wider range of vision, and a larger store of expert information on many subjects. Theoretically, college professors should constitute a ruling class. Between ourselves, we know that they form a large but ineffective group, well in the background. They utter many dogmatic opinions but cut very little ice.

Within the cloisters they have been telling one another that "Knowledge is power." Of course the natural-born promoter who has a lot of facts within reach may get results which are denied the ignoramus. But there is such a thing as stocking up with so much knowledge that you have no room left for the dynamo.

China was inert for centuries because officials were chosen by the test of scholarship. Now the men who smash through and get results have taken charge.

When you size up the rugged party who rides down opposition and rules his neighborhood, you may not find the outward symptoms of culture but often you will find a lower jaw suggesting the bulldog that takes first prize at a bench show.

From the sewing circle and the nine-hole golf club up to the most powerful political machine in the world, the whip is cracked by some assertive individual who issues crisp commands while you and I and all of our kind are hemming and hawing and diligently inquiring as to precedents.

His Name's not McCarthy

Illustrations by Tony Sarg

The smallest town you see from the car window harbors a small replica of Dick Croker or a milk-fed miniature of Charlie Murphy.

Our destinies are decided in back rooms—even under the primary system. When the most gifted mind readers cannot tell you who is going to be nominated for Governor, a few secluded giants who have specialized on will power, hypnotism and physical violence will be in a position to prophesy, but usually they keep quiet.

We advertise our democracy and then, in every crisis, throw back six centuries to the feudal period and wait for instructions from some benevolent baron.

The precincts and districts in politics are owned in fee simple by certain sachems who do the bargaining. Some of them are beheaded but even then the supreme authority does not revert to the strap-hangers. It is simply transferred to a new set of moguls.

When a bunch of boys assemble on the common to "choose up," one of the lot, with steel-gray eyes and knotty looking fists, steps out and says "I'll be captain." No one dares to challenge him. The opposition is not organized. He tells the others what to do next. If he lives to be eighty, he will still domineer and dictate—and get away with it.

That's the trouble. The world is full of Napoleons who carry mufflers. Pacifism is more important to them than the meal ticket.

Many of the subordinates have everything needed to make them executives except the nerve to assert themselves.

"Rolling Mill" Kelly said that when four Irishmen worked on a job, one was boss, another was foreman, the third was overseer and the fourth was superintendent.

Which explains why the Irish Free State is in Dublin Castle while Egypt and India are merely wailing their discontents. The trouble with the Hindus and Arabs is that they are not named McCarthy.



—WHO ISSUES CRISP COMMANDS—



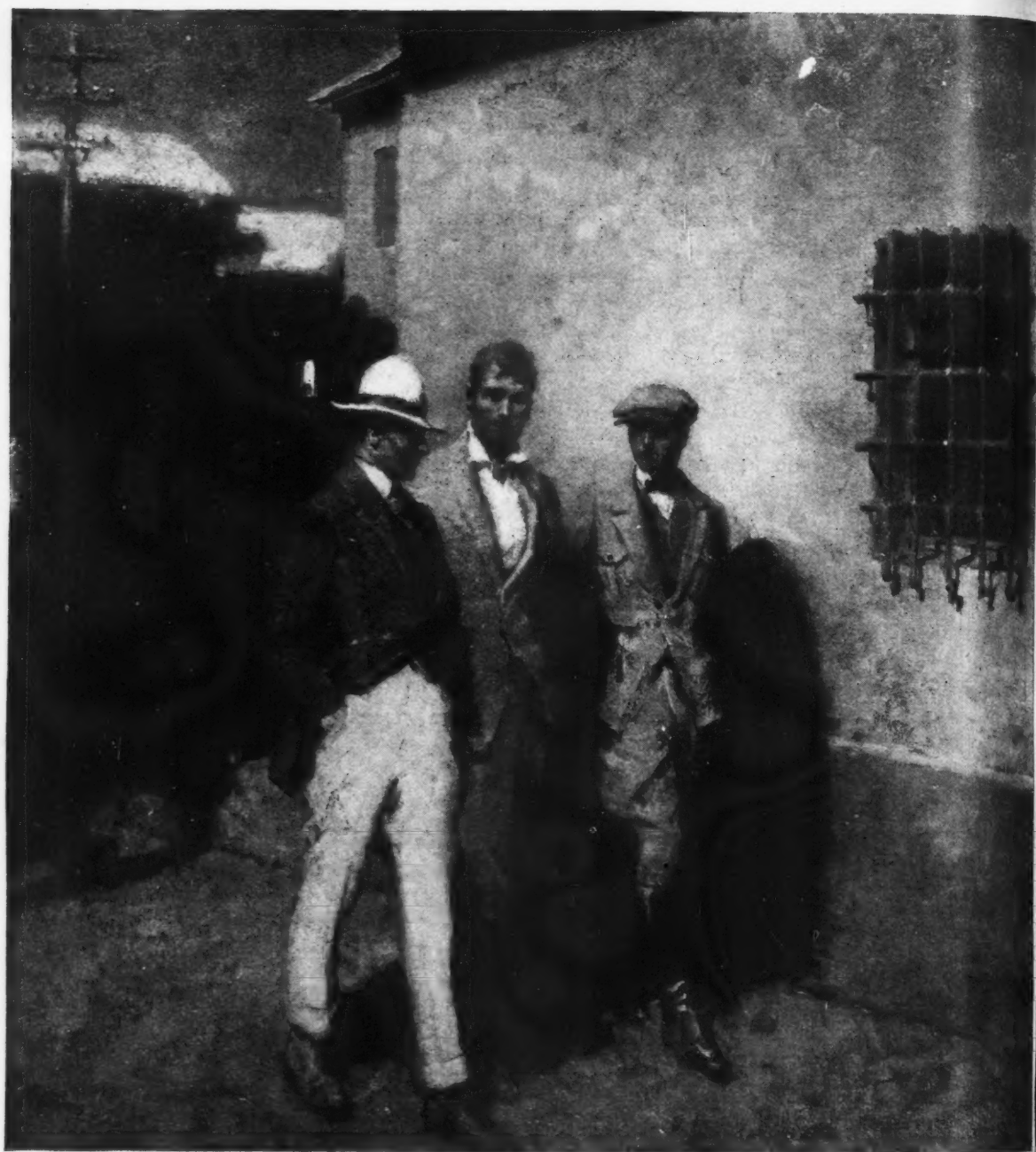
"I'LL BE CAPTAIN!"



MANY SUBORDINATES HAVE EVERYTHING—EXCEPT NERVE



WHEN FOUR IRISHMEN WORKED ON A JOB!



Sherry, Lundi Druro and young Desmond

YOU will follow with unflagging interest the lives of these three wanderers as they are chronicled in Cynthia Stockley's *Romance of the African veldt*, **PONJOLA**: Sherry, gold miner, adventurer and daredevil; Lundi Druro, a man's man hell-bent for destruction by way of a woman's heart, victim of fate and ponjola—which is Rhodesian lingo for whisky; young Desmond, whose past is a mystery and whose future is a fight for the fulfilment of a dream that has dragged him half across the world to Africa.

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Three Distinctive *N&W* Features Begin in This Issue
This is No. 1

Cynthia Stockley's

First Novel in Three Years

PONJOLA

Illustrations by H. M. Stoops

BEFORE a long gilt mirror on the walls of a Paris studio, a woman who was not much more than a girl stood combing her russet hair and gazing in the fading light at the sad and bitter beauty of her face. From her lips—clean cut as if some master hand had taken a fine knife and carved into the ivory of her face a curving line that had opened red as pomegranate—some words kept falling, half sighed, half murmured in an absent minded yet intent manner, as though they had a meaning for her ear even while her thoughts were afar.

That no life lives forever.
That dead men rise up never.
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere to the sea.

"Even the weariest river," she muttered as one who longs to cast body and soul into that weary river. Her voice was a low contralto, a little hoarse, like a boy's who has not yet become quite a man. Her figure too was more like a boy's than a girl's; a splendid Greek boy's, lissom and strong from sport and exercise. Five-foot-ten is rather tall for a girl and makes her conspicuous anywhere—especially when she is beautiful as well, with a sparkling bronze and ivory beauty. This girl, if her hair had been short and sleek instead of a-shimmer above her brows, might have sat for the portrait of a Crusader, or some gallant Knight of Arthur's Table Round. Her broad young shoulders could have carried a tunic of chain armor so bravely that none would have guessed the roundness and the curves beneath. Cœur de Lion might have looked so, with face set to the East. Or Lancelot of the Lake. Lancelot, still a boy—before he cast his honor under a woman's feet—might have had such a mouth.

Her nose without being too large was large enough. It betokened ancestors. The bony look of race about it was unmistakable. An insolent nose, but human too; the little kink in the middle of it where it had been broken—bunting—and beautifully repaired made it very human. The men who had loved her found that kink irresistible. It seemed to be the key to her tastes, her ways, her views of life, the whole frank yet complicated gallant boyishness of her character. When in the great drama of her life she was weighed and found wanting, those remembering that little human kink in the insolent nose above the gay brilliance of her smile wondered if after all they could have been mistaken—if she could indeed have been so false and foresworn as the world said she was.

That even the weariest river . . .

By the dying light from the high window she could see into her own eyes, grave and dark as violets, fearless like the carriage of her head, but desolate and full of weariness. With all that grace and strength and distinction, she was weary. She found life hateful, empty, unjust. She wanted release from the cruelty of it.

Not posingly nor in the spirit of pretense did she repeat



Swinburne's profoundly sorrowful lines. For truly she was weary of all but death. From a heart overflowing with bitterness she truly and sincerely thanked whatever gods might be that—even here in Paris—was a river that wound somewhere to the sea. That was the bitter-sweet motif of her *recitativo* . . . Idly yet intently passing the comb through her shimmering hair, she was tidying it for the last time, preparing to go out that evening—and never return.

In the shadows behind her a door opened and a maid softly entered, laying the evening papers on the table and preparing to light up. Her mistress addressed her without turning.

"I don't want the lights, Mariette."

"Madame dines out?"

Madame smiled derisively at herself in the mirror.

"Little fishes lick the dishes. Amen," she said in English.

"Pardon, madame?"

"Nothing, Mariette. I was only thinking of the company I shall keep tonight."

"Ah! yes, madame. Madame is going *en toilette*?"

"No . . . I'm going as I am."

She was dressed in a fantastic garment of gray velvet that fastened on one shoulder with a big emerald button, green and gleaming as Medusa's eye, and fell in straight lines to her feet. Mariette gave a glance at her, then went into the bedroom and emerged with a chinchilla cloak, a pair of gray suede walking shoes and long gray gloves. These she placed on a chair before the open wood fire, with a fine muslin handkerchief and a mantilla of lace. She threw on another log and replenished with anthracite the great stove.

Madame remained silent before the mirror. It was growing dark but she could still see herself, gleaming gray and gold, smiling that derisive smile. Mariette did not find her behavior strange. She had worked for forty years among artists and *femmes de lettres* and was surprised at nothing. They were all mad. This one though she painted was not an artist proper (Mariette knew a *grande dame* when she saw one—hein?); still, she was mad too, like the rest. However, she was kind and generous and that was all that really mattered to Mariette.

"Is there anything more madame requires before I go?" Mariette slept at home.

"Nothing, thank you. But listen, Mariette. In the morning before you come to wake me, take the letters and packets you will find on the table and post them. The packets should be registered. Don't bring in my tea until you have done this."

"*Bien*, madame. It is understood."

When the woman at the mirror was at last alone she turned on the lights. She needed light but she had not wanted the shrewd and computing eye of the Frenchwoman on her face to read its fateful look. There were still one or two things to do. The letter to her lawyers to be addressed; the little packet of jewels for the one woman who loved her, to seal up; Mariette's wages to be put into an envelope and placed on the kitchen table so that she would not find it until she returned from the post. Letters and packets would be safely away before the police came probing round.

One or two fine pictures hung on the walls and plenty of canvases of her own stood about. She had done some good work in the past six months. Even Jules Guy—that great master—had said that if she stuck to it she would achieve unusual things. Her books . . . there were long rows of them, some of them very dear to her. Odds and ends of treasures she had kept from early girlhood were scattered upon the old oak furniture . . . trophies of game and sport; her first "brush"; a loving cup won for shooting; the beautiful little rifle she had got her first stag with; her violin; the hoof of that dauntless mare from whose back she had broken her nose. But these were inanimate things and could not fill her emptiness or rebuild her temples of illusion that lay broken in the dust.

She threw the lace over her hair and slipped into the big sleeveless cloak of gray fur with its scarlet and gold lining. She would leave that cloak on the river wall, she decided—some cold and weary creature would have a pleasant surprise.

Her eye wandered once more round the room.

"A studio is a pleasant kind of caravanserai to dwell in—if one could only pitch it in the desert," she thought, and touched a row of books gently. Books had been her friends when all others had failed and fled. But even books—when you are young and ardent, hungry and thirsty for all that life promises—are not enough.

Well! hunger and thirst were over now. Shame, humiliation, disillusion had filled her cup and her plate. She had eaten and drunk—and she would soon be dead.

Down the little street wherein she lived, and which was an *impasse*, the ground underfoot was soggy and the air spectral



with November mists, but at the open end Boulevard Raspail blazed bright as day. Bright but empty. People were all at dinner. Even taximen must eat, it seemed, for there was not one to be seen. It looked as if she might have to stand for some time under the lamp at the end of the street; but when you have a self-made appointment with eternity you can afford to loiter a little en route.

The worst of the Seine was that it was so far away; a mile at least down the slithering pavements of Raspail and St. Germain. And her shoes were thin. On the moors, with a good sole to her foot, or across the stubble, she could tramp with anyone, but with Paris shoes on she was averse to walking, even to keep a rendezvous with the greatest of adventures.

She waited, then, looking patiently up and down; and presently out of the mists round the Lion of Belfort something came swishing and purring along towards her. It was fate. She took it for a taxi at first, but soon recognized it to be a private car, a big, luxurious one with crimson leather upholstery that made it look cozy enough on such a dismal night. The solitary man lounging comfortably in it was hatless—a strange sight in Paris on a wet night! His short, fairish, curly hair, a good deal ruffled, was very unlike Paris hair too.

He saw at once that she was after a taxi and with a blithe smile assisted in the search by a quick glance up and down, then shrugged at her and as good as said:

"No luck!"

She could not help smiling too at the friendly *sang froid* of him. It was a long while since she had liked the look of a man as much as that hatless, red-brown one—since she had liked the look of any man, if it came to that. He even had the audacity to pat the seat beside him as much as to say, "Why not accept a lift?" She smiled at that too but moved her head slightly in negation.

They would not have been able to exchange these smiles and queries if the car had not begun to slacken down and gone slower and slower until, about five yards beyond her, it stopped



lowed and sat beside her in the simplest, easiest manner in the world. It came perfectly natural to him to do a service to a woman. They talked. In a few minutes the girl knew that the man had come from Africa, that he was going back tomorrow, that he was staying at the Grand and that the car belonged to a friend at the same hotel.

It was not that he was a fool—or so ingenious that he “gave up” like a trained spaniel at the sight of a pretty woman. It was simply that he was carelessly serene. As

Emerson says, “gentlemen are serene.” When they are careless as well the combination is attractive. Besides, this man happened to be magnificently happy and on the best of terms with the world. He had been so quick at discovering the girl and her need because he was a veldt man accustomed to keeping his eye skinned, as the saying is. He had a look of lions and tigers about him, and some wild beast had chewed or clawed his face—nearly, but not quite, destroying its beauty. Nothing could destroy the blithe and boyish smile that seemed part of him. He was dressed in a loose gray lounge suit, well cut and with the same careless air to it that he carried in his casual but comprehensive eyes. He wore no overcoat and appeared entirely indifferent to the weather.

It transpired that up there, beyond the Lion of Belfort, he had just come from visiting the Paris Observatoire. He had gone to take a message from “a man at home” and been shown all over it by “a pleasant, interesting fellow” whom he found “knew another man he knew.” He seemed much involved with other men. A real man’s man, the girl adjudged him. No dangler, this, at women’s apron strings. They talked of Paris, which he did not know as well as he would have liked, specially this part. Unfortunately he had no time to stop now and get to know it, as he must spin off tomorrow to Marseilles, or miss his boat. She asked about his route and he told her the ports he stopped at—Naples, Port Said; Aden, pale and arid in the blasting sun—“only a sheet of brown paper between Aden

They were all mad,
thought Mariette, these
artists and femmes de lettres!

altogether. The passenger who had continued to gaze back now turned in surprise to the chauffeur; but that individual, muttering imprecations, was already in the road jabbing into the internal economy of the machine. That settled the matter. The red-brown man jumped out and went back to the lady under the lamp. He could not take off his hat, not having one, but he smiled, half like a shy schoolboy, half like a friendly sort of lion, and said:

“Do let me give you a lift. You’ll never get a taxi—and it’s going to rain like the dickens in a minute or two.”

He had the most careless, happy, gay, shy yet fearless face she had ever seen. It was impossible to mistrust him or misunderstand him. She hesitated barely a second.

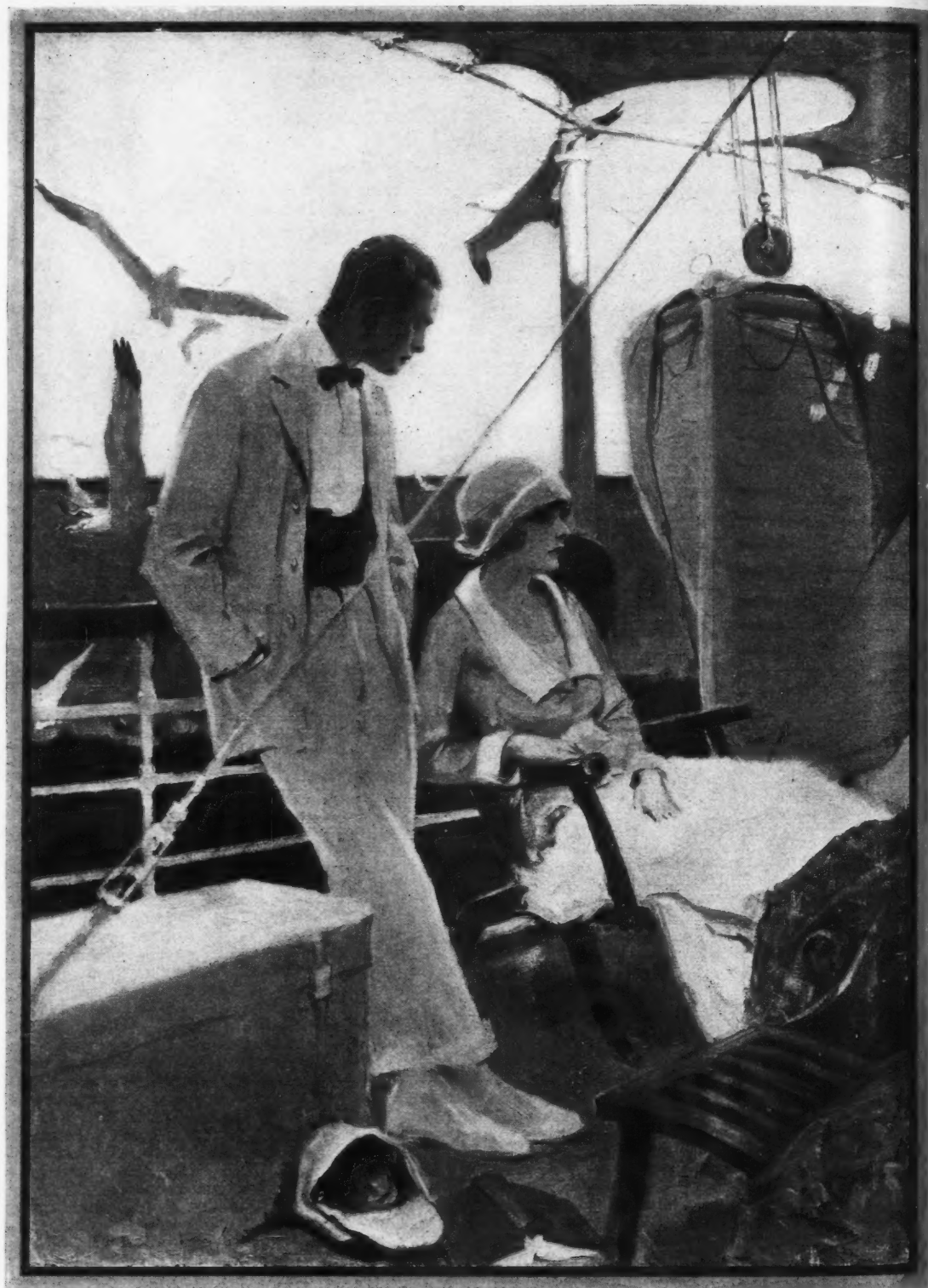
“Thank you, I shall be very glad. I want to get down to the quay, and it really does seem rather hopeless waiting for a taxi.”

“Which quay?”

“The one straight ahead, at the end of the boulevard.”

“Come along, then.” He led the way.

They went back; he opened the door and she got in. He fol-



"It's a cryptic country, Africa," Gay answered Desmond, "in which anything may happen to anybody."

and Hades, they say"; Zanzibar, clove scented and golden with mangoes; Mombasa, home of scandals and African curios—"both made to order"; Mozambique, where "the sweetest oranges in the world grow and the prisons are grimmest"; and last of all, Beira, his port of disembarkment. He didn't bother to follow the voyage south of that point.

Strange for one leaving the world that night to be suddenly brought into touch with these sunny, unknown ports, to hear of golden mangoes and sweetest oranges and skies whose blue

seemed to turn white-hot at noon! She stared at him, absorbed and fascinated

"At Beira you hop on to a bit of a Portuguese railway and in a few hours you are at Umtali—back in blessed old Rhodesia." He said it joyously as though he had already arrived.

"I've read about Rhodesia. It sounds attractive in novels."

"Never believe anything you read about Africa in a book,"

he enjoined. "It is simply impossible to put the truth on paper about that old continent."

"Is it so awful?"

"Pretty bad. But it's the finest country in the world."

Time passed. The chauffeur still tinkered, with growing exasperation on his face. Gentle drops of rain began to fall. In a pause the man looked at his watch.

"I'm afraid you'll be late for your dinner."

"It doesn't matter," she said, and just then the chauffeur came aft and stated with stifled fury but in carefully polite English:

"I am sorry, monsieur. She's broken part of her magneto. I shall have to go to the nearest garage and get another."

"That's a nice lookout!" The big man leaped into the street and inspected matters. "Can't you fix her up enough to take this lady down to the quai?"

"Impossible, monsieur. But there's a garage in Edgar Quinet, and if anyone is there I can fix her up in an hour."

The big man used a curious expression of his own, indicative of a certain measure of annoyance. But he spoke it very softly to himself.

"I'll go hopping to hell!" Then he leaned on the car, looking at its inmate. "I'm ashamed of the thing."

"What does it matter?" She was gathering her cloak around her. "It's just as bad for you."

"Oh, I can leg it! But you! Not a taxi in sight—and beginning to rain!"

It was more than beginning. Gentle drops had turned into a vicious spitting and now suddenly increased to a smart shower that included hailstones aimed with fiendish accuracy at their faces. The girl hastened to descend from the car. The chauffeur was already skeltering on his errand. The veldt man cast one sweeping glance in all directions, then caught his companion's arm.

"Run for that light," he commanded briskly, and with a gentle pull started the pace. They ran side by side for three blocks, laughing, panting, bowing their heads to the storm, and at last reaching their haven—a little restaurant perched at the corner of Rue Leopold Robert. The man dashed open the door of the porch and they stood sheltered, looking through glass doors into a bright interior full of busy diners.

"Well! This is all right," said he gaily. "Shelter, and dinner thrown in! What could be better?—that is if you don't mind? We shall both miss our dinner engagements in any case."

The girl accepted the situation with composure and a good deal more pleasure than she had expected to get out of her last evening on earth, and they went in. The *propriétaire*, a large lady, benign as Buddha behind her desk, smiled on them.

"Mauvais temps, madame!" she placidly remarked.

A waitress ran to take the chinchilla cloak and shake it; another found a little table for two, tucked tightly into a corner, and about them rose the cheerful jabber of many tongues—French, Italian, Spanish, Serbian, a little Americanese.

The man looked at his companion in adventure.

"I'm one of the luckiest men you ever met."

She smiled sadly. She had once thought she was the luckiest girl in the world.

"A bold thing to say!"

"Well, don't you think I'm lucky? Meeting you, getting in here out of the rain and finding the last empty table there is?"

He took the menu and while he was looking at it with delight she was looking at him, sizing him up with the eye of a woman of the world who has also a certain amount of vision.

A big, handsome, equable man with a heavenly smile full of guile and full of innocence! She judged him obstinate as a mule, trusting as a child, kind to women, loving to dogs, tender to children, shrewd yet gullible, scarred by life and adventure yet keeping something fresh and ingenuous about his lips and behind his careless eyes. He was the kind of man she herself would have liked for a son if the gods had chosen to smile on her instead of mocking her and grinding her heart to powder. He interrupted her reverie to show her what so amused him—a large card decorated with a crowd of fat cupids carrying dishes to a voluptuously smiling Lucullus. At the foot of the menu ran the legend:

"*Chez Boudet on dine chez Luculle.*"

It delighted him to find that the name of the Buddha was Madame Boudet, and he was astonished at the moderate cost of dining with Lucullus. Whatever you chose for a three course dinner you could barely make it run to five francs apiece! Certainly a bottle of Beaune brought it up a few francs.

"I'd no idea you could get a meal in Paris under thirty francs," said he.

"Oh yes, and a good meal! This is a well known place. All the artists in the Quarter patronize it."

"Are you an artist?" he inquired in his pleasant, natural fashion.

She smiled.

"I wouldn't go quite so far as to say that, but I paint a little."

"I know a lot of painting fellows in London," he said. "One chap, an Australian with a studio facing Eel Brook Green, is a great friend of mine—the most lovable fellow with the heart of a child. I always wonder how he manages to get the guile of his sitters on to the canvas. I don't believe he *could* see a black streak in a man's mind or a yellow streak in his soul. He thinks everyone is decent. But his hand is wiser than his mind. His brush never misses anything."

"The great artists are always like that," she said. "Thank God there are some people in the world who 'think no evil!'"

Unconsciously her low alto voice expressed the profound bitterness of her heart. The man looked at her in surprise, and for the first time his eyes really took her in. Out in the fog and the rain he had seen that she was very tall and of a radiant fairness—no more. Now he recognized that she stood out from the crowd of pretty women as a real diamond stands out in a window full of paste. Her clothes, her manner, her hair, the lift of her head, all told that this *milieu*, however interesting it might be, was not her *milieu*. He might have been staggered at having brought so fine a lady to the cheap little café, but he recognized unerringly that she was a fine lady and therefore could not be cheapened. What moved him most was that little phrase of hers and the passionate, undispersing melancholy of her eyes. Even when she smiled and talked that shadow did not go; it gibbered at him like a skeleton at the feast; it clutched at him and made him wonder who the deuce he was that *he* should be so arrogantly happy. He had known misery himself, agony of mind, a hopeless outlook with nothing ahead but a duty that crucified his dearest hopes; but by God's good grace he had escaped from that hell, life smiled again and held out her fairest blossoms. That was why he was happy and that was why he could read the unhappiness of this woman like a book. But it was a book without a glossary.

She noticed that though he poured wine for her he drank none himself, nor even asked for the Englishman's usual whisky and soda.

"I thought all men from Africa were hard drinkers," she said. It was inexplicable how intimate and personal they had become in so short a time. She had never known such a thing before. Nor indeed in all her twenty-two years of life had an experience quite like this come her way.

"So they are. But I'm reformed." His smile was an odd combination of self-mockery and sincerity. "I used to be the biggest drunkard in Rhodesia."

She stared at his ruddy brown skin and cool air of being his own master.

"It's hard to believe."

"It's true, though. If ever you come to Rhodesia you'll hear it."

If ever you come to Rhodesia! That rang strange to her ears. She who in an hour or two would be lying stark in Seine mud. She continued to examine the face for drunkard's signs. There were those scars—a white curved one like a claw mark running in a fine line down one nostril; two others on his lids showed when he looked down; another, thin as the line of a caustic pencil, ran up into his fair hair. But these were all external marks, not made from within; not the indelible cipher of sin and vice. One can soon see in the eyes and about the mouth of a man whether his friends have been of the flesh and the devil—or of the spirit. She had learned that. This man's eyes were clear and fearless, his mouth firm. His English face, tanned by tropical sun, was the face of a man who had lived—not a saint's face—but with all his boyhood in it still. He sat there debonair and trust inspiring.

"Are you looking at my battered and broken up beauty? I ought to be allowed to explain that a leopard once had a go at me."

"I thought so," she said. "But I was really searching in vain for the marks of your drunken career."

"It didn't have time to mark me up. I'm still fairly young, and I left off in time. But I was a pretty hard case."

"Why did you drink?"

"I loved it. It's jolly good stuff—drink. A gay accompaniment to a song—and life's the song. Besides, my ancestors were three bottle men and slept like heroes under the dinner table. Then in Rhodesia all one's friends drink, generally speaking, and if you're a sociable fellow it's difficult not to do the same."

"But you don't any longer and you are certainly not unsociable," she remarked. "What made you leave off?"



"A cold man with a passion! He is mad about her," was Desmond's computation

The whimsical smile on his face changed slightly in character; something reserved came into it.

"I found something really worth caring for."

Ah! That was it! She knew what the glow at the back of his eyes meant, for she had lighted such fires herself, and the melancholy in her own deepened as she considered him, reflecting somberly that she had left behind forever that towards which he cagerly traveled. The feast of wine and roses he held out his hands to, she had found bitter as a rotten nut.

"May it not prove so to him!" was her thought, more generous than hopeful. He seemed to read her mind with his childlike gaze.

"Terrible place, this old Europe!" he said. "Turns one into a cynic in no time."

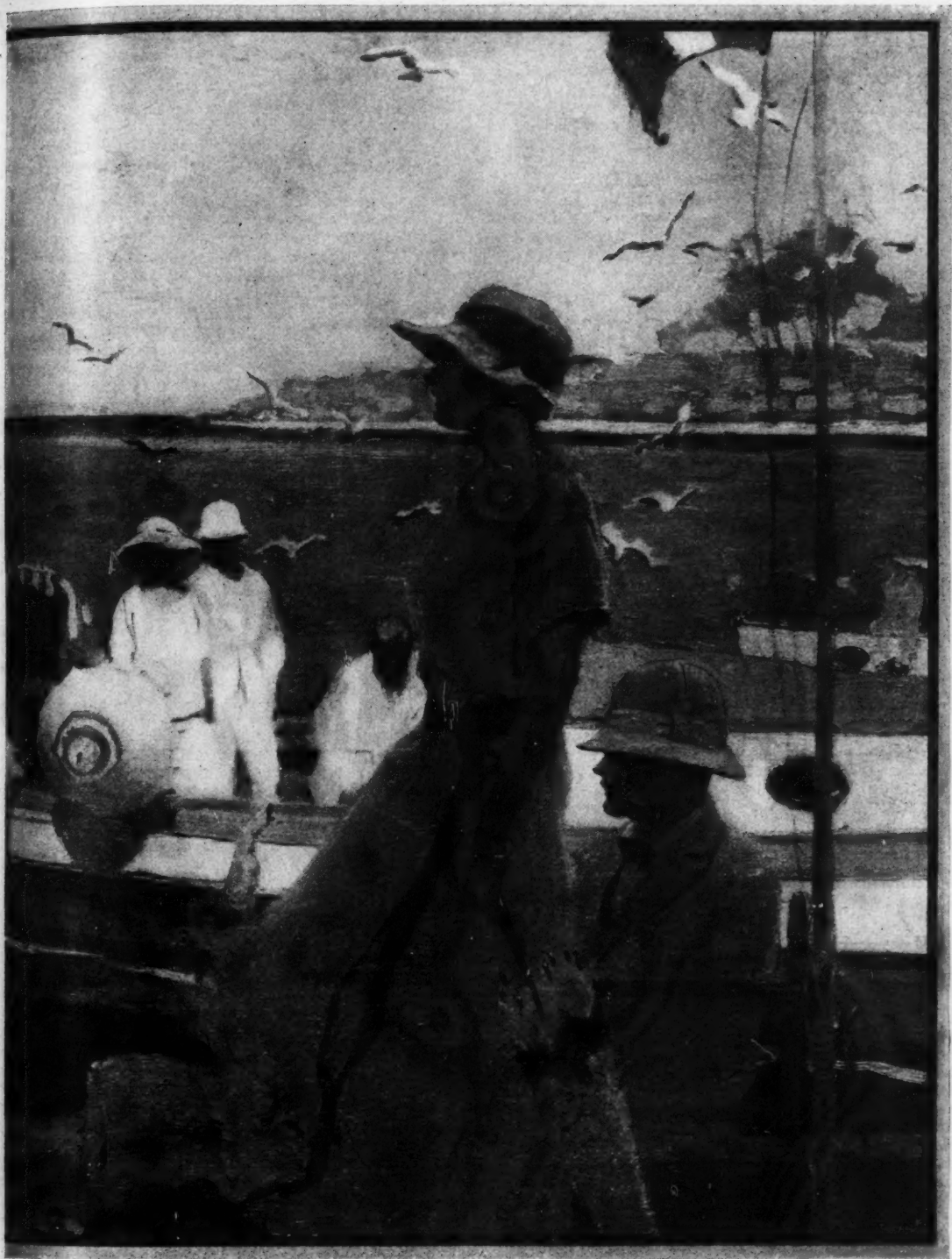
"Your Africa is different? No disillusion there?"

"Oh, Africa is full of trouble! You are up against it all day long—battle, murder and sudden death; but you don't meet the tortuous problems that wait for you round every corner in Europe—drawing room ghosts that haunt you without coming to grips." His voice became challenging. "You get your ghost out on the veldt and see how it likes fresh air and sunshine."

"Are you advising me to take my ghost there?" she smiled.

"Certainly. Only I can't see you on the veldt somehow, though it's amazing how women love it. Wonderful old healer, the veldt. Once she lays her loving hand on you you can't shake it off in a hurry."

"Tell me about it—this wonderful veldt."



as Lypiatt took his wife off in a private steam launch to sand blighted Beira.

"There's nothing to tell, in a way, because it's indescribable. When you are there it is just open country with bush and rocks and grass and always 'a lonesome kopje' as Kipling says. Sometimes it's green, sometimes gray, sometimes a blaze of every color God ever invented; sometimes it's burned black as pitch, and not a blade for bird or beast. You suffer on it. You are hungry, thirsty, foot-weary. You get lost and know that lions and leopards are lurking beside you to spring out and tear the life out of you. You curse it and wish you had died before you saw it. But . . . when you are away from it! When you are away—and think of it. Well! I can't describe the feeling. I often think it must be how a woman feels when she's lost her child. It pulls the heart out of you. Your throat goes drier

than ever it did on a long day's march without water, and you'd give all you'd got in the world just to smell a certain fresh smell that comes up from the earth in the dawn when the dew is still on the ground and all the little harsh bushes and scrubby flowers are lifting their heads and taking the light. . . . Oh what's the good! I tell you it's indescribable. There's nothing to see, yet you see something you will never forget."

"You have made me want to see it," said the girl slowly. "I feel one ought to see it before one dies."

He looked at her long and thoughtfully. Then he said:

"It's not really the place for a woman, especially a young and pretty woman. You want to be a man, and a tough proposition at that, to appreciate and endure the (Continued on page 130)

This is Distinctive NEW Feature No. 2

*The First of a Series of
IRISH STORIES*

by

Kathleen Norris

The Unbecoming Conduct of Annie

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg



"Darn it! I
couldn't get out
of it, ma," said
Annie, pretty,
twenty-one, dark
eyed with star-
tlingly red lips.

THE day had begun badly in a dull veil of suffocating heat at half-past four o'clock. Yesterday had been insufferably close and damp; today promised, from its first dull light, to eclipse it.

By seven o'clock, when Annie Callahan came downstairs in a great hurry—being in some uneasiness as to the exactitude of clocks and the prompt commencement of seven o'clock Mass two blocks away—she was chiefly conscious of a faint headache, of a dry skin and of unutterable weariness where this frightful weather was concerned. The street already looked parched and jaded; Sunday newspapers showed raw touches of red and green as they blew languidly in a hot wind.

Glancing at the kitchen clock as she flung her hat and gloves and prayer book upon a chair, Annie began feverishly to button the cuffs of her stiff white shirtwaist. Her mother, back from an earlier service, had already discarded her widow's bonnet and the shawl she wore even in August and was busy with the first steps toward breakfast.

Mrs. Callahan was squarely built, with satin-black hair pushed severely off her honest peasant face. Usually she kept her rosy color, but today was an exception; she was pale from the heat and beads of perspiration stood upon her downy upper lip and upon her big, capable hands.

"Fierce!" said Annie simply.

Mrs. Callahan shook her head and sighed as one whom words failed. She sat down and fanned her hot face with a limp blue apron.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't get your sleep," she suggested when Annie had completed her outer costume, straightened her white hat and picked up her small belongings. "You could go to ten with Mary and Josie!"

"I have to go to Coney with the Rehans, ma!" Annie reminded her fretfully. "I couldn't get out of it—darn it!" And with

this passionate protest she flitted from the kitchen to hurry along the burning street toward the jangling church bells.

Left alone, Mrs. Callahan proceeded methodically with the preparations for the day's first meal, her thoughts moving, mother-fashion, from the sleeping forms of her two younger daughters upstairs to that of her only son.

Josie and Mary were good girls, their mother reflected indifferently; not as stylish and as smart as Annie, but good girls. Annie was a school-teacher; Josie worked in a telephone exchange; Mary was still in high school. These last would come scrambling downstairs presently to help with the housework in a slap-dash sort of fashion and be off to the latest low Mass.

It was Jim, however, that she adored; Jim who had baffled her by growing to be strong and silent and clever at twenty, and who never listened to her scolding and who did not go to church any more. He had been an exemplary altar boy until he was thirteen or fourteen, making her heart swell with utter felicity as she knelt in the church, watching his angelic head and his big clumsy shoes move about below the gold candles; but now he was not even "practical."

Not to be "practical"—one of her own! And she loved him so that she could only kiss his magnificent tumble of black curls and obey him when he answered her anxious scolding with a good natured "Cut it out, ma!"

Annie came back from Mass paler and more headachy, and was sipping her scalding coffee at the kitchen table when big lumpy Mary and pretty blue-eyed Josie and yawning Jim came downstairs. There was one more member of the family, Clark, the deaf and dumb foster-son who was about Jim's age; but Clark, to his overweening pride, had a job now as night watchman of a big hospital and would come in at about nine o'clock for a day's sleep.

"Say, Annie, you'll have to get out of the Rehan date—you'll die—packed in the trolley a day like this!" Josie protested, panting as she rested both bare elbows on the table and looked thoughtfully into the coffee cup she held in both hands. "The O'Connors telephoned a few minutes ago and they want you to go out with them in the car."

"Oh, they didn't!" Annie said, sending a despairing look about the group.

"Phone the Rehans, darlin'," suggested Mrs. Callahan comfortably. "They'll understand!"

"Oh, I can't, ma!" Annie answered almost impatiently.

"Joe Curley'll be with the O'Connors," Jim remarked.

A delicate scorn dilated the nostrils of Annie's short nose.

"That makes a great difference in my young life!" she said bitterly. And in the silence that followed this speech—a rather surprising speech for the usually reserved Annie—she added wearily, "I wish I was dead!"

"It's a sin to say that!" Mary reminded her vivaciously. Her mother did not repeat the reproof but continued to watch the pale, disappointed face of her first born with concerned and sympathetic eyes.

"The party was to be you and the two O'Connors and Joe Curley and Alice Barry and me," Jim said. And at this Annie's eyes suddenly watered.

"Oh, Jim, are you going?" she faltered. For to have this adored brother in any party was in itself enough for the happiness of the Callahan girls.

"Well, I guess so," Jim admitted. And then there was another pause, broken only by the clicking and tinkling of the heavy plates and cups and the dingy, plated spoons, until Annie said again in helpless protest:

"Damn it! The thing is," she went on slowly, "that Lizzie Rehan has been after me since I don't know when to go with them to Coney, and she came to school at lunch time Friday and she just wouldn't leave me off! It'll be the kids and her Aunt Julia and a lot of nasty, messy lunch in paper boxes," the girl added, pushing away her plate and leaning back in her chair, "and it's going to be an awful day—it's boiling now! A girl fainted in church. And I just can't do it, ma," she broke off in fresh rebellion; "all that noise and heat and crowding, and the smells of fried fish and popcorn—"

"Phone her that you have a headache and that you're in bed—you can jump into bed for five minutes!" suggested Mary.

"Go on, darlin', phone!" augmented her mother.

"Oh, I can't!" Annie put her black head in her hands and her whole slender body heaved with one great sigh.

"It's just one of the times you can't!" she moaned.

But she did drag herself to the box telephone in the hall, with one finger nervously drawing little squares and circles upon the scratched and scribbled surface of the plaster wall while she talked. These three or four uncomfortable minutes of argument were all that stood between her and an endless day with the scrambling and noisy Rehans, or a delicious cool run with the O'Connors in their second hand but entirely serviceable motor car. The first would be merely an endurance test for eyes, ears, nose, nerves, patience and good manners. The second would be all pleasure; even, thought Annie, the time of reconciliation with Joe Curley, who had been Annie's "friend" for several years and with whom she had just had a thrilling and invigorating quarrel.

She cleared her throat when she heard Alice Rehan's voice, and the little squares and circles began to move more briskly than before. The Callahan family, in the kitchen, listened breathlessly while she telephoned. No use! It was almost instantly obvious that Alice had not the slightest intention of letting her escape.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAEG

"It's a wonder you wouldn't get your sleep," suggested Mrs. Callahan, her honest Irish face shining with perspiration.

"... I didn't know, because it's so frying hot!" they heard Annie say presently in rather a forlorn voice. "Oh, I see! Yes, I see—but you could eat it at home, couldn't you?... Yes, I suppose so! All right, then, Alice... No, I had a sort of headache... I went to seven and I guess it's going to be a scorcher... Well, that was just it. I was wondering if

the glare of the ocean would make it worse . . . I see. Oh, all right then, Alice . . . Yes, I will—a little after ten. All right . . . Yes, I will! All right."

"She wants me to stop for Pidgy Sculley—that young one's going!" Annie said, pale with disappointment, coming back to the kitchen. "I couldn't get out of it—she was wild when I tried to. The first thing she said was that Bernard told her last night that Annie Callahan would call up this morning and say she wasn't coming—"

"That was your chance to say 'Bernard guessed right!'" Mary suggested vivaciously.

"Wouldn't you wonder that they'd bother a ger'l like that," Mrs. Callahan observed in mild resentment. "Alice Rehan is cute enough to know that Annie'd sooner be shot! It's a queer old idea they'd have of giving anybody a good time!"

"You come along with us then, Jo," said Jim generously to his second sister. Josie's face lighted as if from within. There were harmonious plans circulating about the littered, sticky, brown oilcloth table as Annie went, hot and weary and heavy hearted, upstairs.

The house seemed full of flies and dryness and reflected hot lights from all sorts of surfaces and corners. Annie's face, in the cheap blotched mirror of the cheap yellow bureau, looked pasty and spotted, at least in her own disgusted eyes. She made her bed, conscious only of a longing to throw herself down upon it and weep.

The obnoxious Sculley child, a putty-faced big girl of thirteen with stout legs in white stockings and long, lifeless black curls falling upon a pink silk dress, was waiting at a picket gate under a dusty rose arbor. Annie knew from a fellow teacher that Pidgy was a hopelessly dull scholar and wrote notes to the boys, and she felt in her a natural enemy. But she smiled at Pidgy.

"Hot!" she said.

"I'll tell the world!" said Pidgy easily. Annie's expression became that of the school-teacher and they went on in silence.

Heat, noise, confusion, laughter and perspiring running to and fro; this was the Rehan home. The small, hot, gaudily papered rooms were all opened to flies, streaming sunlight, screaming children, boxes, bottles, surging adults. Alice, a pale, sickly looking woman with beaming eyes and poor teeth, was superintending her fat, strong husband, who gave a first impression of straw hat, shirt sleeves and immense cigar; her large-toothed young daughters, Sister and Regina; her fat, heavy infant sons, Berny and Richard; and her brother Miles, a pimply young man with red eyes, who was now smoking a cigarette, holding the smaller baby and operating the phonograph.

There was a long trip ahead and a change of cars. They must get started. Would Annie hold on to Regina—Regina must take Sister's hand. Milesy had the baby; Bernard could carry the big box; here, Pidgy could take the other box. Could Annie take the newspapers? And Sister could carry the little box—that was right. That left mamma the two thermos bottles and Berny—oh, and the bag with the baby's things. All right, Milesy could carry that, too. Now they were *fine*.

They streamed down the hot Sunday street, Alice straining her already tired throat muscles with unnecessary advice. If they couldn't get seats together in the car, never mind—sit where they could. If he got restless, Milesy was to give him a cocoanut cookie. No, Berny couldn't have a cookie now.

Berny wept; the box of cookies was hastily torn open, its wrappers strewn in their wake. Annie remained in the detestable group against every instinct of soul and body. If they liked to do this sort of thing, she thought resentfully, why need they drag her into it?

Everyone had to stand on the gorged trolley car except Richard and Regina, who sat upon the lunch basket at their father's feet and quarreled without cessation down in a forest of strange legs and skirts. Milesy shifted the baby from aching arm to arm. Annie, the refined and sensitive, was packed between two noisy and conversational strangers so tightly that she had neither the power nor the need to lift her arm to the dangling strap above her head.

By the time they reached the beach they seemed to have endured a lifetime of stupidities, delays, quarrels, joking, half serious and entirely serious; they seemed to have lost and recovered at least half of their possessions, and Berny's white cotton stockings and Sister's embroidered voile dress were dirty from severe falls.

They toiled over boardwalks, struggled in dry sand. For half a mile the beach was black with people, fringed with the noise

and confusion of food stalls and bathing houses. Underneath their feet cigar butts, comic newspapers, empty paper bags, gum wrappers and cardboard cracker and candy boxes were trampled into the sand. Thousands of merry-makers moved in mingled streams to and fro, thousands more were settled with boxes and newspapers. Hundreds were in bathing suits, lying half buried in sand cases shaped like rude mummy boxes. Voices, laughing, shrieking, calling, rent the air, and the shrill whistles of the peanut stands rose above them.

At the left, oddly low and colorless and almost unnoted, the Atlantic was sliding and circling and receding quietly; and upon the whole scene—pale blue water and crowded, multicolored strand—the fierce and burning sun of August smote without mercy; there was a dull haze far out at sea but on the shore only a universal sticky glitter and glare.

Annie, trying to seem apart from her stumbling and straggling and laughing associates, was unfortunate enough to step upon a hairy foot, half buried in sand; its owner had a quick sense of humor and everyone within hearing laughed ecstatically. The girl went on with burning cheeks, anger, shame, humiliation and utter disgust brimming together in her heart.

The hideous day dragged on; mid-afternoon found them wandering along Surf Avenue between booths of kewpies and garish Japanese prizes, pails of hot corn on the cob, past stalls of greasily odorous sausages and brightly pink and brown ice cream bricks and ranged bare tables where hot diners were discussing fried crabs. The barkers before railways and variety shows seemed to be driving hatpins into Annie's throbbing temples; she felt that if Miles Dempsey did not stop trying to talk like a Jew she would burst into tears.

Who on earth was he, talking to Bernard? Tall, handsome in white flannels, with a coolly humorous eye and a ready, friendly laugh.

"My folks, Irv," said Bernard, introducing. "Meet m'wife, brother'n'law, Miles Dempsey. Miss Callahan."

Miss Callahan felt his firm hand, found him walking beside her in the babel and confusion.

Annie was not yet twenty-two and she was pretty, with dark eyes and lips almost startlingly red in the pallor of her face. She had on the white crash hat, too, and the new Swiss with the black ribbon. But she was so exhausted and discouraged now that all her instinctive arts deserted her and she could not respond at first to Mr. Irving Small's advances. Her one conscious desire was to get home and to have the sun go down.

However, this was but momentary. Before they reached the man with the weights Annie was looking up mischievously from under the crash hat, and anyone listening—but nobody could have heard the discharge of a cannon then, much less a mere conversation—might have been the wiser for the following remarks:

"Yes, you did!" from Annie.

"Well, all right, ask him!" from Irv.

"You didn't see me when you came up to Bernard, so how could it have been that it was to meet me?"

"Well, all right, ask him!"

"Yes, I will—not."

"Maybe I didn't let him *know* I had seen you—that's diff'rent!"

"I know one thing about you, Mr. Small!"

"I'll bet you don't!"

"Well, I'll bet I do."

"Go on then, tell me!"

"I don't know that I will!"

"Why not?" This was said very low, and after a pause.

Annie let the pause linger while she looked straight up at him in a disquieting and direct fashion she had, and then she said hesitatingly:

"I don't want to make you cross."

By this time they were standing still in the sidewalk traffic, oblivious of everything except the familiar, enchanting, unchanging rules of the game. Irving Small fingered the knot of glycerined ribbons at her breast and there was a trace of huskiness in his voice as he said:

"Lissen, do you think you could make me cross—huh, do you?"

When they caught up with the others two minutes later, Annie was for the first time that day the person whom Alice had invited to the family picnic. The girl glittered, laughed; she flirted not only with Irving but with the hitherto neglected Miles, and even with Bernard. She had been captious half an hour ago; now she wanted to do everything, go round the railways and down the slides and over the falls and up in the wheels. And the more she laughed the prettier and the funnier she got,



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAEG

Irving and Annie stood in the street oblivious of everything except the unchanging rules of the game.

until Irving Small was openly telling them all that she was—gosh, she was a card, she was different from anyone else he had ever seen! The jam decreased; it was actually six o'clock. Irving asked them all to dinner at the Hotel Breakwater. Alice sighed, shaking her head.

"Leave us go to one of these places here," Bernard suggested, looking down surging Surf Avenue. "That's grand—the Breakwater, band and porches and everything—but it's a mile down the beach!"

"Well, the car's right here!" said Irv, surprised.

The car! The enchantment went on; Annie sat next to him, of course, on the roomy front seat; and how admiringly he watched the graciousness with which she took both Sister and Berty into her lap! A daring pleasantry from the callous Bernard was not wanting as the four domestically grouped themselves; Annie looked down in embarrassment, and Irv's laugh was checked in the middle, and he said in an angry undertone, of Bernard, "Big boob!"

The other six somehow distributed themselves comfortably in the tonneau; it was delicious to sit back and glide along,

superior to the struggling crowds, after the heat and burden of the day. There was no need to go to dinner at once; they drove about for a while, up and down the congested streets; and the time came when Irving added to every remark, in a serious undertone to Annie, "I'm crazy about you!"

This made Annie's heart flutter as Joe Curley had never made it flutter in four years of friendship. The man said daring things that kept her in a constant state of thrill.

"When you're my wife, you won't talk like that!" he said. And later—but oh, how differently from Bernard's coarseness!—he said with a significant glance at the pale silken heads of the Rehan children: "Wouldn't it be kinder fun—out for Sunday, huh? You and me and the kids?"

Annie came into her mother's kitchen at eleven o'clock that night, pale, electrified, radiant; remarking merely, in the spare lingual coinage of the day, that she had had the time of her life.

And on Tuesday night, Thursday and Friday nights, Saturday night and all day Sunday, she and Irv were together. Joe Curley came in grudgingly late on Saturday afternoon and grimly and briefly asked her to marry him—words for which Annie's maiden heart had been hungering a few weeks ago. But today she hardly heard him, and if she appreciated the honor he paid her it was only because it made what Irv prized the more valuable.

The family, perfectly aware of what had transpired in the front hallway when Joe was wretchedly filling the front door, were rather silent at dinner; they all liked Joe and they were not quite inclined to like Irv. And Annie, who was all dressed for Irv, was silent too, but with no similar sense of compunction or regret. Her face blazed, her breath came lightly, her whole body seemed lifted and floating in the ecstatic emotion that wrapped her.

Everything from the touch of his hand on hers when she opened the door to the kiss he stole from her at parting three hours later, was sheer enchantment. The girl had never tasted the full delight of it before.

Joe had no money to speak of, just his rather humble job. Any girl who married Joe must resign herself to a long struggle. But Irv had money; Irv had a car, and big gloves, and Irv could order a dinner with the air of a millionaire. Annie, the conscientious, hard working member of the family, the critical yet devoted sister and daughter, after years of quiet development and uplift was suddenly like any other young woman in love.

She had always known it would come, of course; everybody got married at about her age. But what she had not foreseen was that wealth and change and the element of excitement and novelty would come too. Instead of settling down prosaically with one of the Keatings or the Garveys or the Curleys right from the neighborhood—to marry a man from Cincinnati! There was a superiority about the mere phrase that allured the refined and ambitious Annie.

He dined with the Callahans about ten days after the picnic and they used the almost useless dining room on that occasion. Mrs. Callahan dressed her black hair in wet scallops and panted in the unwonted discomfort of a clean white shirtwaist and a serge skirt tugging at the belt. Mary and Josie were daring in organdie and transparent silk stockings, and Jim was gravely friendly at the head of the table. Annie, anxiously radiant, watched one face and another, her heart singing with the joy of having Irv like her folks.

Everybody laughed at everybody's jokes tonight; Mary and Josie stopped to kiss their mother's hair or to give Jim affectionate little pushes as they waited on the table. Mrs. Callahan's big form heaved with mirth; she said that Mr. Small would think they were half witted, the lot of them!

"Saving your presence, Mr. Small," she said, pride and love shining through her reproving manner, "the whole lot of them has no more manners than a troop of Ay-rabs!"

"Well, that seems to me a darned nice way to be!" Irving



JAMES H. MONTGOMERY FLAG

"You're a fine one for a man to have for his girl."

said gallantly. "I'm a lonely sort of fellow," he added, "and you don't know what it means to me—well, to have a home dinner now and then! My folks all died when I was a baby—"

Annie's eyes were shining; her mother made a little pitying and shocked sound: tut-tut-tut.

"I tell you, if I can get a wife and home some day I'm the one to appreciate it!" Irving went on.

But—this was going too fast. Mrs. Callahan's smile faded into a sort of amiable blankness that her children knew well as a preliminary to a deliberate snub, and her voice was dry as she said temperately:

"You that sees ger'ls everywhere, and they ready enough to listen to you, will take your time in finding one, I'll be bound! It'd be a poor wife you could pick up wid a pleasant word or two, and you ten thousand miles from home! My grandmother—God rest her, for she was a quare one that could dance as good as a ger'l and she pushin' seventy!—she had a sayin', 'There's no luck in going to London for a turnip whin the neighbors' gardens is full of them!'"

Steadily and evenly delivered, with the speaker's keen gray eye fixed upon the guest, these words had a most uncomfortable effect upon the circle. Annie turned scarlet and the younger girls nearly as red, while all three looked anxiously at Irving with smiles that were nervous, apologetic and shamed. Irving was silent, swallowing with a dry throat. It was only Jim who



said Irv tauntingly, "starting bigamy stories about me—"

preserved enough presence of mind to break into the pause. "You and your grandmother that was pushing seventy!" he said to his mother with a sort of affectionate scorn. "Was that the one that you used to say was always the life of the wake?"

"No, that was my uncle Joe's Jo," Mrs. Callahan answered seriously. "He was one that had the great stren'th in him, the way he could heave a peat over the roof, and him a child!"

Irving shouted with appreciative laughter, always a sure way to Mrs. Callahan's favor, and this fortunately led the conversation into more agreeable channels; so that the hot, delicious dinner in the shabby room and under the bare hanging bulb of glaring light was a great success.

That night, sitting with Josie and Mary in the hot darkness before the screen upon which "Love's Lie" was unfolding, Irving asked Annie to marry him, and Annie consented.

This radiant irresponsible time was followed by one more thoughtful on the following day. Irving went upon his way; he was a road salesman for a clothing firm, and to Annie was left the woman's part of waiting, planning and hoping. If to the girl herself this short fortnight of excitement and change sometimes seemed a dream, to her family the whole affair was quite unbelievable; and it was the anxious mother who suggested that nothing be said of her altered plans until Irv came back in October.

Annie agreed; but she hungered so for the mere sound of his name that she went, on an evening, to the Rehans and deliber-

ately introduced it into a somewhat languishing family conversation.

"That feller we met at Coney?" Alice said, rousing from the stupor of aching weariness that closed all her days. "He was a cut-up, wasn't he?"

"He came to see us—had dinner there," Annie had to say.

"Well, what do you know about that?" Bernard said indifferently. "Say, what does he *do* anyway?" he asked with a sudden interest.

For some reason this vaguely disturbed Annie's spirit.

"I thought you knew him!" she said uneasily.

"No. I only met him at the yard," Bernard said. "Cutter knew him—Cutter comes from Cincinnati too. I guess he's a high roller, all right! Those guys used to play poker and everything. Cutter said he knew him at the time of his divorce—I guess it wasn't his fault, I've forgotten all he told me about it."

The walls with their gilt and chocolate and orange scrolls, the upright black piano shedding sheet music upon the rug, the picture of Alice in her wedding gown above the false mantel—these seemed to move in a nauseating fashion before Annie's eyes. She felt the cords in her throat constrict and experienced, above all other pangs, one of utter terror lest she audibly choke or begin to sob or begin to laugh. So utterly routed was her spirit that she could not tell whether or no she was betraying herself; did they notice anything—could she prevent their noticing anything?

"Divorced is he?" said Alice disapprovingly. "I didn't know he was a Prodstunt."

Annie went on rocking automatically and presently glanced up, moving her dry lips in some sort of smile. The lights—the lights were hideously bright and glaring. She picked up a magazine; she would never want to see again the particular film actress whose brightly colored face chanced to adorn the cover.

Presently she could escape. She was walking, her whole soul and body enveloped in a flame of confusion and pain; she was walking dazedly toward

home through the soft early evening. Oh, fool, fool, fool—not knowing anything about him! To let him kiss her, to believe him, to plan that too bright future with him at her side!

Shoes at six dollars! Shoes were coming down. This horrible bright window was full of them; she had come to a full stop before them, she did not know why. She went on, panting a little, often standing perfectly still as breath and motion failed together before some suffocating memory.

The drug store window full of chocolates; usually seventy cents a pound, during this sale two pounds for one dollar. Oh, ma had been right, there was no luck in going to London for turnips with the neighbor's yard full of them! Oh, agony—agony—agony, to be distracted from the full measure of her misery for a second, only to feel the bitter waters closing again above her head! Oh, Irv—

Her own gate, dimly visible in the luminous summer dusk. She jumped as a shadow rose among the shadows. Joe Curley.

She knew what kept him there, and even in her own heart's distress and hurry she could feel a pang of pity for Joe. He had been standing here watching the Callahans' windows because he loved her. Just as she had gone to the Rehans' tonight because she loved Irv.

She took his hand and something in his husky voice as he answered her low greeting surprised her, and she wheeled him about so that the light of the near-by street lamp fell full upon his hard boyish face. It was shining with tears. (Continued on page 126)



Readers of Cosmopolitan

Meet

Adela Rogers St. Johns

a NEW WRITER whom we Introduce with Pride and Confidence

And Here is No. 3

A story of HOLLYWOOD

by Mrs. St. Johns

who knows whereof
she speaks



The Tramp

Illustrations by Hubert Mathieu

NOW the thing about Hollywood that must always be considered is its isolation.

Within that dark, fragrant arm of hills that encircles its beauty, it is a tiny empire—walled about by its own indifference, fed upon its self-satisfaction, armed against the outside world's opinions and customs by its self-sufficiency.

In all isolated places are to be found strange reproductions of essential types of the great world. Any traveler will tell you that.

The clown of the circus performs his tricks many miles from the sawdust ring, minus only his mask and cap. In the courtroom on trial for his life—a clown lover, befooled, betrayed, but still posturing. In armies cracking jokes as he fights for a lie he has believed.

There are other types, too—

Of one of these you will find hundreds in Hollywood.

In this dimpling, seductive cousin of the tropics, they blossom like capricious flowers of the South Seas.

A gypsy army that shifts and changes continually—yet is always the same. A sisterhood of laughter, remotely related to the beachcombers of the Pacific.

The pretty girls who come to Hollywood to go into the movies.

The little studio tramps.

The four corners of the earth send them. And are left to wonder what has become of them.

Bearing in their slim hands the single silly weapon of their prettiness, they come to conquer this empire that has so long been immune to prettiness.

Every year they pour into its gates by hundreds, having

nothing to offer but their pretty faces and their slim, graceful young bodies. Nothing else to offer—nothing else at last to sell. Nothing else, too, with which to buy. And beauty is the cheapest coinage in Hollywood. The rate of exchange is too high.

Sometimes, in the hot, human darkness of a little picture show in Nashville, or Des Moines, or Waukegan, a woman sees a face on the screen that looks familiar. Then it is swallowed up in the swift shifting of the silversheet.

And she says: "My, that looked like little Minnie O'Brien. I wonder what happened to Minnie. She went out to Hollywood to go into the movies."

Or a boy sees a flash of intriguing girlhood in a bathing suit and murmurs: "Gosh, for a shake I thought that was Lucy Jenkins. She had ankles like that. Lucy went to Hollywood, too."

If you come to Hollywood and know anyone who can show you the actual working soul of the place, you will see thousands of Minnies and Lucys. Thousands of extra people, nameless hordes, employed in the studios every year. At least seventy-five percent of them are girls.

Ah, they are unique, alluring, bizarre creatures. They have to be. On the level, violently frank, wise, hard-boiled, generous, fresh. Always ready for anything.

Most of them are extra girls. Free lance ingénues and not-so-good leading women. Those who have burned out a tiny flash of success and returned to the dust from which they came. Stock girls in cheap companies. Serial actresses. Comedy queens. Bathing beauties. Dancers. Doubles.

Their only address is a telephone number.

That is what becomes of the girls who go to Hollywood to go into the movies and—do not become stars.

Tramps—they call them in Hollywood.

Ninon Gay stood up and crimped her pretty bare pink toes about the edge of the springboard. Against the blue sky and the dark hill behind her the slim little figure silhouetted deliciously. Turning up her pug nose where a sprinkling of freckles lay like golden powder, she walked casually off into space, disappearing into the brown-blue water with less splash than a razor blade.

A few seconds later her face cut into the air and she remarked to the company in general, "The only bathing beauty in the world that isn't afraid to get her bathing suit wet."

A large painted devil fish of rubber swam near her and she climbed dexterously aboard and sat cross legged, her thin, olive tinted shoulders dripping.

"Donald," she called imperiously, "give me that uke. The spirit moveth me to yowl in the twilight. I cannot stand silence. And if anybody gave me a cigarette all lighted, I could be induced to inhale a few puffs."

She paddled over to the edge of the pool, took the ukulele, stuffed the cigarette expertly in one corner of her mouth and then shoved off with her foot.

When she had again reached the middle of the pool she exhaled a great cloud of blue smoke that wreathed fantastically about her scarlet bathing cap—and began to sing. Little, pulsing chords came from beneath her wet fingers.

From where she sat, she could see the sweep of miles of smooth, rolling hills, topped by gorgeous mansions and perfect gardens. Above the tall plaster wall that divided the swimming pool from the house next door she caught a glimpse of the glinting, turquoise roof of a summer house covered with yellow roses. Behind her shoulders the wide, white façade of the Spanish house that belonged to the swimming pool opened cool, hospitable arms.

Ninon fell to humming the Beal Street Blues, smoke sifting through her nostrils, one wise black eye on the group that had been playing audience to her audacities.

Her fat, dark haired host, perspiring in a Palm Beach suit. Donald Browning, a handsome juvenile she detested. Cappy Witzel, a scenario writer who danced too well. "That's the reason people say his brains are in his feet," Ninon had once explained. "It isn't on account of his scenarios. At least, I don't think it is." A chic young society woman from San Francisco. Glad and Ethel, with a couple of well groomed men. "But they look like added starters to me," murmured Ninon to herself. Doug Brandt, who was directing Glad's new picture. Several others.

Oh, well!

Brandt came down to the water's edge and she smiled at him. Ninon's face was like a French song.

When she smiled, the crimson blush that was her mouth widened, softening the gamin look that her smallness, her triangular chin with its dimple and the enormous, snapping black eyes gave it.

"Is the water cold, Ninon?" he asked.

She shook her scarlet bound head. "Nope. I recommend it thoroughly for all external uses. Of course there's one bad thing about it. It's very wet."

The society woman from San Francisco strolled over. Very kindly she said, "Oh Miss Gay, you're an actress, aren't you?" Ninon opened her eyes very wide. "I don't know. The jury's still out."

When Brandt dived in she was again in the water.

"Hey," she said, "give me a ride."

She chased and caught an elusive surf board. "Now tow me."

He swam briskly, pulling her around and around until with a wild shriek she fell into the water.

"My God, Ninon, what pep you've got!" said Brandt, watching her as she lay idly for a moment on the surface of the water.

She gave him a hard, bright look. "Ye-ah. Wonder why it's never got me anywhere."

Brandt studied the little pointed face, the vivid lips and: "I don't know, Ninon," he said slowly. "It's hard to tell with girls like you. Sometimes it looks like you've got so much more than the ones who have put it over. Partly it's luck, of course, and the right chance. And sometimes pull. Sometimes, too, it's that you have the kind of a spark that can't be harnessed, made to work for us."

"Well," said Ninon, and the bitterness frayed through her tone, "I think you're doing the public a great injustice, permitting the real Sarah Bernhardt of the screen to starve in luxury the way I do. Never mind. I'm only a little firefly

now, but I'll be a star some day. Oh, let's set that to music."

She turned a flip and Brandt caught her as she came up, held her close to him for a second, his eyes narrowed into hers. "You're a sweet kid," he said.

Ninon's mouth puckered and there was the faintest possible quiver of her nostrils. "I know it," she said. "Come and see me sometime. I'm a girl with a lot of ideas."

"Maybe I'll see you tonight. You're going to the Cinematographers' Ball, aren't you?"

"Oh, my sacred Aunt Hattie!" said Ninon. "Don't tell me that ball is tonight! Doug, you are jesting with me."

"You idiot, of course it's tonight."

"Then, though my soul is torn by this parting, I've got to leave you. I am going to the ball, but like Cinderella I have nothing to wear and no fairy god-father. So adieu, my love, adieu."

In her close fitting black frock she came from the dressing room a few moments later, her hair—marvelously hennaed to match the best coat of a thoroughbred Irish setter—standing out in crisp, short curls all over her head.

Her fat host, fourth consort of a nice old lady who bought her husbands as she bought her books, for her friends to enjoy, was talking to Estelle West, a newly created star and a real beauty. Ninon strolled up, her little feet in their French heeled, round toed sandals tripping like the feet of a restless pony.

"Hello, hello, hello," she said carelessly.

The tall, cool blonde in the big hat measured her for a moment, making a sweet but patent effort to remember her, and then said, well in her throat, "Oh—yes, how d'do."

Ninon Gay stopped short in her tracks and brought her thin line of coal black eyebrows down over her eyes. She had encountered this phenomenon before—newly elevated stars whose memories of the past shrank as their heads swelled.

"What's the matter, Estelle," she asked softly, "softening of the brain already?"

The tall blonde drew herself up but hesitated under the hot grin Ninon shot at her.

"Ah," said that young lady, "I see it all now. You have trouble in recollecting me. I am a specter from the past you fain would declare never existed. Still, we must not let this mistake proceed further. My name, humble though it may be, is Ninon Gay. I used to dress with you ye-ahs and ye-ahs"—she burlesqued the throatiness neatly—"ago when you were only a bathing girl yourself. Are you too grand now to remember those humble beginnings? Perhaps I can recall myself to you by mentioning one night when you and I went out with Croney Botsford and Pat Sargent and you—"

Estelle West shot a hasty, exquisite hand out to the other girl's arm. "Ninon," she said swiftly, "don't be silly. I'm glad to see you. Why don't you ever come to see me, honey?"

"Yes, do ask me to some of your nice parties. I'll behave like any lady you want to mention—Bloody Mary or Theda Bara or Carrie Nation. We strive to please. I promise not to take all the men."

Ninon gave her host a gay little wave and he dashed again to her side. Ninon Gay was always a welcome guest. Good fun. He liked to have her around. It was an open secret that he had once offered her the seat on his left hand at the family table.

"Come again soon, Ninon," he said warmly.

"Shall," said Ninon, "as long as you keep that swimming pool in your backyard and my favorite gin in your icebox, you can count on me."

She moved into the doorway and found herself face to face with a man.

A tall, pale, rather good looking chap, with a sweet, smiling mouth and fine, friendly gray eyes. He held his cloth hat in his hand. And he wore the light coat, riding trousers and puttees that are the national uniform in Hollywood.

"I'm looking for Miss West," he said, gazing deeply into Ninon's black eyes. "At least—I was. I'll stop it right away though if you'll let me look for you."

Ninon laughed and wondered why she was trembling. "Oh, you can't ever miss me. My hair's like a float in a parade. But the gorgeous Miss West is only a couple of feet behind my right ear, so if you really want to ask her to be queen of the May, you'd better speak right up."

He saw the star's smooth golden head towering above Ninon's red curls. "Oh, Miss West," he said in a pleasant young voice, "Mr. du Vallon wanted me to tell you he'd want you tomorrow at twelve, just for retakes on those few drawing room scenes. The spangled evening gown."

He waited, looking shamelessly at Ninon Gay. And somehow



"I always seem to be having a swell time. It's part of my act." Ninon's smile grew tremulous under Pete's intense gaze.

Ninon waited, too. Her breath seemed suspended in her slim, vibrant throat.

"Did you come in a car, Mr. Winton?" the star asked.

The young man nodded. "Yes—but I would have walked."

"Ninon, dear," said Estelle West, "this is Pete Winton, our assistant director. If you haven't your car, perhaps he can take you back to Hollywood."

"No," said Ninon gravely, "I haven't a car with me. My limousine is having new rubies set in the tail light and my roadster is laid up with a bum wisdom tooth. So if Mr. Winton—what did she say you do for a living?"

"Oh—shoot craps, mostly."

"Read 'em and weep," said Ninon, giving him the sweetest little come hither look in her repertoire. "Then if you'd be so kind—"

"It's only a flivver," said Pete Winton, smiling.

"Ah," said Ninon, "but does it run?"

"It positively leaps."

"Then," said Ninon, shaking her curls, "let's go."

II

PERHAPS it would have been better if they hadn't gone to Mamie's afterwards.

Of course Mamie was all right. A darn good scout.

But as Ninon Gay sat up in bed the next morning she wished passionately that their first kiss hadn't been given in Mamie Martin's overscented boudoir.

Ninon had been kissed in that luxurious room before. Men followed you in there when you went to powder or rouge your



"I used to dress with you ye-ahs and ye-ahs ago," Ninon mimicked Miss West. "Are you too grand to remember those humble beginnings?"

lips. Ninon thought nothing of kisses. She never permitted herself to be mauled, but she would have felt like Don Quixote's twin sister, tilting at a kiss. She was much more apt to suspect those who didn't kiss her than those who did.

This, however—Eve borrowed a phrase from her great-grandmother Eve—this was different. Quite, entirely different.

Something in her heart that had waited for the sound of Pete Winton's voice yesterday, something that stirred like the birth of a butterfly within a cocoon, something that even now was singing like a tiny thrush imprisoned in her heart—told her so.

She climbed out of bed and got herself a cigarette. Then, tucking her pink cotton crêpe nightgown under her toes, she sat down beside the open window.

The frame of a doorway threw her reflection back to her from the triple mirror of her dressing table.

Ninon frowned.

There was really nothing to frown at. She was quite pretty in the morning—Ninon. Always too sleepy to take off her make-up when she came in late at night, the hours of sleep softened it to a pastel effect that was not far removed from the dewy freshness she had brought from Iowa years—or was it centuries?—ago.

But the gorgeous red hair that matched her piquant devilry, her gamin personality that made her recognizable anywhere on the Boulevard—that glowing mop of bobbed curls undoubtedly made her face look harder, older.

And she was only twenty-three. But Ninon would almost as soon have admitted to forty as twenty-three.

She peeped out into the Boulevard, white in the noonday sun. Everything seemed very quiet.

Well, anyway, it had been a gorgeous party. The memory of it made her tingle a little.

Everybody that was anybody in Hollywood was there.

In her chic black frock that ended just below her knees and just above her waistline, with an audacious cap of silver and green on her curls, Ninon had been one of its brightest spots.

She almost always was.

In the first place she danced superbly. It was a very gay party in Charlie Wingert's box and stars, directors, producers and authors all sought her there for a dance. Each one brought her back convinced that he was the best dancer in the room.

Mrs. Jerry Williams cut her dead—but Ninon grinned in her own fashion and was unconscious of the hurt to her soul. Mrs. Williams had been a friend of Kathlyn Condon's.

The evening was almost half over when she saw Pete Winton.

She was dancing with Orville Daniel. And Orville had beyond question been too intimate with his bootlegger. But extra girls do not refuse to dance with great directors even when their feet are more comic than directorial. Ninon, for all her wiry strength and fairy feet, had a difficult time with him. Once she was quite convinced that he had placidly gone to sleep on her shoulder and was moving his feet from reflex action only.

Her eyes blazing with wrath, she looked over his recumbent head into the whimsical, amused, gray-blue eyes of Pete Winton.

It was then that she knew she was going to fall in love with him.

Which failed to concern her. Ninon was always falling in love with someone. Otherwise life became such a bore.

Pete rescued her tactfully. If the diplomatic corps ever needs recruits in a hurry, they can be obtained from the ranks of assistant directors.

As he swung her on to the floor, he said with a smile that was his greatest charm, a sweet, boyish, appealing smile: "I suppose I'm lucky to get a dance. I've been hanging around in the office with an evil look in my eye, but you seemed to be having such a swell time I couldn't get near you."

"I always seem to be having such a swell time," said Ninon Gay. "It's part of my act."

She flung him a tantalizing smile that grew tremulous under the intensity of his gaze. As she held his eyes and the music poured about them, she remembered something an old fortune teller had once said to her: "You're going to think you're in love a lot of times, miss, but you won't be. You'll just be in love once and when you do—it'll eat you up."

A minor chord long held kneaded her heart and she shivered—snuggled closer into the curve of his arm that instantly tightened about her.

For the rest of the evening Ninon chucked her party. She and Pete danced again and again. They were both glad to go on up to Mamie's when the ball broke up. They wanted to prolong the evening.

It wasn't that she resented the kiss.

Nothing in the world could make her resent that.

For it was then her superstitious brain had told her that she had found the one man for her love.

It had been a thing of quicksilver and liquid music and ecstasy. Ninon had served passion before.

But this was as different from passion as a scarlet rose is different from an orchid. This was a possibility of love.

The thing that made her sore, that made her frown so blackly, was that perhaps Pete might not have recognized this difference.

She wrinkled her nose at the telephone. It had not rung. Like the street below, it was strangely quiet. She longed to talk to Pete. She wished he were right there beside her.

Her glance swept the room questioningly.

A small room. White enamel woodwork. Gray walls. On them, pinned a few unframed pictures. The crumpled couch bed in the corner. A round imitation mahogany table. A small upright piano, untidy with sheet music. Miscellaneous chairs.

"This is a darn funny looking room," she said aloud.

If she and Pete were to be much together she'd have to get a place where he could come. A decent place. She couldn't stand just to see him at cafés and parties.

Restlessly she went to the piano and began to play. She played very well. By ear only.

And quite suddenly her head went down on the keys and she began to cry, trying furiously to stem the flood of ravaging tears.

The door, which was never locked, swung open gently. Ninon raised her hot head to see standing in the doorway a small girl in a clean white frock. She was not more than four. Her eyes were grave and gray. She stuck her small patent leather toe forward to hold the door and her solemn gaze rested on Ninon.

"Hullo," she said. "Can I tum in?"

Ninon instantly presented to her a face radiant with smiles. "Of course, Babsie. Come in, honey, Ninon wants you."

The child came in quietly and shut the door.

"Ninon, did you cw? Why did you cw? Most always when I tum to see you, you laugh."

Ninon wrinkled her nose and regarded the small figure seriously. "You're right, Babsie. Usually I laugh. One always has their choice. As a matter of fact, I unstopped the glycerine because I am so darn lonesome. Do you ever get lonesome, honeykin?"

"Oh, yeth. But I have my doll. And I have Toto."

"Who is Toto?" Ninon drew the child close to her with a careful hand. She was a young person of reserves, was Babs.

"Oh, Toto is the parrot. I fink he is the nicest parrot in the world. He always talks to me. Do you cw because you have not got Toto?"

"A parrot," said Ninon, "might solve the problem, but I doubt it." Then swiftly her voice broke. "You know, Babsie, I haven't got anything. I haven't got one thing in the whole world that really belongs to me—not one person that really loves me. No little girl—"

There was a smile on the crimson lips but the tears in her throat drowned her voice.

"Muvver says you have the most good times of anybody in the world. Muvver don't fink she has much good times. And

you have me, Ninon, I love you—because of the hair. Your hair is so nice."

"Gosh, I'd give anything in the world to hear you call me muvver."

Babs considered unwinkingly. Then: "No, I couldn't do vat. But I will call you Auntie Ninon and vat's next. I should like you for an Auntie—you laugh nice and I love your hair so."

"All right, honey. Pat my cheek, dear, with your little hand. That's it. Now—I tell you what. You play the piano until Auntie Ninon gets her clothes on and then we'll go out and get the biggest, brownest ice cream soda in Hollywood. Is that your idea of a good time?"

Instantly the child's face sobered. "Oh, I did forget! I am so sowwy, Ninon, but vis is Sunday and muvver says can she bowwow two plates, we are having a company. My weal aunt and my daddy tum on Sunday."

When the steady little figure with its burden had gone across the hall, Ninon went to the window and looked out. That was why it was so quiet. That was why nobody'd called up. There was no chance of hearing from Pete. He had told her he always spent Sunday with his mother and sister. (Continued on page 135)



"Ninon, did you cw?" said Babsie. "Why did you cw? Most always when I tum to see you, you laugh."



The entree to Havana harbor has already been wrote up so they ain't no more words left to describe it.

Ring W. Lardner
who believes in Laughing
not last but all the
time, describes

My Week In Cuba

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

IT SEEMS to of leaked out some way another that I spent a week in Havana, Cuba, and those of my admirers that has never visited the little isle has been pestering me to death to tell them all about it so I kind of thought maybe if I wrote up a little article in regards to same and if you would publish it in your paper, why the boys and gals could read it and I would not half to answer no more silly questions.

Well, when a man comes back from Cuba and you ask him how long he was there and he tells you he was there one week, why you can generally always figure he was there two weeks. But the first week he was unconscious.

The above refers to the normal man. On acct. of being subnormal I know I was only there a week and conscious practically all the while and to prove it I will tell you a whole lot of things about the place which no man could of found out so much unless they was conscious.

In regards to the lenth of the visit, this can be proved by consulting the files of the steamship Co. which will show that we left Port Tampa ground-hog's day on the good ship Cuba, I don't know who commanding but I took my orders from Mr. Cole, the purser. I felt kind of undressed as I did not have no decorations of any kind wile most of the brother passengers wore a badge with Dubois Tourists on it.

We reached Key West early the next A.M. and laid there till ten o'clock waiting for the train from N. Y. which added about 100 passengers to our list. Amongst the last named was the man that invented the safety razor and several fresh young blades. A few of the arrivals from the big town passed up our ship and made the jump to Havana on the flying boat. They bruse you fifty dollars for that trip and I made the remark that if we done all right at the races we would come back to Key West that way. Our return trip was made on the s.s. Gov. Cobb.

I am not giving away no secrets when I say that the sea between Key West and Havana ain't always what you could call a putting green, but on this occasion they was not even a ripple and all hands contained themselves. Coming back on the Cobb a week later was not so good and they's one place in particular where everybody feels pretty near incurable so they have nicknamed it the Tropic of Cancer.

I will not attempt to describe the entree to Havana Harbor which is a sight for sore eyes but has all ready been wrote up till they ain't no more words left unless one was permitted to quote from an apt phrase maker amongst the Dubois Tourists. "The most magnificent sight on God's green footstool" was how this baby expressed it and the first thought that occurred to me was that he had hit the nail right on the kisser.

They don't leave you embark off the boat till you have appeared before a Dr. and been orally examined for bugs. If you ain't got any that is strangers in Cuba you are O.K. It is said the same Dr. has been on the job fifteen years and is still hitting .ooo.

Now I have not been in no war up to date as the U.S. seems to have a grudge vs. me and always stages them when I am either too young or too old, but when they fought Spain if you could call it a fight I done my bit by wearing a button that said on it "Cuba Libre!" which my folks told me meant Free Cuba and that was what we was fighting Spain for, was to make Cuba free. Furthermore my recollections was that we beat Spain and that made Cuba free. So you can imagine my surprise on landing at Havana when the guy said \$9.50 for moving two trunks from the dock to the hotel. You could of knocked me over with the tip I give him.

Will say in justice to this embezzler that the hotel where we went to is six or seven miles from the town and he probably had to get a horse to help him with the trunks and I don't suppose you could get a horse in Cuba for under \$9.50 unless you bought one of the favorites out



I got a tip Geo. W. had told the jockey he was going to try.

to the race track and if you done that, you would half to have them push the trunk instead of pull it as they ain't at home nowheres but behind.

My readers has probably discovered by this time that I ain't use to writing travel articles but am doing the best I can which I often say is the best anyone can do and it seems to me like the best way to go on with this article would be to divide up the gen. topic into sub topics like I was writing for the encyclopedia or something and I suppose History is as good a sub topic to start out with as anything else.

HISTORY: The island of Cuba was discovered in 1492 by Columbus and in writing home to a girl friend he described it as "the most beautiful land God ever created." Unfortunately his letter fell into the hands of a home seeking mosquito.

The first Cubans Columbus seen told him it was an island but he thought they was joking as he had been brought up to believe that an island was a place entirely surrounded by water not rum. To convince him they had to ride him all around the shore line, a distants of 2500 miles. The trip was made in a Havana taxicab and took pretty near two days.

CLIMATE: The climate of Cuba is one of the talking points and it is supposed to be the kind that keeps you pepped up, but personly just before we left Florida I had been told how young I was looking whereas I had not been in Cuba a day till everybody was calling me Senior.

LANGUAGE: It took me almost three weeks to master the French language, but the Cuban ain't nowheres near as tough. They only got two or three words of their own and the rest is formed by taking our words and adding an *O* onto the end of them. Like for inst., "Your horso finishe lasto."

They also use a *B* where we would use a *V* and vice versa, or as they would say, bice bersa. For example they call Havana, Habana. An automobile is an automovil and goes a whole lot faster. About the only other difference is that our language is spoken and theirs is screamed.

FAUNA: Next to the mosquitoes the most prominent fauna in Havana is the goats, most of whom lives in the middle of the popular motor boulevards though they's some of them spends their time out to the race track masquerading as horses.

Another fauna present in large quantities is what the Cubans call a jigger, but it ain't like the jigger we use on Long Island. It feels more like a driving iron.

In justice to the mosquitoes it ought to be noted that when they bite you they don't hurt much but act kind of as if they was not in earnest, like the horses out to the race track.

They was no screens in the windows at our hotel, but they had fixed a netting on a frame over the beds and when you got in bed you let the netting down and it draped itself over you and the meshes in the netting was so small that a mosquito could not get through them except on an empty stomach. So when you woke up in the morning they was plenty of mosquitoes under the netting but by this time they had all had dinner and was at your mercy.

POPULATION: Besides the dozens of people that makes Cuba their home they's always a huge throng of visitors on hand, most of whom finds the race track the main attraction. The crowd seems to be constantly changing and on the clubhouse veranda you make hundreds of new acquaintances every day. I remarked on this to



Ring W. Lardner

is a master of that rare and warm hearted humor that laughs not so much *at* people for their foibles as *with* them. That's why his appeal is so universal. *His genial articles will be a feature of EVERY ISSUE OF COSMOPOLITAN from now on.*

one of the officials at the track, but he says no, it's the same people, you was introduced to yesterday and the day before but you both look different.

TRANSPORTATION: In Havana, when a person is in a hurry they take a taxi. If they ain't in no hurry they take out a jockey license and ride a favorite.

The taxis down there is mostly all of one make which is called Flivingo. The ingo must refer to the upholstery which is so rococo that you don't mind the way the guy is driving $\frac{1}{2}$ so much because you say to yourself "I will die in luxury." Aside from the scroll work the Flivingo looks exactly like the car that grows wild here in the States but the Cuban species has more bouquet.

FINANCE: The Cubans has got dollars and dimes and nickels pretty near like ours, but they have twenty and forty cent pieces instead of quarters and halves. The object of this is to get people balled up. Their paper money is the same like ours only it ain't clean. So if you have got just a one dollar bill in your pocket you can say you are dirty with money.

A dime won't buy nothing but a glass of beer which tastes like they had tapped a maple tree for the hops. Thirty cents gets you any kind of a cocktail or highball and for forty cents you can buy a mint julep which you may remember hearing of same. You can pick out your own brand of Bourbon as the bottles is all right there in plain sight. And people that thinks they been getting real stuff around here the last three years will know better when they have had a couple in Cuba and want to play the piano. These statements is based on hearsay.



W. MORGAN
About the saddest thing you ever seen is the faces of the gents and ladies waiting to board the steamer back.

But speaking about a highball, they use to be a place in Chi where a person could go in and ask for a highball and put down a quarter and the man would give you back a dime change and if you was smart you left the dime lay on the bar and ordered another highball and the guy would ring up the dime. In this way you got two for a quarter though you was alone.

Well, that gag don't go so good in Havana where if you leave any coin on the bar long enough so as it can be said to be at rest and not in motion towards neither goal, the guy behind the bar says thanks and slips it in his pocket.

INDUSTRIES: The main industries of Cuba seems to be cigars and cigarettes, lottery, roulette, sugar, jai alai, rum, horse racing and funerals.

AMUSEMENTS: They tell me that Havana has got its full meat of good theaters, but the only show we had time for was Sousa's Band who the Cubans made a big fuss over and hailed him as the March king though it was still Feb. Mr. Sousa has got a band that can play so loud that in most places the concert might of been give outdoors, but you can't give open air concerts in Cuba because they's no telling when a couple of Cubans might pass past the band stand talking and drowned out the trumpets.

Another amusement is trying to find out what time it is as all

the clocks is different and though of course most of the tourists from the U. S. arrives on the scene with a 1st. class watch in their pocket, why the 1st. night there they forget to wind it on acct. of going to bed before they undress. The result is that you don't never know what name to call the next meal and even the roosters is so baffled that they's never a minute night or day when at least one of them ain't sounding revelry.

Pretty near all the natives spends their evenings at the jai alai games which is a kind of handball played with slapsticks. There is generally always a couple matches between men teams and wile they are resting the gal players get a chance. "Pretty Girls Will Play" is a line you always see in the ads, but like in many other sports in which the plaintive sex participates, the best players ain't never libel to be mistaken for Anita Stewart.

I suppose the races should also ought to be classed as amusements though luxuries would be a better description as far as I was concerned. Anyway they must be a big attraction as we was out there every day but Monday, when they don't have none, and it wasn't the scenery that lured us though the layout is prettier than anything we have got in the U.S. This fact was appreciated even by the horses, or at least the ones I bet on seemed to think they was on a sight-seeing tour.

That is, all except Geo. W. who is a horse I never heard of till one A.M. I was standing in the hotel lobby waiting for Mr. Boyle to cash another check and a man I used to know in old Chi come up and told me they was tips out that day on Geo. W. and another horse named Second Cousin.

"I ain't so sure about Second Cousin," he says, "but Geo. W. looks pretty good and the jockey told me he was going to try."

"Told you who was going to try?" I asked him.

"Geo. W.," says my friend.

So I figured if the horse was going to try, that was something. Well, I ain't like some people and try to hog it all, so I told the gang out to the clubhouse about the two tips and we all went to Geo. W. and he win at three to one.

"I guess my friend has got the right dope," I says.

So we played it all back on Second Cousin. But the last named was several times removed.

I might say at this point that a few days after we left Cuba I looked in the paper and seen where Geo. W. had win again. And this time he was twelve to one. Either he had not told the jockey he was going to try or they couldn't believe any horse would try twice in succession.

When the races was over for the day the program was to go back to the hotel and put on your trousseau and take a Flivengo to a swell joint where they was music, dancing and roulette as well as food for the ladies. It was in this place that I learned the secret of the wheel namely that you can't lose if you keep playing the 4, 8 and 11 a specially in the tropics. I found this out the first night and the result was that we could always pay the hat check gal and still have enough left for a Flivengo back to the tavern. But how a person can keep beating thirty-five to one shots at a roulette table and then go out the next day and lose your shirt on a three to five shot at the track is a misery to me.

SEEING HAVANA: As I said, they don't have no races on Monday so that day we says we would see the town. We was introduced by Mr. Judkins to a expert guide whose card read:

AGUSTINE BRAVO
ENGLISH SPOKING CHAUFFEUR.

Mr. Bravo asked us where did we want to go and we told him to suit himself and the first place he took us to was a hospital, then a cathedral and then a cemetery. I suppose they's a lot of American tourists that goes through it in the same order only they start with a bar and their last two jumps is made in a hearse instead of an English speaking Flivengo.

I never seen so many funerals in my life and will say that if the hearses is $\frac{1}{2}$ as elegant inside as out it must be a pleasure to ride in them.

I have no idear who all was getting buried, but the most of them was evidently relatives of Mr. Bravo. They was no use trying to coax him out of the cemetery once we was in there and I made the remark that anybody that depended on him to show them Havana might get a wrong impression of the place. They would think it was a dead town.

When the undertakers was through work for the day they was still time to cover a good deal of territory and Mr. Bravo took us past the swell homes which is built of a white shiny material that pretty near knocks your eye out. Cuban house wives has invented a great trick which I will tell about though it is too late for American matrons to profit by same. The big front door of the houses is left wide open practically all the wile and the entrances is fitted out with swinging $\frac{1}{2}$ doors like a saloon. So it often happens that a husband who ain't got no intentions of going home will walk into his own house after another shot and before he realizes his mistake, the madam crowns him with a jai alai mallet and he is in for the night.

We also visited the new country club and golf course which is patronized chiefly by Americans.



The natives get plenty of exercise dodging Flivengos and acting as pall bearers.

As yet golf has not been generally took up by the natives who get plenty of exercise dodging Flivengos and acting as pall bearers.

EXIT: About the saddest sight you ever seen is the faces of the gents and ladies waiting to go aboard the steamer back to Key West. It ain't only that they hate to leave Cuba. That is bad enough, but the worst of it is that in order to leave at all you have got to leave at ten o'clock A. M. This means you have got to be up and dressed and down to the dock by nine to see about your baggage and last night was kind of tough because it was your last night on the island and this witching hour spent standing up on the wharf before they will let you on the ship certainly adds to the general spirit of geniality. The banter and buffoonery indulged in by the departing guests can't help but remind a person of an international chess tournament.

However they ain't no fun in the world without a little agony goes with it and I am glad to comply with the request of Mr. Porter King, who fixes you up with tickets home whether you are broke or ain't, and recommend Cuba to my loving friends. It might even be a great place to live after you get used to the humidity.

And oh yes! I come near forgetting that Dutch, who placed all our bets out to the race track, felt kind of sorry for us and said he would be down to the boat to see us off and would bring us a parting gift. So sure enough, there he was waiting along side of the gang plank and handed us a big package which we opened up on board the Gov. Cobb and it turned out to be nine or ten kinds of fancy soap. Like he didn't know I was clean.



Columbus thought an island was entirely surrounded by water, not rum, and they had to ride him around in a taxicab to convince him.

Arthur Train Knows American Society From

HIS CHILDREN'S

A Novel as up to the minute

Illustrations by



Impulsively thrusting her hands into Maitland's, Sheila told him he had saved her party.

A Rapid Glance at Part One:

DETERMINED that his daughter Claudia shall somehow be taken from the clutches of her husband, Lord Harrowdale, who had evidently married her only for the money she might bring him, Rufus Kayne consults Mr. Pepperill as to legal ways of getting her and her children away from England. Pepperill bluntly tells Rufus that under English divorce laws nothing can be done—no matter how much of a reprobate or a brute Lord Harrowdale may be. The only way out that Pepperill can suggest is to bribe Harrowdale; and this Rufus angrily refuses to do.

Pepperill, in disgust, then turns Rufus over to his young subordinate, Maitland, to see if the latter can find some solution of the difficulty.

THE setting of the story is the New York of 1921-22. The principal persons of the story are:

PETER B. KAYNE, "*The Pirate*," a delightful old rascal who, having amassed a fortune in the ruthless gold-and-railroad-grabbing days, has retired to Fifth Avenue and respectability.

RUFUS, his son, President of the Utopia Trust Company, a church member and conservative social light as well as a sound and respected business man, who is beginning to be vaguely discontented with his smugly successful existence.

ELIZABETH, RUFUS's wife, a fat and short-winded social climber who by painful effort has achieved all but the highest rungs of the ladder and who doesn't at all understand her children of the present generation.

DIANA, the eldest daughter, an enigma to her parents—brilliant, exotically beautiful, daring, straightforward, cynical over everything except the pursuit of the *joie de vivre*, and moving naturally in the highest social circles.

CLAUDIA, LADY HARROWDALE, the second daughter, who during the war made an ill chosen match with a scoundrelly English nobleman and has been repenting at leisure in England.

SHEILA, the youngest daughter, at present in the flapper stage and burning up her energies with a fast social set.

VINCENT PEPPERILL, Kayne's crotchety old lawyer.

LLOYD MAITLAND, a young attorney in Pepperill's office, a hero of the war, attractive, courageous, possessed of keen judgment and sound ideals.

LAWRENCE DEVEREAUX, a wealthy and likeable young sportsman who is in love with Diana and whose life had been saved by Maitland in the trenches.

NIGEL CRAIG, also a war hero, an Englishman who, gassed, has been unable to find work and has been living with Maitland in New York.

On getting the details of the case, Maitland is astounded that any man should be so careless of his daughter's welfare as to let her marry a scoundrel when the slightest inquiry would have shown Harrowdale's real character. However, he at once goes to the heart of the matter and says that since nothing can be done legally the only recourse is to kidnap Claudia and her children and bring them to America. He suggests that he has just the man to do it.

Kayne is immensely pleased at the plan, agrees to talk it over with Maitland later, and meanwhile invites him to his daughter Sheila's coming out party in the near future.

After the consultation, Pepperill and Maitland walk down Fifth Avenue while the elder lawyer describes the Kayne family

from the *INSIDE*. He Shows it to You in

'S CHILDREN

as this morning's Newspaper

Charles D. Mitchell

to his young partner, saying that hereafter Maitland is to take charge of their legal affairs. Pepperill himself hasn't much use for the Kaynes, and pictures them vividly as typical, smug Mid-victorians, bent on material success and letting their children go to the dogs. Diana he describes as wild, possibly "a wrong 'un," always in some scrape, and advises Maitland to keep well out of her way; Sheila as "a little bundle of nerves—the helpless victim of her environment."

That evening Maitland gives his roommate, charming young Nigel Craig, a hint of Lady Harrowdale's case and asks him if he would be willing to go to England. Craig, out of work and depressed, jumps gratefully at the chance.

Next day Maitland goes out to "Treasure Island," the luxurious ancestral home of Larry Devereaux, located off the coast of Long Island, for a week-end duck hunting party. As he gets off the launch and reaches the door of the mansion, he sees Larry standing by the mantel in the act of kissing an exotically beautiful girl. Not at all embarrassed, Larry greets Maitland warmly and introduces the girl as Diana Kayne. Maitland is introduced also to the other guests, Longwood and Darcy, a celebrated polo player and a champion golfer.

As he looks into Diana's eyes on meeting her, Maitland is aware for the first time in his life of a certain wild stirring in his blood, and, too, of a strange jealousy that another and not he had pressed those too red lips. Over the supper and the wine, the feeling increases, and with it is blended a certain pity that this beautiful girl is not all she should be.

Before retiring, the party draw lots for their respective shooting grounds next day. Maitland draws the Tarn, with Diana as his partner.

At four the next morning they set out, arriving in pitch darkness at the blind, where Diana and Lloyd wait side by side for the dawn and the wild ducks.

As they lunch at noon under a tree after a large bag of birds, Maitland is again seized by wild longing as he watches Diana's strange beauty and talks desultorily. Thinking, too, of the girl's being at the unchaperoned Treasure Island party, he is tortured by an access of unreasonable jealousy; and suddenly, apropos of some slight remark, he taunts her with being one of Devereaux's "feudal perquisites."

Diana—who has herself just been conscious of a certain feeling toward Maitland different from that she has known toward other men—leaps to her feet at the insult and, her cheeks flaming, is about to strike him, when the penitent look

in his bloodless face stays her hand. Overwhelmed by conflicting emotions, Maitland suddenly takes her in his arms and kisses her lips.

Part Two: CHAPTER VII

"THE CORNER STORE"

WHEN Rufus Kayne descended in the elevator from the law offices of Crutchfield and Pepperill, although he ordered his chauffeur to go uptown it was not with any intention of returning home. Except upon those occasions when he spent an hour or so with the old Pirate, his father, he avoided his own house deliberately until forced to put in an appearance for dinner. His habits were regular. Three times each week he drove to McMahon's Turkish Baths, and thrice he stopped his motor at the junction of Fifth



Avenue and Forty-second Street and walked to "The Corner Store," the club his membership in which he most highly prized. On this particular evening, owing no doubt to the recrudescence of his daughter Claudia's misfortunes, he felt so disgruntled that he drove there directly.

Few men go to more than one club, just as few dogs sit in more than one corner. The club is man's last untaken fortress in the onward rush of feminism; the husbands' union; the final rally for independence of an old guard determined to die behind its plate glass entrenchments rather than surrender; the sanctuary where its members can cast aside pretense and hypocrisy, speak their minds without pother, and do as they choose within the limits of the by-laws.

Here all men are truly equal; less obviously so perhaps in their virtues than in their limitations; and here for a hundred and fifty a year one may carp and growl to his heart's content, exhibit all his natural idiosyncrasies of temper and deportment, air his opinions in their entirety and cast aside all conversational shackles without fear of protest or recrimination.

Whenever Rufus Kayne's confidence in the actual value of his success faltered—as, particularly of recent years, it occasionally did—he had only to cross the marble threshold into the genial atmosphere of his club to have that confidence restored, to be hailed jovially by half a dozen of New York's most successful men and to feel instantly the hearty, good natured optimism which permeated it. When a member of that illustrious band slaps you on the back or shouts a greeting to you from the bar, he welcomes you into the society of the successful. Chatting with these sleek men of affairs who played golf at a hundred dollars a hole and bridge at ten cents a point, Kayne could not but be reassured.

Having told his chauffeur to wait, he entered the club, surrendered his coat and hat to a white-haired shabby manservant and walked upstairs to the card room. It was full and several men who saw him in the doorway nodded. The library was empty, but from the "chapel" where the local sacraments were still administered in spite of the constitutional amendment came a sound of revelry. "Uncle Jerry" Plumley was having a birthday party and unlimited champagne was flowing. The old clubman, who had been in a state of saturation for fifty years, was now swaying unsteadily beside the bar drinking with all comers at his own expense. He hailed Kayne by his first name like a lost son.

"Hello, Ruf, old man. 'S my birthday—I'm seventy. Yes, I've beaten the doctors! They'd 'a' had me buried twenty years ago. But there's life in the old dog yet. 'Nother bottle, Sam."

The crowd in the little room surged towards the barkeeper, who obediently produced another bottle from Uncle Jerry's apparently unending cruse and filled the row of glasses. To Kayne there was something almost horrible in the aspect of this bleary-eyed old man who having reached life's allotted span could honor his gray hairs in no better way than by getting drunk.

"Well, good luck to you, Uncle Jerry! May you live long and prosper!" he said and raised his glass with a forced smile.

There was a cheer from the others.

"Here's to Uncle Jerry—luck! Many happy returns! Good old boy! Dear old Jerry!"

Uncle Jerry clinging with one hand to the bar raised his glass. "Boys!" he announced with drunken solemnity, "I've never done a darn thing 'cept drink, but I'm seventy years old an' I've—hup—enjoyed every minute of it. Now I'm goin' to tell you somethin'. Any man who doesn't have a good time while he can—hup—he's a fool! Tha's worth knowin'!"

"Of course it is," said Kayne, putting his arm gently around the old man and urging him towards the door. "And you've had an exceptionally good time. No one can deny that!"

"In which case," cried Uncle Jerry, wheeling suddenly, "le's have another! Who knows where we'll all be this time next year?"

"One little dog! And another little dog!
Sat on a piece of charcoal!"

Kayne backed across the threshold. He had had enough of this ribald old Noah. On the stairs he ran into Darcy, secretly revered by him as moving in circles smarter than his own.

"Hello!" said Darcy as he passed. "I hear the immortal Jeremiah has a load on. What's the matter? You look off your peck!"

"Makes me sick!" answered Kayne with a frown. "An old man like that!"

"It is rather raw," agreed Darcy. "But after all he'll never see seventy again. It's this confounded prohibition. The whole

town's oozing alcohol." He paused, one foot on the top stair. "By the way, I'm motoring your daughter down with me to Devereaux's tomorrow morning—for the week-end. The birds are coming in strong. He wires me the ponds are black with 'em!"

"I hadn't heard anything about it," replied Kayne. "She never tells me anything. Who else is to be there?"

"Nobody but Longwood and some young chap Larry picked up abroad—Maitland I think the name is."

"Fellow in Pepperill's office?"

"I think so."

"Please remember me to my daughter," remarked Rufus ironically.

Down the stairs floated a straggling chorus.

"One little dog! And another little dog!"

He turned into the deserted library and sank into a seat on the Fifth Avenue side. Purple lights gleamed through the Park, each surrounded by a reflected nimbus from the russet leaves which now and again fluttered to the earth like dying moths.

He lighted a cigarette. So Diana was on the loose again! Why the devil didn't she marry Devereaux and be done with it? This going off alone with men would get her talked about more than ever. A lot she cared! Nobody'd ever been able to do anything with her. Yet he was conscious of a secret pride that his daughter should be a real high flyer. If she actually married Devereaux! That would be a ten strike for a Kayne! And that young Maitland must be a swell in disguise. Forty old Pepperill knew all about people and kept his eyes open. He was glad he had been cordial to Maitland and invited him to Sheila's dance! Dance?—he'd have him round to dinner! Maybe if he was that sort he'd do for Sheila.

Why, he asked himself, with a growing irritation, hadn't he ever become a real swell himself? Wasn't he as much of a gentleman as Darcy? Yet Devereaux never asked him down to Treasure Island and never accepted their invitations to dinner. Well, frankly, why should he? A lot of stodgy people with fat chins sitting around a table and cackling about nothing, and then yawning surreptitiously until the butler passed the fizzy water and they could stagger to their feet and say with a smirk: "Thank you so much, Mrs. Kayne! We have had such a delightful evening!"

Kayne screwed his cigarette into the ash receiver. Damn it all, what had he got out of it? What did this being a successful man amount to? The people who ate his dinners came to his house merely because it gave them something to do. Dinner for dinner!

There was nothing in it!

And this business of bringing up a family—which their pious old mother had taught them was such a sacred duty—was all stuff and nonsense! What good was it to you? What satisfaction was there in having a lot of children who were never at home and never looked you up except to strike you for money? A great, big, ugly, empty house! It was a fact that he had not seen Diana for three weeks. He had not seen Sheila for six! As for Elizabeth, his wife, she bored him so with her eternal talk about bridge, dinners and what Mrs. Brice-Brewster and her other friends thought about this, that and the other that he dreaded an evening with her. He should think Jarmon would have given notice years ago! "Tired of your blasted old face three times a day!" as the story went. He'd rather live at a hotel—where at least you could see what was going on. Nothing ever went on at his house. They all went out. A great life!

This affair of Claudia's had brought it all up again. Yet he had got everything he had started out to get. That was the desperate part of it. He had no kick coming. He had wanted money, power, social position, but having got them they had turned to dry powder in his hands. Dead sea fruit! The world had passed gaily on. What he had so coveted no longer meant anything to anybody. With all his wealth, what had he got out of it? Nothing! Guzzling old Jerry had probably had a better time.

In some queer way he knew he had made a hash of it—although he didn't see exactly how. Yet to this extent his state was less parlous than that of Mr. Pepperill whom he envied. For the old lawyer, while no less of a materialist than Kayne, was entirely satisfied with himself, his place in society and all that was his—complacent, filled with good things—while Kayne was still hungry. And so long as a man is hungry there is still hope for him.

Rufus of course did not know this. His call at the club had been a fizzle. With a grimace he banged the bell and lighted a fresh cigarette.

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Most of the men Diana met made love to her, but she took it as a matter of course and as yet was untouched by any real emotion.

CHAPTER VIII

"WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?"

"Order my motor!" he told the servant who came grudgingly from the hall.

Slowly—almost feebly—Rufus Kayne went downstairs and mechanically allowed the doorman to put on his coat. Outside he paused with one foot on the running board of the limousine. Where should he go? Where could he find relief from himself?

"Home!" he said at length. "Hell——"

THE afternoon that Diana and Maitland had shot from the same blind at Treasure Island, Mrs. Kayne, stopping in at the house for a moment after luncheon at the Elysée before hastening on for bridge at Mrs. Brice-Brewster's, met her



daughter Sheila unexpectedly upon the stairs. The girl was coming down on the run and the bizarre patch of artificial red in either cheek was surrounded by a charming glow of natural color.

"Hello, moms!" she cried, panting as she paused in her descent. Her mother, also slightly breathless although from another cause, regarded her disapprovingly.

"Where on earth are you going at such a rate, Sheila? I do wish you'd be more dignified. What do you suppose the servants think of your ramping around like that?"

She glanced down over the banister at the broad back and tansured head of Jarmon, the butler, who was looking out through the Venetian lace of the front door. Mrs. Kayne spent

much of her time wondering what the servants thought, but as she never found out she was not unduly disturbed.

"Bosh! Who cares what they think!" retorted Sheila. "It's good exercise! I'm going to the movies—we've just time for the second show."

"Who's *we*?" demanded her mother suspiciously.

"Chubby Jones."

"Are you two going alone?"

"Of course! Why not?"

Mrs. Kayne drew in the corners of her mouth.

"Who is this Chubby Jones, as you call him?"

Sheila rolled her eyes ceilingward and then dropped her lids



"Aren't you going to dance with me?" cried Diana. "Don't you want me?" "Want you!" murmured Lloyd. "Do I!"

wearily, thus registering both astonishment at such ignorance and disgust at parental interference.

"Friend of mine. I met him at a dance last week. He's horribly nice. He's giving me quite a heavy rush."

"But who is he? Where does he come from?"

"How should I know?" replied the girl blandly. "He must be all right. He goes everywhere. Invited to all the smartest parties. And he's got a stunning car."

Mrs. Kayne uttered a sigh of pathetic protest. Such goings on genuinely offended her idea of good taste, for she had difficulty in bringing herself to believe that the right people really allowed their children so much freedom.

"I don't like it! I won't have it!" she declared with a show of firmness. "I can't let you go into those places and sit all the afternoon in the dark with a strange boy!"

Sheila stamped her foot.

"He's not a strange boy!" she retorted. "You don't understand. Everybody does it. All my friends go with Chubby—and with other boys. Please let me get by!"

Mrs. Kayne stared at her helplessly.

"I don't believe their mothers know about it!" she protested vaguely. Sheila caught her up.

"Know about it? Of course they do! Ask Mrs. Brice-Brewster. She knows. She lets Frances do it. Now mother!

Do let me by! Chubby is out in the car and he mightn't wait for me if I keep him too long."

"What other girls that you know go to the movies with this Jones boy?" continued her mother feebly, but still in the ring.

"Everybody. He's all the rage. Jennie Talmage, Rose Wynant and Priscilla Blair—all of them!"

"Well, I don't approve of it at all. I wish you wouldn't. Just to please——"

"But mother!" cried the girl, almost beside herself. "If I didn't go with Chubby he'd think I was a dud. Don't you want me to be popular? We have to do all sorts of things or the boys won't dance with us. Going to the movies is nothing. Really, mother, you are too old-fashioned! Please, mother, don't keep me any longer!"

She spoke wildly, her lips quivering, her whole body a-tremble. Mrs. Kayne was afraid the girl might have hysterics right there in front of Jarmon. He had heard the whole conversation anyway.

"Well, dear," she said soothingly, "if you're quite sure all the other mothers—including Mrs. Brice-Brewster—let their daughters do it, I suppose I mustn't object. But really——"

Sheila was already half way downstairs.

"I do wish you'd find out something about this Jones boy," finished her mother distressfully.

"I will," Sheila tossed over her shoulder. "But why don't you look in the Social Register?"

Sheila took the three bottom steps at a leap, almost knocking down Jarmon who was solemnly holding the front door open for her, and caromed through it with a shrill cry.

"Coming, Chubby!"

The door closed behind her. Mrs. Kayne uttered a deep sigh largely for the effect on Jarmon and continued her somewhat laborious ascent. She never used the elevator for one flight—as a matter of principle. It was part of her regimen adhered to rigorously, ever since she had learned that the beautiful Mrs. Cyril Northrup never used the elevator for one flight and took only an orange for her lunch on Thursdays. But although Mrs. Kayne in consequence had religiously eaten nothing at luncheon save a single orange for upwards of one hundred and twenty Thursdays, for some peculiar reason the effect upon the two ladies was not the same.

She had been the only daughter of Cephas Hargeth, a wealthy and religious stockbroker of excellent social position—he later was indicted by a runaway Federal Grand Jury for "bucketing" but never tried

—and it was commonly thought at the time that young Kayne—then twenty-eight—had done very well by himself in getting her to marry him. At any rate it had certainly been a step in the right direction. And it had been immediately followed by another, the purchase of the summer place at Northampton to which all those who did not feel quite up to Newport were then flocking.

Had Elizabeth Hargeth been a cleverer woman their social ascent would have been less deliberate; but although she had been a Tuxedo belle with a marvelous complexion—which in spite of squirrel cheeks and an oversharp nose had won her a reputation as "that pretty Lizzie Hargeth"—she was remarkable

for dullness in a generation which made of dullness a religion. Since, however, it had even a greater reverence for money, they progressed rapidly enough.

As Kayne's financial importance grew and he became a popular figure upon the local golf links—it cost him several thousand dollars to learn the game under proper auspices—the quality of their dinner guests likewise improved until they really knew everybody. By the end of ten years practically all Northampton was dining at the Kaynes' and dining well. At the conclusion of another like period Lizzie Hargeth, now a matron of forty-five, could look down the rows of smoothly upholstered female bottoms and gleaming shirt fronts at her mahogany and know that they belonged to the best people not only on Long Island but in New York City as well—Newport or no Newport! Rufus even had his little joke about what he called "the Pittsburgoisie."

As time went on, Mrs. Kayne, like many another of our best ladies, realizing perhaps that the walls of society will not fall down of their own accord, adopted when away from her own fireside a slightly assertive and even aggressive manner, which entirely belied her really gentle and retiring nature. She had, in fact, so little self-confidence that she was apt to decide most questions by asking what other people were doing, and doing the same. Thus it was quite enough for her if her friend, Mrs. Brice-Brewster—particularly since she was so closely related to a man of Mr. Vincent Pepperill's position—approved of whatever was under discussion, wholly irrespective of its nature, and whether material or spiritual.

She loved her husband, with out (Continued on page 14)



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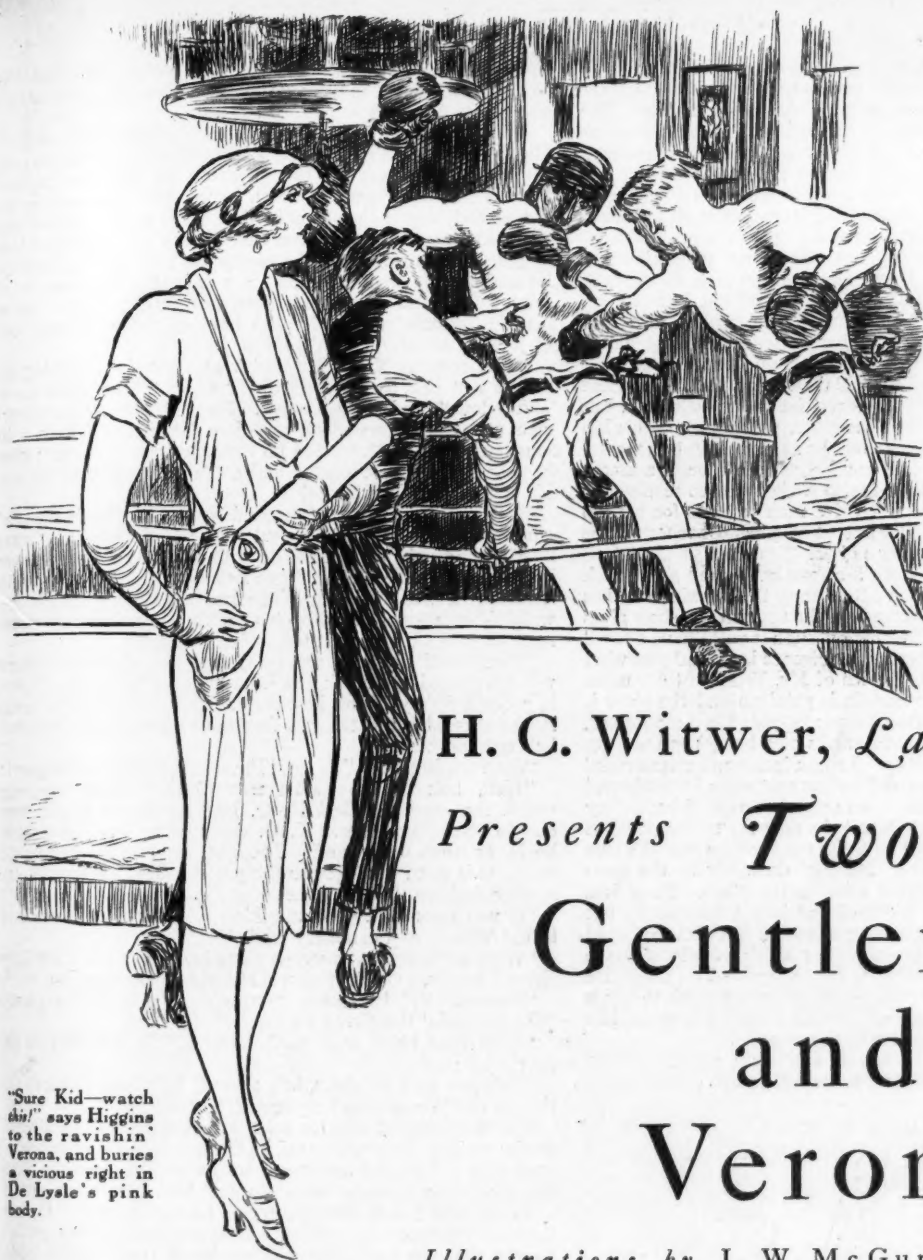
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H. C. Witwer, *Laugh-maker,*
Presents *Two*
Gentlemen
and
Verona

Illustrations by J. W. McGurk

"Sure Kid—watch this!" says Higgins to the ravishin' Verona, and buries a vicious right in De Lysle's pink body.

FOR about a baker's dozen months, gently reader, I enjoyed the pleasures of rheumatism and then one day I am limpin' along Broadway like a taxi with a flat shoe when I met Pittsburgh Eddie Kline.

"Hello!" he says. "How's all the joints?"
"Search me, Eddie," I tell him. "I ain't drinkin' a thing and I don't play around 'em no more."

"No, no," says Eddie with a grin. "I don't mean what you do! I mean *your* joints. You got rheumatism, ain't you?"

As I am bent nearly double, feature a set of crutches and a walk which wouldst have Chaplin lookin' for a injunction if he had saw me, I merely nodded my well shaped head at this marvelous example of puttin' two and two together on the part of Eddie.

"Well," says Eddie, "go see a dentist. Get him to yank out a flock of your teeth and you'll be K. O. in a week! I was in bed with rheumatism for six months. Then I went to a dentist, took gas and had five teeth pulled. The next day I throwed my crutches out the window!"

"You was still sufferin' from the gas, eh?" I says.
"Laugh me off if you want," says Eddie, shruggin' a couple of shoulders. He hands me a card. "But if you really wish to get rid of that rheumatism, go see this guy and say I sent you.

He pulls a snappy tooth and he'll treat you right and send you away with a smile!"

Well, by a odd coincidence, I really wished to get rid of that rheumatism so I hobbled up to Eddie's dentist and stated my modest wants. This guy went amuck and had a field day, pullin' thirteen teeth which has been with me for years. When I staggered out of his abattoir my cheeks has fell in till I looked like a first string jockey for gallopin' consumption. The followin' week I come back and get a set of artificial chewers, so fair and yet so false. I find it as easy to get used to them as I wouldst to get used to another neck. Be they ever so painful there's no teeth like your own!

How the so ever, the day I let that cuckoo dentist ravage my mouth, I scurried home to a relative of mine by marriage, viz., my wife. As usual, the best looker since Cleopatra is conspicuous by her absence, so for a oversize hour I have got to walk back and forth in my Riverside's Drive lair holdin' my vacant gums and lookin' forward to the life of a infant as far as food-stuffs is concerned. About the time I am thinkin' of filin' a suit for abandonment, my bride returns and after the first dumb-founded stare at my foundered cheeks, why she busts out laughin'. The idiotical dentist and waitin' for her has already got

my nerves to the point where they could of entered the Olympic games and win all the jumpin' events and this gigglin' on the part of my beauteous consort sent me right up in flames! The only reason I didn't kick the cat through the window is because we ain't got no cat, but that will give you a idea of how steamed up I was. Anyways, the next second I am bein' kissed and caressed and plied with sympathy and if you ever seen the knock-out I am wed to why you wouldst find it no feat at all to believe that in another minute all's quiet along the Hudson.

Then this bewitchin' damosel makes the darin' suggestion that we go to the theater, so's I can maybe forget how that dentist looted my mouth. Her choice is "Macbeth" but I says I am about fed up on them bedroom farces, so we split the difference and go to a vaudeville show. When intermission come along, me and two-thirds of the other males gets up from force of habit and goes out into the lobby, lickin' our lips thirstily. Some devil-may-cares makes for the nearest ice cream soda café, but I got my eye on a bozo which has either got mumps on his hip or what I hope he has. They must be somethin' in this mental wireless, because he come over and begged the boon of a match from me and after he has set fire to a cigarette he reaches for his hip. They was a time when if a man reached for his hip you wouldst run for your life, but when a man reaches for his hip these days, why you run for a glass!

Well, the stranger pulls forth a attractively sized silver flask and he says it contains just a little canny Scotch which he has brung along for medical purposes, on the account the show gives him a pain in the neck. The next question is will I have a small swallow and I won't insult your intelligence by tellin' you what I said. So we drunk to the health of Mr. Volstead till a usher comes out and tells us the curtain is goin' up and the show is goin' on. My new found friend says: "Good! Keep me posted. I'll be right here!" With that he sinks on a lounge and plunges head first into a heavy slumber. I slunk inside and after makin' 'em stand up in four rows where I had no seat when I went in and no friends when I went out, I fin'ly parked myself beside my wife. One whiff of my breath and she remarks to the world at large that she bets I wouldst find a place on the Sara Desert where they're still takin' a chance. Blushin' demurely at the compliment, I turned my lustrous orbs on the stage. They is a female impersonator doin' his stuff and he's a dude at it, but he can't hold my attention. The minute I see him my mind wanders back to a female impersonator which wouldst of made most of the current masqueraders take arsenic—The Great De Lysle, which give up five thousand smackers the week to win a smile from a woman. Yes, and thought he got a bargain, like most of us does which makes the same exchange!

The Great De Lysle, Verona Chamberlain and Knockout Higgins—a female impersonator, a hashish eater's dream and a

prizefighter. That's the ingredients of the strangest dish I've saw on Life's buffet in many's the day. Pass your plate and I'll give you a generous helpin'. Let's go!

A few years ago I had a comin' heavyweight champ in K. O. Higgins of Tenth Avenue, New York, in the opinion of two guys. Me and Higgins was the two guys. K. O. had been baptized Francis Xavier by parents which hailed from Cork and he was red-headed, and if that combination won't make a fighter then the chicle manufacturers think gum chewin' is a felony! I took Higgins off the front end of a trolley car and had him exchange his motorman's accoutrements for a pair of bright green swimmin' trunks and this two-handed Irishman had the time of his life flattenin' visitin' English heavies, and, as Higgins used to joyfully shout, "Gettin' paid for it!"

In six months K. O. Higgins went through everything but college and he's as big a drawin' card as a four alarm fire at Thirty-fourth and Fifth Avenue. He could play to the motormen and conductors alone and jam Yellowstone Park if he fought there. K. O. wasted no time on scientific boxin'; when he got in there he let 'em fall and that's what the fight fan pays his jack to see—knockouts!

Well, once upon a time me and K. O. Higgins is threadin' our ways through the disengaged and sidewalk rehearsin' actors in Times Square, when I collide with Pat Ginsberg, which was in the show business when Dave Belasco could be amused with a rattle. I had Ginsberg shake hands with the six-foot-one, walkin'-beam shouldered Higgins, which I introduce as a chorus man from the Winter Garden. Ginsberg grins.

"You'll pull that one some day and this elephant of yours will get peeved and crack you for a ash can!" he says. "I seen him crash Shifty Nolan last week. He's got plenty to learn. All he showed me in the two frames the thing lasted was that he's got adenoids!"

"Shut up, dumbbell," I says, "I'm schoolin' him for Dempsey!"

"Well, he's in the kindergarden now!" sneers Ginsberg, whilst the open mouthed K. O. Higgins stands lookin' from one to the other of us. K. O. don't know whether to start boxin' or laugh matters off. Thoughts traveled by slow freight in K. O.'s head and frequently got derailed. Before he can reach a decision, Ginsberg goes on.

"If you guys ain't doin' anything this afternoon, come over to the Variety and catch my frolic."

"What have you got now—a three headed calf or a medicine show?" I says, knowin' this wouldst steam Ginsberg up.

"Be yourself!" he snorts, composin' us a couple of passes.

"I'm managin' the Great De Lysle."

"We'll fight him!" says K. O. Higgins. "Where does he get that great stuff?"

"This guy ain't a fighter, he's a—well, let's bound over to the theater and you can see for yourself!" I tell him.

Ginsberg's passes wins us seats in a box and K. O. Higgins carries on like they was seats in Congress. He's as happy as puss with a fish head and every act on the bill from the News Weekly to the headliner seems to goal him. He was a perfect audience and I bet that afternoon he made many's the act think they was saps to work for whatever wages they was gettin'. By the time the lights flash the number of the Great De Lysle,

K. O. Higgins's money hands is stiff and sore from givin' his kind applause to one and all.

The curtain goes up revealin' purple satin draperies, soft lights and what not. At a grand piano is a dizzy blonde representative of a noted sex and when she turns around to return a smile for some mild handclappin', I get the full thrill of her and I'm positive that young lady wouldst of made Solomon gnaw his lip! She spends the next couple of minutes tappin' a cruel ivory and then out on the stage trips the most beautiful thing I ever trained a eye on. A tall, stately vision in a bewilderin' evenin' gown that made the dazed women say "Ah-h-h!" and started a epidemic of neck crantin' amongst the sturdy men folk. Beginnin' with the hair of burnished gold which looked like twenty master hairdressers had spent their lives on it, passin' over a face which wouldst of made Romeo scratch out Juliet's phone number and a figure which wouldst of got a raised eyebrow from Flo Ziegfield, to the silk covered ankles—Wow, boys and girls, this was a panic!



Around the links at the country club every mornin' went a exceedingly strange trio.

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"Howdy!" says K. O. Higgins with a sneer. "Can I borrey your powder puff, Cutey?"

That, gentlemen of the jury, was the Great De Lysle. The Great De Lysle breaks out with a song and K. O. Higgins, after feasting his hungry eyes a minute, says to me in a hoarse whisper: "A couple of swell lookin' Janes, what? That big blonde's the kitten's cuffs! But where's this Great De Lysle guy?" "The big blonde is the Great De Lysle," I says. "That ain't no woman, that's a man. He's good, hey?" "Stop it," grins K. O. Higgins. "If that knockout's a man, I'm next in line for the Italian throne! Look at that face, them—" Just then the Great De Lysle reaches the end of his daily

stint and comin' back in answer to the cloudburst of applause, he takes off his wig and says thanks in a husky bass voice. That burned K. O. Higgins up! He gasps and then lets forth a whinny of rage which draws a barrage of frowns in our direction. "Well, the big stiff!" he snorts "The dizzy fathead! What a swell job he picked out for himself—makin' out he's a woman. He ought to be hustlin' pianos! Can you feature this baby usin' a lip stick and wearin'—" "What d'ye think of the act?" comes a voice behind us—and there's Ginsberg. "Great!" I says, stickin' a toe into K. O.'s ankle. "This De Lysle is the papa of 'em all and that's a fact! He—"



Sweet papa, I wish you could of saw the faces of Verona Chamberlain and Pat Ginsberg when I opened that door!

"I think he's a total loss!" butts in K. O. Higgins with a sneer. "The idea of that big clown——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" I shut him off, applyin' the toe with a bit more force. "K. O. thinks you're talkin' about Kid Frenchie, which he sent sprawlin' in Boston last week. We both think De Lysle's a wow, no foolin'!"

"Well, I'd like to have you boys come back and say hello to him," says Ginsberg. "He's a real guy, this De Lysle, and you'll like him."

"I'll prob'ly slap him for a mock turtle!" grunts K. O.

But Ginsberg is leadin' the way out of the box and he don't hear him.

"Shut up, you sap!" I hisses in K. O.'s ear. "If you crack hostile to this De Lysle you can put a ad in Who's Who for another manager and I ain't sayin' that for no laugh! This is all business—it'll help plenty to have you saw hobnobbin' around with these big actors and the like. Try and act like a gent—make a fuss over this guy, get me?"

"If he tries to kiss me I'll crash him, for a fact!" grumbles K. O. Higgins. "The idea of this bozo dressin' up in his sister's scenery and caperin' around like a chorus girl. There's one for the book!"

Well, we get back stage and waitin' for us is the Great De Lysle and his eye-soothin' piano player, Verona Chamberlain, as Ginsberg introduces her. Off stage, De Lysle is one of the niftiest dressers I ever seen in my life. A suit which prob'ly put the tailor over which made it, fits him like the pink satin skin on his forehead, and the rest of the classy layout seems just a little different, just a little nobbier than what the boys is wearin', what I mean! Standin' there, he's every bit as big as my oversize battler and if it wasn't for his remarkable face you'd no more think he was a female impersonator than you'd think I was Betty Compson. But it was his pan which was the tip-off. The permanent wave in his hair and his long, curlin' lashes must of caused many's the Jane to turn yellow with envy and he had a complexion which wouldst humiliate a rose. He looked like a terrifically beautiful woman with her hair cut short

and wearin' men's clothes, no foolin'. Verona Chamberlain was a second Diana—close up, she sent the blood out after the speed limit through your veins—yet alongside of the Great De Lysle, why she was just a pretty girl, that's all!

K. O. Higgins shakes De Lysle's lily white hands with a sneer and gets back a grip which sent up one of his bushy eyebrows. I knew all about that grip because I had just shook hands with this baby myself.

"Howdy!" says K. O. Higgins. "Can I borrey your powder puff for a minute, Cutey?"

Ginsberg frowns at me and I horned in between 'em, but after flushin' slightly the Great De Lysle smiles and says nothin'. I notice Verona Chamberlain look at him like she kind of hoped he'd start somethin' and her cherry lip unmistakably curls when he laughs the thing off.

Then K. O. Higgins turns around and sees Verona. Hot towel! From his breathin', my big battler's pulse must of leaped up twenty extry beats to the minute and his pan flashes first red, then white, then red again—signals showin' in all codes that he'd stopped one with his heart. This was prob'ly nothin' new to the bewilderin' Verona, which had saw the sterner sex act that way when they lamped her since she first departed from grammar school. She smiles and asks K. O. when he's goin' to box again. She had a lip and blue eyes that wouldst make a week old baby's look sophisticated. Poor K. O. Higgins gazed at her just long enough so's he don't know if he's afoot or horseback and I bet Cupid sneered at him for a set-up and went on his way.

Me and Ginsberg stands talkin' to the Great De Lysle about box fightin', actin', the most reliable bootleggers and other subjects of interest to us men of the world. But K. O. Higgins has drawn Verona Chamberlain over to a corner of the wings and from chance snatches I get of their conversation, K. O. is struttin' his stuff and givin' her punch by punch account of his last nineteen fights. Furthermore, Verona seems to be likin' it.

Well, Verona may be gettin' innocent amusement out of K. O.

Higgins, but with the Great De Lysle it's different! He keeps shootin' glances over to where his unnervin'ly fair partner and my fightin' fool is reduced to lowered voices and every time Verona's silvery giggle breaks out, why De Lysle, really a right guy, acts like he's fit to be tied. Fin'ly he finds a excuse to break up the party and the last thing I hear is Verona callin' after K. O. Higgins to be sure to drop around and see her again.

"Try and keep me away!" answers K. O.

Outside the theater, he draws a deep breath.

"Sweet papa, what a disturbance that snapper is!" he says. "And what a swell name—Verona Chamberlain. I thought I had lamped some good lookers in my day, but this one is the zebra's stripes! Y'know, a guy like me should commence to think about gettin' wed and—what are you laughin' at, hey?"

"If I had a piece of your nerve I wouldst immediately start for the North Pole with a line of Palm Beach suits and electric fans!" I says, when speech is possible. "Because this girl happened to act civil towards you for a couple of minutes, you figure you're as good as in, hey? Well, that's apple sauce! She's this De Lysle's partner, you sap, and—"

"But she won't be for long!" K. O. Higgins cuts me off. "She's only been with this tomato for a month and their schedule winds up in a couple of weeks. Then she's through! She didn't call him no names, but from this and that I can see that she likes him and arsenic the same way. How could any Jane like a guy which is a better looker than she is and makes his pennies the way that De Lysle baby does? Still and all, he's certainly one nobby dresser when he gets in citizen's clothes, ain't he? I wish I knewed where he captured that blue suit he had on—it fit him like the skin on a grape! Did you get the cut of them lapels and the way the coat kind of curves in at the waist and—"

K. O. Higgins was still ravin' first about Verona, then about the Great De Lysle's trousseau, when we got to the gym. In two weeks we fight Bad News Brown, heavyweight champion of Baffin's Bay and a tough egg which has yet to dust a mat with his shoulder blades. I wanted K. O. right, so I told him to forget about Verona and her boy friend and turn his attentions to readyin' up for the comin' scuffle. K. O. remarks that he won't be surprised if Verona comes to see the muss; that's how pretty he's sittin' with her after one interview.

Ginsberg comes around to the gym the next mornin' and after watchin' K. O. Higgins makin' a sparrin' partner wish he had took up bookkeepin', he calls me aside.

"I got a proposition for you," he says, "which will do us both plenty good. You met De Lysle and you see what nice folks he is—a he-man, in spite of the fact that he was born with a face which wouldst make these movie queens bite their nails to the quick. Well, you know what they say about a guy in his line—they figure he prob'ly spends his days off with a set of knittin' needles, crotchetin' a mean doily and playin' parcheesi when he wants to go in for athletics. That's the bunk! As the matter and fact, De Lysle spends nearly all his spare time in a gym. You'll see that part of it when he strips!"

"I'll see it!" I says. "What—" "Sure!" goes on Ginsberg. "To show the public what a red blooded man's man he really is, the Great De Lysle wants to come up here and take a few boxin' lessons from Knockout Higgins!"

It's a good three minutes before I can control the hystericals and stop laughin'.

"You guys is sure fond of gamblin'!" I says. "Suppose K. O. Higgins forgets he's only supposed to clown and pokes your boy friend in the nose? He's liable to break it and then where wouldst your female impersonator be, with his face all out of true? He'd be about through, wouldn't he?"

"De Lysle will wear a headguard," says Ginsberg. "And I'm leavin' it to you to see that this boloney of yours behaves himself. If he cuts De Lysle up, I'll cook him as sure as Rockefeller did well in the oil business! They'll be plenty newspaper guys up to take pictures of the Great De Lysle and Knockout Higgins sparrin' and we'll all get some publicity you couldn't buy for money. What d'ye say?"

For answer I called K. O. Higgins over and asked his valueless opinion of the thing. First K. O. thinks he's bein' kidded, but when he sees Ginsberg's level, why I thought this big bruiser wouldst expire cacklin'.

"Ain't we got fun?" he howls, slappin' Ginsberg on the back and sendin' up a cloud of dust from his coat. "So this male show girl of yours wants to learn how to box, hey? Hot coffee! Send him up and I'll show him more boxin' gloves than he ever seen before in his life. This is a great game—we don't get much money, but we can laugh out loud!"

"You big stiff, you get giddy and put a mark on De Lysle and the next mornin' that heavy thing weighin' down your chest will be a tombstone!" snarls Ginsberg. "Laugh that off!" He turns to me. "Give this dumbbell his orders," he says. "I'll have De Lysle here in the mornin'!"

Ten o'clock the next mornin' the Great De Lysle and Pat Ginsberg all arrived at Red Neely's gym, where K. O. Higgins was readyin' up to smack Bad News Brown for a set of Hindoo waffle irons. The Great De Lysle greets one and all with a bewitchin', white toothed smile and K. O. looks at his pink cheeks and curlin' eyelashes, growls but says nothin'. I showed the Great De Lysle the locker room after he tells me he has brung

his own trunks and shoes. In about twenty minutes he comes out in ring togs and he's a sight for sore eyes! He's sportin' a pair of white silk trunks with a bright red "De Lysle" sewed on in fancy letters. Around his middle is a violet colored belt. He's got a football headgear and a nose guard on and all you can see of his face is his two baby blue eyes. But what is more interesting to me than any of that is the build of this baby. He's well over six foot with his hair brushed back and, roughly, I figure him at 190, ringside. They ain't a ounce of fat on his creamy white person, but his body between lower chest and belt is muscled like a professional strong man's and ridged like a washboard with sinew. Although his shoulders match the pair on Higgins, De Lysle tapers in sharply at the waist—the build of the baby which can take it as well as hand it out. I thought to myself, if this De Lysle only knows anything he can hit like a six inch gun!

K. O. Higgins is also gazin' over the Great De Lysle's massive undraped figure and as he stands against the ropes of the trainin' ring waitin' for me to lace De Lysle's gloves on, K. O. looks thoughtful. Now if this was a movie, the Great De Lysle, havin' been a champion boxer at dear old Vassar or somethin', wouldst of walked out there and beat that roughneck's head off. But I'm tellin' you what actually happened, not what should of! The Great De Lysle hadn't made two passes at the cautious K. O. Higgins before a day old baby could see that our athletic female impersonator didn't know a right hook from the timekeeper. At this comfortin' discovery a wide grin breaks the seriousness of K. O.'s pan and he heaves a deep sigh of relief. Then he begins

to show De Lysle the mysteries of a straight left. He really was very careful and gentle with him.

Strangely enough, the Great De Lysle proves to be a apt and willin' pupil, but in spite of the headgear and nose guard which left none of his fascinatin' features unprotected, he seems unable to forget about the thing he made his coffee and cakes with, i. e., his beauteous face. He spent most of the time coverin' it with



The Great De Lysle takes off his wig and says thanks in a husky voice.

his gloves, like he was afraid even a feint might slip through and mark him.

Well, the Great De Lysle's first lesson in the manly art of assault and battery lasts a crowded hour and the boys are just about to call it a day when in walks no less than Verona Chamberlain. I see her first as she stands timidly at the doorway and gazes around the gym where a dozen or more pugs and near pugs is shadow boxin', punchin' the bag, pullin' the weights, etc., etc., and even etc. Then she spies the Great De Lysle and K. O. Higgins sparrin' just as I run over to her with a chair.

She waves the chair away and nods her head at the Great De Lysle.

"Why is Mr. De Lysle wearing that funny thing on his head?" she says with a odd smile.

"Oh, that's just to keep his face from bein' marked up," I explains. "We couldn't have that happen—he'd make a swell lookin' girl with a set of puffed lips or a tin ear, now wouldn't he?"

Verona laughs—not exactly merrily.

"Can he—does he really know how to box?" she asks me.

"Eh—well, he's no Corbett," I says. "But then—"

She's walked away from me and up to the ring, where both the Great De Lysle and K. O. Higgins sees her and each greets her in a different way. De Lysle with a kind of surprised smile, K. O. with "Hello, kid—what are you doin' here?"

The ravishin' Verona coolly looks 'em over for a minute.

"Oh, please don't stop on my account," she coos. "Go on, box—I'd love to watch you! I—I got those new songs for you, Mr. De Lysle, and Mr. Ginsberg told me I'd find you here, so —" She suddenly breaks off, turns and looks at K. O. Higgins, throwin' her smile into high. "Oh, Mr. Knockout Higgins, will you show me how—ah—that punch you whipped all those men with?"

It was said innocent enough but I don't like the look in her hypnotizin' eyes. K. O. Higgins with a "Sure, kid—watch this!" steps back and feints De Lysle wide open. K. O. looks baffled at the headgear which has got De Lysle's dimpled chin pretty well protected. Then he buries a vicious right in De Lysle's pink body. The Great De Lysle's knees sag and his mouth opens in a gasp, just as I vault over the ropes and grab K. O.'s arms.

"That's out!" I growls. "School's all over for today!"

De Lysle leans against the ropes, still gulpin', whilst Verona stares at him with curlin' lips.

"I'll wait outside for you, Mr. De Lysle, until you have—ah—recovered sufficiently to dress!" she says, the sneer very faint, but yet it's there. Then with a flirt of her hand and a bright smile for the highly delighted K. O. Higgins, Verona exits.

Yankin' off his headgear, the Great De Lysle gazes after her with a very strange look on his pretty face. His blue eyes has suddenly become very hard and cold. The expression in 'em ain't that of no female impersonator and I wished Verona had of turned around and seen it. But that was Verona's first and last visit to the gym, though the Great De Lysle showed up promptly every day and went a round or two with K. O. Higgins.

In spite of K. O.'s piteous pleas, Verona stalled out of goin' to see him mingle with Bad News Brown. But the Great De Lysle was there in a ringside seat—as he afterwards remarked to me, the first professional box fight he ever seen in his life. Bad News Brown was rough and tough and no mistake! He made K. O. Higgins love it in the first round. Every time Bad News wouldst sock one home to K. O.'s rapidly changin' profile, the Great De Lysle wouldst put his hands to his face like he was afraid one of these wallops wouldst go wild and spoil his own charmin' features. When K. O. run to his corner at the bell he looked like a stuck pig and De Lysle shuddered. In the second frame, K. O. Higgins got sick and tired of stoppin' right and left swings with his achin' pan, so he crossed his noble right flush on Bad News Brown's chin and that's all there was, there wasn't any more!

We all go home in the Great De Lysle's car and he seemed horrified at the gory slaughter he had just witnessed. From time to time he'd look at K. O.'s battered face and then kind of give a little shiver. This tickled Higgins, which kidded De Lysle all the ways back about the dashin' female impersonator's dislike for seein' red blooded men covered with it.

Well, the Great De Lysle's season ends and he begins to pay more and more attention to his boxin' lessons, always, how the so ever, with his million dollar face carefully protected by the headgear, nose guard, etc. As the days went on he wasn't gettin' no worse, neither, and the constant daily exercise was

case-hardenin' his already plentiful muscles. Also, he developed a short inside right hook which slowly but surely gained the respect of Mons. K. O. Higgins. By this time they're fairly good friends.

Nevers the less, it was not the fact that the Great De Lysle was beginnin' to uncover a wicked punch which win him K. O. Higgins's friendship and, in a short while, admiration. What goaled my battler was the way the Great De Lysle caparisoned himself for the street. He must of changed his raiment three or four times the day and we never seen him with the same layout on twice. When he stepped out on Broadway or Fifth Avenue for a exercise gallop, he looked more like a million dollars than two \$500,000 bills and many's the male and female head turned for a extry look at him and found it worth it!

"It's this guy's clothes," says K. O. Higgins to me one day. "Female impersonator or no, he's the chicken's wings when it comes to what the men will wear! They's a *trick* to this dressin', don't tell me they ain't. I spend as much jack as Cutey does for my scenery, if not more so, but alongside of him I look like a bum!"

"Well," I says, "why don't you get De Lysle to teach you how to dress in return for the boxin' lessons you're givin' him? He—"

"That's a good thought!" butts in K. O. with a grin. "It makes me a gent and I make him a scrapper. Fair enough—though my part of the bargain's the hardest!"

With a highly amused smile, the Great De Lysle says he'll be delighted to overhaul K. O.'s wardrobe and make him a Paris fashion plate. He starts in by takin' my clothes crisy fighter to his own Fifth Avenue tailor and K. O. gets measured for everything from a dress suit to lavender silk pajamas. The cloth cutter raved over his shoulders and then took him for a thousand kronen. But the Great De Lysle goes further than this. He brings K. O. Higgins around to the beauty doc's which keeps his own face in trim and I hope I never see tomorrow if K. O. don't get his pan retreaded and his ears rebuilt for \$1,500 and to top this off he follows the doc's instructions to gettin' daily massages and goin' to bed at night wearin' plasters and chin straps like a chorus girl!

So proud was K. O. Higgins of his brand new profile that he was determined they was nobody goin' to indent it in no ring. Instead of tearin' in to kill or get killed like he done when he was New York by the ears, why this big dumbbell begins to devote all his attention to protectin' his late model features. The results of this is that he gets outpointed in a couple of miles which he should of win with a punch. Then, except for the usual hour a day with the Great De Lysle, he begins to cut out trainin' altogether and take on fatal fat over his belt. In spare time now is gave over to huntin' up new ties or bow measured for silk shirts with purple monograms on the sleeves.

"The first thing you know you'll be back on the trolley car where I took you from, you big fathead!" I says, cornerin' K. O. outside a tailor's one day. "They forget you overnight in the town, K. O., and you lose a couple more scuffles and you're through, get me, through! Stop tryin' to outdress the world and get yourself in condition. You're as soft as dough right now and—"

"Aw, let go!" cuts in K. O. Higgins, flickin' a speck of dust on a three hundred buck suit and twirlin' a gold headed cane. "The trouble with you is that you're a roughneck and beat around you has about ruined me! I'll ready myself in good time. What d'ye think of this layout, hey? This Kelly come from London and the shoes is French. Twenty-six berries is what the fiddle cases set me back, but then a guy has got to keep up with the—now—mode!"

In his next scrap, K. O. panics his handlers by politely sayin' "Pardon my glove!" to One Round Fisher when they showed hands in mid-ring before the massacre. Fisher never got over the shock and K. O. stopped him two minutes later.

Then the Great De Lysle, gettin' to-be a better boxer every day, invites K. O. Higgins to come out in the early mornin' and play golf with him and Verona. "It's a gentleman's game," says De Lysle and that's enough for K. O. which wouldst played ring-around-a-rosy if it had been recommended the same way. Likewise this was a chance for K. O. Higgins to be with the heart breakin' Verona, which had ducked him almost since that day she come to the gym.

So around the links at the Oakmere Country Club early every mornin' went a exceedin'ly strange trio. A heavyweight boxer fighter, a female impersonator and—a girl. Seemingly all playmates on the surface, the same kind of trouble was brewin' which always brews when the ingredients (Continued on page 13)

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ELIZABETH W. MOFFATT as "Guibour" in the fourteenth century miracle play of that name, which will be produced again this fall with Yvette Guilbert as Dame Renaud.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SINGULAR BERRY

65



H ELEN LEE WORTHING, whose piquant loveliness has won her two beauty prizes as well as a place in the Ziegfeld galaxy of graces—the "Follies" and the "Midnight Prolific."



CONSTANCE BINNEY, star of stage and screen, will appear in the Paramount production of "Pink Gods and Blue Demons," written by Cynthia Stockley and directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

REPRODUCED BY EDWARD TRAYN BUREAU



MARY KING, a belle from sunny Georgia who was formerly with "Irene" and is now a clever member of the comedy "Lolly Pepper."

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

*A
Story
of a
Charming
Girl
&
the
7 Don'ts
Before
Breakfast*



*Illustrations by
James H. Crank*

DON'T Marry an Actor

THE layman knows only the conclusions of the scientists. How the distances between the stars, the ages of volcanoes and the precise intentions of tittlebats are determined is their affair and not his. By what process therefore, by what arguments, speculations and eliminations the philologists have succeeded in running down the First Word is of no special interest to the average reader.

It is sufficient for him to know that the First Word was *Don't*. Ellen O'Brien's father had the "Don'ts" badly. Personally he chewed, and in the old days had been known to come home smelling of liquor. But the day he caught Ellen and the Fu'som boy smoking coffee grounds behind the barn he whipped her until she screamed.

He was always saying "Don't" to her—Don'ts that meant Don't, and Don'ts that meant nothing at all. But in spite of the Don'ts and the whippings, she had a spirit which could not be broken, and she continually did the things which she was even more continually told not to do. It should not, however, be inferred that Ellen O'Brien was a breaker of major commandments. The Don'ts of the Mosaic law referred for the most part to things which "weren't done" anyway. The O'Brien Don'ts were pettish and impulsive.

Sometimes, indeed, an untimely Don't brought into her mind a subject with which it had never until that very moment occupied itself.

As for instance when they were returning one night from a

road company performance, in the local theater, of that side splitting farce "The Sausage Maker."

"Whatever you do, Ellen," her father had said suddenly out of a clear sky, "*don't* go on the stage."

'Til that very moment, turning in at the O'Brien gate, between pink oleander trees and under a velvet sky set with pale stars, it had never occurred to her to go on the stage.

They lingered a moment at the door of their house in the pleasant night. It was a warm night and Ellen loosened the scarf about her throat and drew it back on her shoulders.

"Don't take cold," said her father.

She smiled. She was seriously wondering for the first time in her life what it would be like to be an actress, and imagining that it would be a diverting, profitable and pleasant existence.

"The young fellow in the riding suit made me sick," said Mr. O'Brien; and he added with earnestness, "*Whatever* you do, don't ever marry an actor."

"Don't you like the way he made love to the heroine?" asked Ellen. "All five of them made love to her. But if I'd been Rosie I'd have picked him. And sure enough she did."

"Actors seem to be pleasant enough on the stage," said Mr. O'Brien, "but in private life they drink and take dope and beat their wives—if they *are* their wives."

"What do you mean—if they are their wives?"

"Don't ask questions about things that you are too young to understand."

"All right," said Ellen. "I was going to ask you why the Reverend Mr. Kelp was run out of town, but if I am too young to know, I won't." She knew perfectly well.

Mr. O'Brien pushed his latchkey into the door and maintained a grim silence. It was not until the door had been closed behind them, locked and bolted and the hall light turned on, that he commented upon the somewhat saucy turn which she had given to the conversation.

"Don't be always picking me up," he said.

Ellen smiled a secret smile. As Mr. O'Brien's age and nervous disorder increased his Don'ts had lost the jar and sting of her childhood days. Sometimes she tried to keep track of the number of times the foolish word fell from his lips in a given space of time.

"Don't read after you get in bed," he said warningly. And he stooped and kissed her good night.

In kissing Ellen, he did not realize how enormously he was to be envied.

In her room Ellen undressed swiftly and methodically, slipped into bed, turned on her reading lamp and reached for a book.

She read the first page of "Main Street" twice, yawned, suffered the book to slide to the floor, put out her light, frowned, muttered "I believe I'll go on the stage," and fell presently into sound and untroubled sleep.

The next day was Sunday. A dozen admonitions—"Don't be late for church"—may or may not have affected Ellen O'Brien. But she was naturally good natured and obliging and consequently she was seldom late for anything. She saw no harm in going to church. The minister, it is true, was something of a puppy and a good deal of an egoist. But she didn't have to listen to the sermon. The words of the service were beautiful. Taking the good with the bad she approved of church, and even hoped that the quarter which she jingled into the plate would save some little heathen from hell fire. But she doubted it.

Food for the spirit was followed in the O'Brien household by an immense and heavy provision for the body. It was not, therefore, until three o'clock that Mr. O'Brien had fallen asleep in a deep chair with a part of the Sunday supplement over his face, and Ellen was able to bestride her pinto pony and ride off into the hills.

All through church she had occupied her active mind with thoughts of the stage, of going on the stage and of the life thereafter. Roncevalles was a dull town and it was beginning to get on her nerves. She had looked over all the eligible young men very carefully and dreaded the thought of being married to any one of them and settled down. Even the dullest mollusk, so she had read in a popular article on conchology, has the power to move from place to place. But the young brides of Roncevalles stay where they are put forever and ever, and have babies, and either spoil or bully them, and grow middle-aged and die.

Actresses are different. They give pleasure to whole crowds of people and they keep moving on. But what did one do to become an actress? There was the rub.

The trail along which she rode passed narrowly between two immense granite boulders, and then debouched and ended in a little green meadow which had for its farther side a cliff known as Lover's Leap and a panoramic view of Roncevalles Village and County.

This really wonderful view was at the moment accurately divided into two halves by a gentleman and a horse. The horse wore an English saddle and bridle instead of the usual pommeled cradle of the West; and instead of a flannel shirt, a sombrero and chaps, the gentleman wore a long skirted riding coat, white duck breeches and highly glazed tan boots. Instead of a rawhide whip he carried a bamboo crop. Instead of the sombrero he didn't wear any hat at all. The gentleman had dismounted and stood at the very brink of the precipice, with his back to Ellen. His hands were deep in his breeches pockets and the horse's bridle was loosely looped around his left arm.

The off fore hoof of Ellen's pinto pony clinked against a loose stone. The gentleman deliberately turned his head.

Ellen beheld before her the "fellow in the riding suit" who had made her father sick... Broderick Terry, the hero of "The Sausage Maker." Her color became brilliant. Her eyes flashed.

What did one do to become an actress? Well, here perhaps, standing on the very edge of nothing and smiling pleasantly, was the answer.

"I hope I'm not trespassing," said Mr. Terry. "There was a sign below 'Don't trespass' but it seemed to refer to everything in sight, and of course I have to keep myself *somewhere*—all the time."

"That's only one of father's Don'ts," said Ellen. "The hills are full of them. I saw the play last night. And I wondered if you really rode."

"I know you saw the play," said Mr. Terry. "I looked the audience over through one of the peep holes in the curtain. And I saw you—first, last and all the time."

He touched his forehead with a little gesture at once humorous and beseeching. "And this," he added with a sweep of the hand toward the wild sky line of Roncevalles County, "is good to look at too."

"It's like the bottom of the sea where the mollusks live," said Ellen. "It never changes."

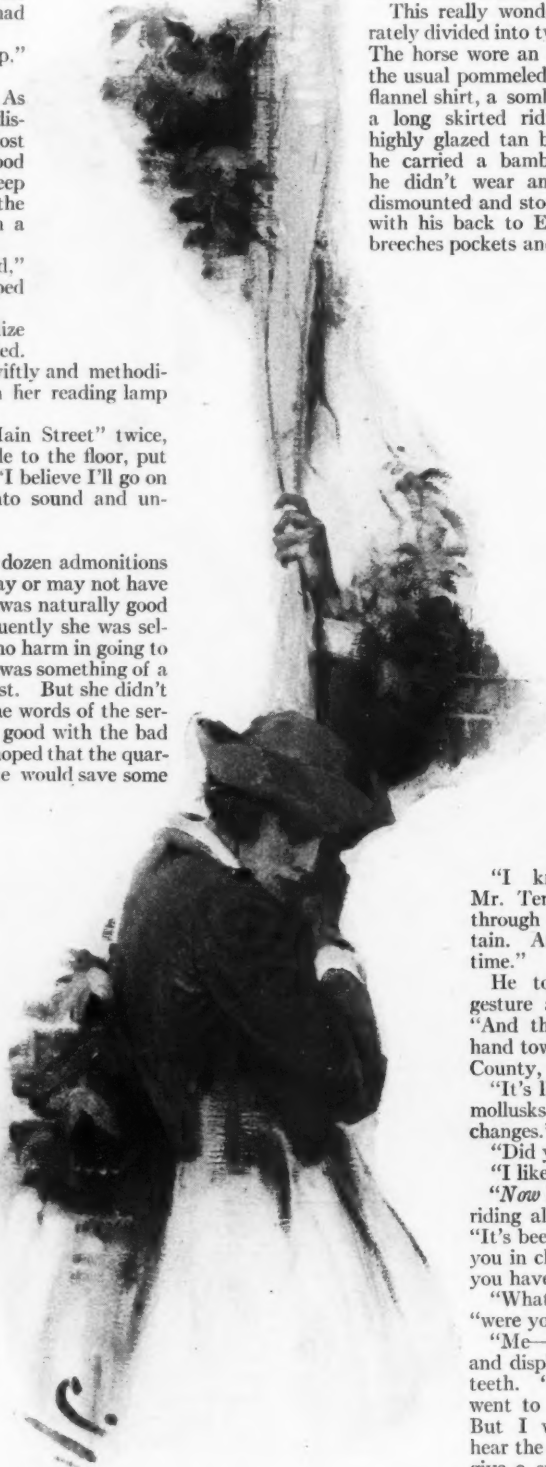
"Did you like the play?"

"I liked you."

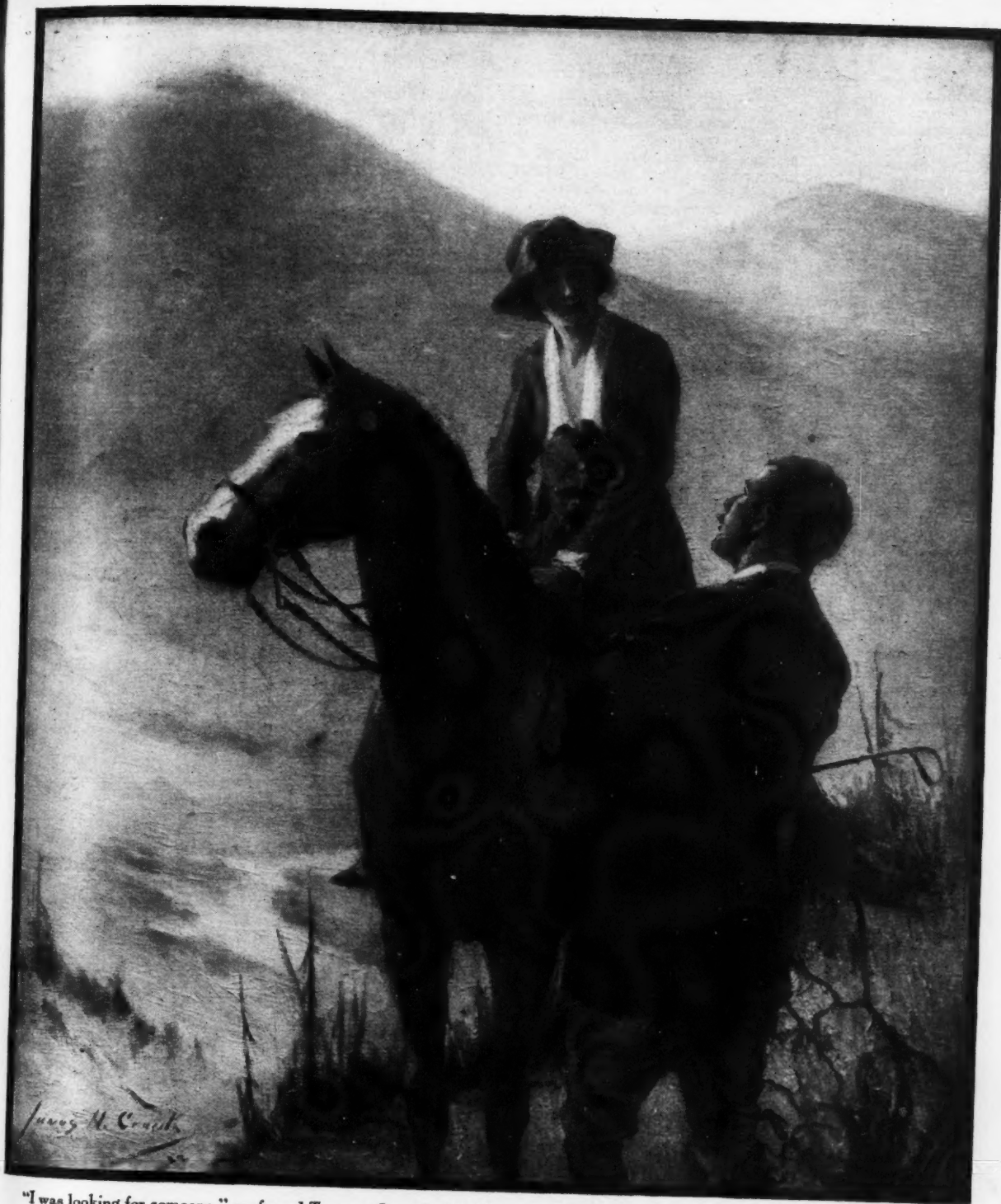
"Now I know why I rented a pony and went riding all by my wild lone," said the actor. "It's been a lucky day all round. First I see you in church and now I see you here. And you have paid me a compliment."

"What," said Ellen with some amazement, "were you doing in church?"

"Me—an actor?" The young man smiled and displayed a beautiful set of strong white teeth. "Well, we all went to church. Some went to one church, some went to another. But I went to your church. Didn't you hear the old dromedary who passes the plate give a sudden whinny? That was when he came to me. He'd been getting nothing but nickels, dimes, quarters and pennies and I let go with a silver dollar—"



About two in the morning a comely young woman descended to the ground by means of a series of sheets knotted together.



"I was looking for someone," confessed Terry. "I was looking for you. And here on the brink of Lover's Leap you find me."

easy come, easy go, you know—and he was so surprised that he whinnied."

"But father says that *all* actors are heathens."

"And so they are. But I'm less heathen than most. I went to a church school and my grandfather was a bishop. Having me go on the stage nearly finished him, and two orders of shad roe with bacon did. But so help me God, Miss—Miss—ah—Prettiest-girl-in-the-audience, I'm as good a Christian as he ever thought of being, and not a bit wicked—ever."

"There was a famous Broderick who shot a famous Terry in San Francisco once," said Ellen, "or else it was the other way round. Are you related?"

"My real name is Trounce. I made it over into Broderick

Terry to spare the Bishop's feelings. By the way, Miss—ah—"

"You needn't call me that again," said Ellen. "My name is Ellen O'Brien."

The young man looked her over quietly from top to toe. His glance was speculative and appraising.

"Ever think of going on the stage, Miss O'Brien?" he asked.

It was very sudden. It seemed as if her question were going to be answered without ever having been asked.

"Since late last night," she said, "I have thought of nothing else."

"Are you serious?"

"I bore father to death," she said, "and this place bores me. I want to get out. Honestly I do."

"Of course," he said simply, "there's nothing on the stage anywhere quite so heavenly pretty as you are. And you have a lovely voice . . . Listen. I've played every town in the United States—except the sure enough cities. Through a convenient peep hole in the curtains of their theaters I have examined every audience in these towns. It was deliberate. I was looking for someone . . . I was looking for you . . . Here in the Vale of Roncevalles I find you . . . And here on the very brink of Lover's Leap you find me."

"I suppose that's very romantic," said Ellen with a first show of unsophisticated suspicion in her voice and manner. His answer scattered her suspicions like ashes.

"Romantic!" he exclaimed. "Romance be blown. It's business . . . Do you know what an *act* is?"

She didn't.

"The ambition of every actor," he explained, "is to break into vaudeville and get rich. To break into vaudeville he has to have an act. To break into vaudeville right, he has to have a *good* act. I have. It's in my trunk. But it isn't a one man act. It requires one man—me—and a girl. The girl, if the act is to go over big, has to have the kind of face that launched a thousand ships . . ."

She frowned tentatively.

"I need your face in my act," he said. "We'll go halves. We'll be partners. It's a business proposition."

"How do I know you're not joking?" she said.

"How? How indeed! I'll tell you. Success even with an act like mine and a face like yours means the hardest kind of work. And it means waiting even before we begin to work. There are things called contracts. Mine isn't up till the fall. I have to keep on with 'The Sausage Maker' until the first of September. Meanwhile I'll let the big circuits know that I am in the market with an act, and the loveliest face in the world. Someone will give us a tryout. I come back here on the second day of September and tell you the news. I read you the act. We learn our parts and rehearse them. By the time we are ready for our tryout you'll hate me, because I'll have been cross and strict and impatient and almost abusive at times . . . And then we'll have our tryout. And perhaps we won't be able to put our act over, and the powers that see us try will simply say Bla and Blooeey . . . and you'll be stranded in San Francisco without a job, and ashamed to come home and confess that you've failed . . . And I'll have to get work with some 'Sausage Maker' company or other—and hide my disappointment behind the conventional smile of the young lead, and carry a heart full of remorse to think how I'd put you in wrong with yourself and your friends and your family . . . But I think we have an even chance of going over big. And I'm not such a fool as to give you advice . . . My dear young lady, all I ask of you is this: Think my proposition over at least twice before you refuse it, and at least nine times and ninety before you accept it."

"There's plenty of time for that—if you are really in earnest. What is the act about?"

"That is just what I am aching to tell you. Come down off that pinto pony and let's sit down on the grass and hang our feet over the edge of nothing, and I'll tell you all about everything."

But they did not for long sit down on the grass with their feet dangling in space. Broderick Terry's act was full of action.

And Ellen O'Brien presently was sitting on her heels with her back to the view, while with emphatic gestures and emphatic expositions and explanations Broderick Terry converted the little grass meadow into a dingy kitchen and living room which contained a table, a chair, a chest of drawers, a half emptied whisky bottle, a baby carriage and so forth and so on.

"Is the set clear to you now?" he asked. It was. She was the audience. The trail by which one entered the meadow was the lall door of the kitchen-living room. The stained rock (right) was the door into the bedroom . . . yes, she had it all in her head. It was very exciting.

Well, that being the case, Broderick Terry would once more sit down on the grass beside her and explain a few things about the persons of the piece.

"You and I," he said, "have to know lots of things that the

audience never does know. They only know what they are to see and we are to tell them. But I know, for instance, that as Garrick Trounce, the actor, I persuaded you to run away from home not because I thought you could act but because I was infatuated with you . . . and you know, in your heart of hearts, that you ran, not because you were infatuated with me, but because you thought you could act."

"Your father called the turn. He knew you couldn't act, and he read me like a book. He saw at the corners of my eyes the little lines that tell of nerves racked and overstrained by dissipation. He guessed my age right. He gave me the ten extra years with which I had never entrusted you. He saw me for the selfish, sensual egoist that I am—in the *act*. He forbade our marriage. But you defied him. You were of age. You were your own mistress."

"He prophesied calamity. In a frenzy of prophetic ecstasy he told you exactly what was going to happen. But you laughed him to scorn—oh, but you were hard in those days before mis-



fortune and disillusion had scourged you!—and you ran away with me.

"The next two years represent the causes with whose effects we hope to thrill our audience. This dingy set"—he swept a gesture that embraced the whole of the gem-like meadow—"is an effect. One cause after another, known to you and me, shaped our miserable lives to be lived in these squalid and dreary surroundings. Seeing you with a baby in your lap, the audience knows that it arrived sometime or other before the curtain went up. The exact time or the exact age of the baby matters only to you and me. We know that when it arrived, instead of standing by you in your pain and trial, I was downtown drinking, preparing myself to come home and play the brute."

Some girls might have been embarrassed by the turn which

the exposition had taken. But as a high school graduate, and for many years a member of a Sunday school, Ellen had long since ceased to take any but a normal, human, matter of fact interest in babies.

"Now the great point," said Broderick Terry, "that we have to remember is that everything that the father prophesied comes true. There isn't an item that he mentioned that you don't remember, and hold against yourself. And now we'll begin with the actual act."

"You are sitting in the chair at the table, with the baby in your arms . . ."

"Why," interrupted Ellen, "does the wife have to be beautiful?"

"That," said Broderick Terry, "is to alibi what she does to her husband. If she were plain, if she had a gold tooth or two showing—the audience would feel that it had participated in a murder. But if she is beautiful the audience will feel that it has helped her

"I'm not. That part's all right . . . I wish you'd say 'Yes. Come back in September, and we'll go to work.' That's what I wish you'd say. But I think you ought to say no."

Ellen rose to her feet.

"I'll say neither now. When do you go?"

"We have to take the early morning train."

"I'll be at the station. I'll give you an answer then."

Sudden doubts assailed her.

"Are you really in earnest? You're not just stringing me along, are you—just because it's Sunday, and such a blue Sunday here in Roncevalles that there's nothing else to do?"

"Can you get your father's consent?" he asked.

"Get my father's *what*?" she exclaimed.

"Of course not! He never consented to anything in his life, unless he thought of it first."

"Would it mean serious trouble between you and your father?"

She nodded.

The young man drew a long breath. Then he said: "Even at that I'm serious. Now that the act's fresh in my mind, it seems to me a surer go than ever. And the more I look at you the less I tire of looking at you. If you say yes—we'll take our chances and go fifty-fifty."

When Ellen O'Brien waked the next morning it was at the very crack of dawn, and she had come to no decision. Finally with a rueful smile, having lain a long time staring at a steadily lightening wall paper and thinking things over, she broke out laughing and said to herself:

"If father says don't to me once before breakfast, I'll go with Terry in

the fall. If he doesn't I'll hang on here, marry one of the boobery and settle down."

Before breakfast was on the table Mr. O'Brien had said don't to his daughter seven times. Therefore she mounted her pinto pony and rode down to the station, and calling Broderick Terry to one side told him that she had made up her mind to throw in her fortunes with his.

If she had expected him to be joyous about this, she was in for a little disappointment. He turned very grave.

"That gives me a solemn turn," he said. "It's a big responsibility. If things go wrong, it's all my fault. But if they do go wrong, I'll do all that's in my poor power to make them come out right."

And now he smiled, a bright, (Continued on page 154)

"Don't you ever dare to see that man again," came through Mr. O'Brien's set teeth, "or I'll whip you within an inch of your life!"

gloriously to vindicate the rights of all her downtrodden sex."

"Go on," said Ellen.

He went on.

The ponies trailing their bridles nibbled the meadow grass. The sun went down in the usual place trailing clouds of glory with him. The air became chilled. The actor finished.

"I've gone over the same ground so often," he said, "that it's taken a long time. But you *are* interested, aren't you?"

"I should just say I am," cried Ellen with enthusiasm. "It's a knock-out. And the girl's part isn't terribly hard—is it? I *know* I could do it, if I worked my head off."

"And you don't think I'm like the actor in the act, do you?"

"Of course I don't."

There was a moment of silence. Then he said:

A Great Combination in this Story:

Peter B. Kyne, Author

Cappy Ricks, his most lovable character

Bill Peck, whom he made famous as the Go-Getter

It Shall Be Done!

Illustrations by

Percy Cowen

"SKINNER," said Cappy Ricks to the general manager of the lumber department of his vast interests, "after a man has spent fifty years in harness—at least, fifty such busy years as I have spent—he should have something to occupy his mind after he has retired."

Mr. Skinner sighed deeply and seemed about to say something, but thought better of it.

"The days are too long," Cappy resumed plaintively. "Time flies on leaden wings." He wagged his head, apparently at the futility of life.

"Mr. Ricks," Skinner announced with conviction, "when you're riding while your friends walk; when a band is playing within ten feet of you and you can't hear it; when you're six feet from some lilies of the valley that you can't smell; then—and then only—will I feel that you have retired. Even then, when your soul arrives at the River Styx and you hail Charon to heave alongside and ferry you over, you will, doubtless, find fault with his methods of navigation and wonder if his dark shallop isn't wearing whiskers on her keel—she's so slow!"

"Better to wear out than rust out," Cappy quoted sadly. "Skinner, you and Matt Peasley ought to leave me a few little jobs to do. I haven't had any excitement since Hector was a pup."

"No? Didn't you select Bill Peck for our new manager in the Orient?"

"Yes, I admit I had a deal of fun out of that job—"

"Well, that only happened a week ago. And in the interim Bill Peck has gotten married and you went to the wedding and got misty eyed and sentimental and had a perfectly wonderful time. Now you've just come up from the dock after seeing Peck and Mrs. Peck off for Shanghai, and—"

"Fine young woman, Bill's wife. Good sport. She was engaged to Bill before he went to the war, and after he came home a cripple the consummate young jackass wrote her and told her to forget all about him," Cappy interrupted, anxious to change the subject. "That was when he was in the government t. b. hospital at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. While admitting Bill had done the decent thing to jilt her, she felt she ought to have been consulted, so she took a week off from her job and went down to Fort Bayard to look the wreck over. As a result



Cappy won the bet and took J. Augustus Redell's check for one thousand dollars.

she decided she wasn't going to abandon Bill to the underwriters just because he had lost one arm and walked with a limp. She went up the aisle the other day clinging to old Bill's left stump and when the preacher said, 'You are now man and wife,' Bill was a trifle dazed. He looked at his wife as if he didn't believe it was true—so she kissed him.

"And, Skinner, my dear boy, there was something about the way she did it—something protective and maternal, something that seemed to say: 'Don't worry, Bill. I'll take care of you no matter what happens'—that got me under the fifth rib. I felt so happy because they were so happy; and then I felt happier still to think how good the Lord had been to me and made it possible for me to make Bill our Shanghai manager, which made it possible for Bill to marry his girl and take her to the Orient with him. Skinner, I just cried like a fool and never had so much fun in my life. The trouble is that fun is like pre-war whisky. It doesn't last."

"I have an idea," said Skinner, looking up at the ceiling to hide a slight mistiness that had crept into his cold blue orbs. "I'll have a radiophone put in your office, and every afternoon you can sit here and enjoy your cigar and listen to the quartette and the symphony concert up at the Fairmont Hotel."

"Fine, so far as it goes, Skinner, dear boy. But put in a sending as well as a receiving set and then equip our cons-

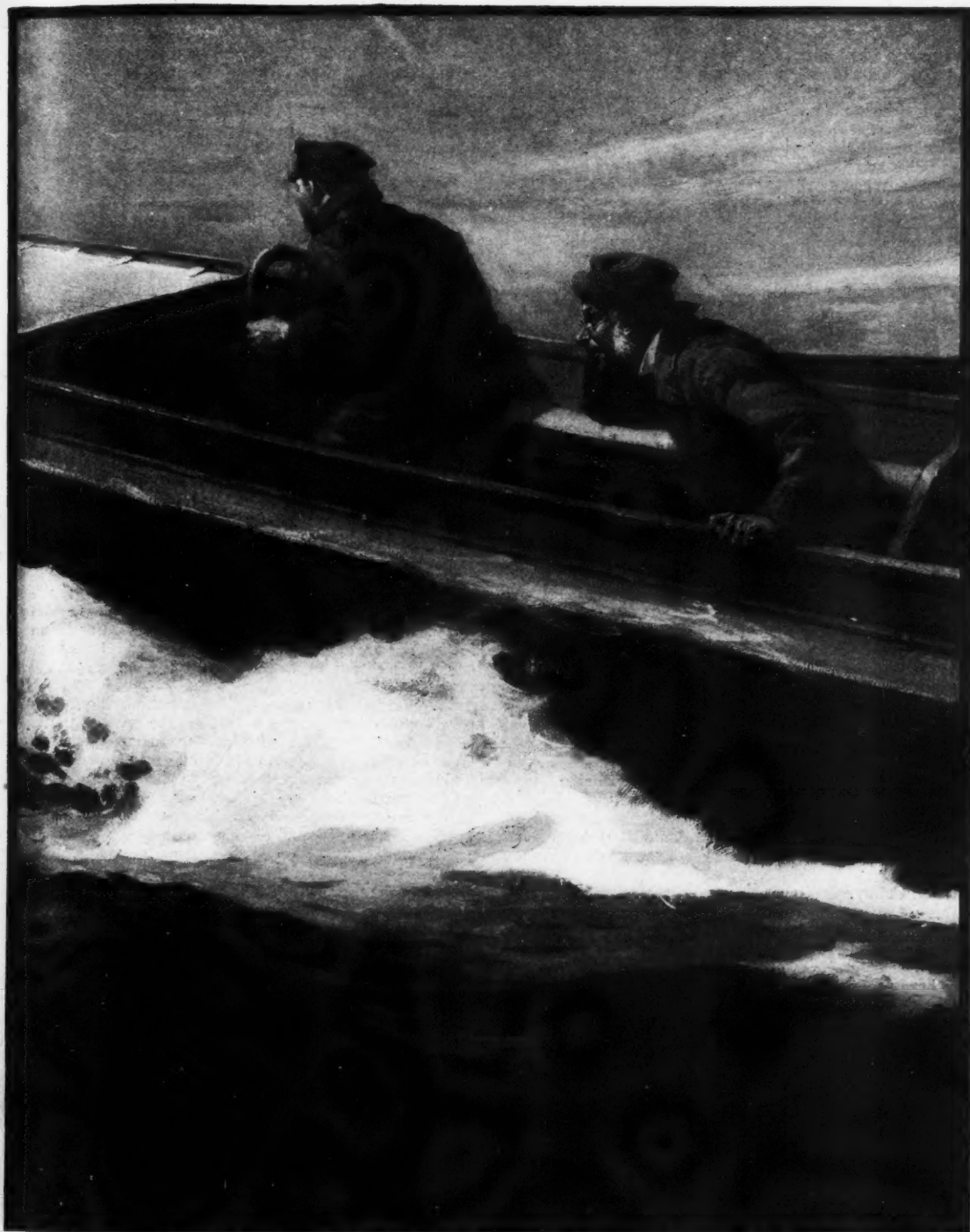
wise steamers with the same. Then on dull days I can call up any one of our skippers and give him hell if he has it coming to him."

"Very well, sir. I shall ask for bids on the radiophones tomorrow.—Come in."

This latter was in response to a knock at the door of Cappy's sanctum. Mr. Skinner's secretary entered with a radiogram which she handed to the general manager, who read it.

"Bad news, eh?" Cappy suggested.

"I'm afraid it may be, Mr. Ricks. This is a radiogram from Bill Peck on board the steamship Golden State. He says: 'Have you read Chapter 354, State Housing Act, Statutes of 1911? Camouflaged dynamite. Forgot mention it before sailing and count great mental disturbance incident to buying blue vase for chief and getting married.'"



Cappy was on his way to sea in an express launch to meet a cold and benumbed veteran of the late war.

"By the twelve ragged apostles! This must be serious. Have you a copy of that State Housing Act, Skinner?"

"I'll see, sir. Our attorneys are supposed to send me copies of all bills presented in the legislatures of California, Oregon and Washington, provided the slightest mention is made in those bills of lumber and its products."

"The inefficient sons of horse thieves! They didn't send it! Bill Peck says it's camouflaged dynamite. Mention has not been made in this particular Act of lumber and its products, so those boobies of attorneys that we pay a big retaining fee have fallen down on the job."

"By Jupiter, I hope it isn't anything serious. I'm the president of the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association and if I've let something big get by me I shall come in for some very adverse criticism. I wonder——"

"You gibbering jackdaw! Get a copy of the bill and let us see what impends.—Yes, yes, my dear. What is it?"

Mr. Skinner's secretary had again entered. "Mr. J. Augustus Redell is in the general office. He wishes to see Mr. Skinner."

"Show him in here, my dear," Cappy instructed her, and a minute later the urbane Mr. Redell was ushered into The Presence.

"Howdy, Gus, my dear boy. Skinner has a hen on but he'll be at liberty in a pig's whisper, so in the meantime sit down and tell me things."

"The first bearer of unwelcome news hath but a losing office, Cappy. Don't go, Skinner. Somebody has to slip you the agonizing tidings, so I have volunteered for the dirty task. Cappy—and you also, Skinner—have you read the State Housing Act?"

"Chapter 354? No. But we're going to, Gus. What is it, my boy? A cinch bill against the lumber industry?" Cappy cried.

"I should say that describes it exactly, except that it is no longer a bill although it is a cinch. Fifteen days hence it will be one of the statutes of the sovereign State of California. I haven't heard that it has been slipped over in any other state."

"Then we've been stabbed in the back, Gus?"

"Worse than that. We've been disemboweled. The manufacturers of patent roofing material have slipped over this bill and when all is said and done——"

"The unmitigated scoundrels! Have they made the use of shingles for roofing illegal?"

"Cappy, you're so fast you meet me on the way back. It is even so. Under the guise of providing greater protection from fires, it will be unlawful, fifteen days hence, to use anything except non-inflammable roofing materials in municipalities. That, of course, puts redwood and red cedar shingles in the discard, although the bill does not say so specifically."

"Murder! Piracy and treason to the State! Skinner, do you hear that news? Boy, if you're figuring on getting away to Honduras, which has no extradition treaty with the United States, take my tip and start now. You're the arch-criminal of the lumber industry on the Pacific Coast."

Skinner flushed and then paled—with rage. "Well," he declared, "I can do this much. I can separate a pair of legal pretenders from a number of worth while clients and fat retaining fees."

"Atta boy!" Cappy urged sarcastically. "Nothing like locking the hen house door after the horse has been stolen. Gus, you say this infamous bill will not become a law for fifteen days?"

"So my attorney informs me. It passed both houses of the legislature at the last session, the Governor has signed it and of the ninety days that must elapse between the signing of the bill and the commencement of its operation as a law, seventy-five days have already passed."

"The bird of time hath but a little way to flutter and the said bird is on the wing," Cappy quoted haphazardly.

J. Augustus Redell nodded gravely but with a suspicion of mirth in his eyes. It was apparent to Mr. Skinner that the wag had come down to the office of the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company with his evil news for the sole purpose of seeing Cappy Ricks turn mental handspings at the dread tidings. He was not disappointed.

"Gus, for the love of a square deal, don't sit there shaking your head like a soused squinch owl. What can we do to kill the infernal thing?"

"Nothing, Cappy."

"Nothing?" Cappy's voice was shrill with disappointment and incredulity.

"Well, nothing within the short space of fifteen days."

"Your head needs mending, Augustus. We can hire some real lawyers and have them sue out a writ or something to have this crazy law declared unconstitutional. We'll say it's discriminatory and unjust and unfair and confiscatory and class legislation. By the holy pink toed prophet! If I were an attorney I'd go before the Supreme Court and tell that rare assortment of dodo birds where to head in."

"Cappy, the law is a queer proposition. About the time a fellow gets mired in the law, clear up to his eyebrows, he discovers he doesn't want any law at all, but equity."

"Yes, I know 'em like a book. They deal out nothing but justice and damned little of that. And come to think of it, that patent roofing crowd will hire as many lawyers—or liars—as we do to prove us all wrong. Might take the Supreme Court ten years to make up its mind that the law is unconstitutional, and in the meantime the lumbermen will have lost the California shingle trade."

"The only sensible thing is to invoke the referendum and put it up to the people at the general election next November."

"Surest thing you know, Gus. The people understand. That's where we'll get our equity. Referendum. That's the ticket for soup. Skinner, start a referendum."

J. Augustus Redell held up a warning hand—traffic cop fashion. "The last boat has sailed, Cappy. It's too late for a referendum."

"Gus, you picture of bad luck, you're spoofing me."

"Wrong—as usual. In order to invoke a referendum election it will be necessary for us to procure the signatures of a number of registered voters, together with their addresses and voting precincts, equal to five percent of the total number of votes cast for governor at the last election. That means that it would be up to us to procure, within the next two weeks, approximately thirty-five thousand signatures."

"My dear boy, you are, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, losing your punch. We will engage three hundred and fifty solicitors and each solicitor will procure one hundred signatures. Any boob can do that in two weeks."

"Granted, Cappy. But—under the law of this State the registrar of voters, or the county clerk in counties where they have no registrar of voters, must certify to the genuineness of the signatures in the counties where such signatures are obtained. The law takes cognizance of the fact that a public official cannot do this mighty job in a hurry and still be able to certify with a clear conscience that the list is not more or less fraudulent. Consequently a period of twenty days is allowed for the verification and certification of the petition thus circulated in sections. Then the sections must be assembled and pasted together in an orderly manner, after which the completed petition must be taken to the Secretary of State, at the State capitol, and he certifies it to the Governor and issues a call or something for a referendum election, which acts as a bar to the operation of the act. However, if we fail to get our petition to the Secretary before midnight of the ninetieth day following the date of the signing of the bill by the Governor, the entire proceeding will be nux vomica and the law will then stand."

"You're right, Gus," Cappy sighed. "What we suffer from in this land of the flea and home of the knave is too doggoned much law and not enough equity." He gazed at Skinner, who looked down shame-facedly at the carpet. Presently, in the deep silence that ensued, the general manager had a bright thought.

"Mr. Ricks," he declared, "I don't think those registrars of voters and county clerks ever take the trouble to verify the signatures. That's a lot of work, Mr. Ricks. Just think of the labor of digging up the original registration blank of a voter and comparing the signature on it with the signature on the referendum petition—not to mention the added labor of comparing voting precincts and residences. Who ever heard of a public official who would sacrifice himself on the altar of duty?"

"Skinner," piped Cappy, "occasionally you have flashes of real genius. Come to think of it, who ever heard of a public servant coming down with nervous prostration as a result of overwork? Skinner, I'll bet you a red apple to a secondhand wad of chewing gum that those birds just jab that petition with a rubber stamp and call it a day's work. Now Gus admits we can procure the requisite number of signatures in time, and—er—ah—ahem! harumph-h-h! What I mean to say is that if some way could be found to stimulate these public servants to the point where they would—ahem! hum-m-m! harumph-h-h! Skinner, I'll not be looked at in that critical manner. Confound your picture, sir——"

"Cappy Ricks," J. Augustus Redell interrupted suavely, "occasionally you have flashes of real genius."

"Then for the love of a square deal, use your head and help me out," Cappy complained. "You used to be fast on your feet and as cunning as a pet fox."

"Well, I haven't given the matter much study, Cappy, but——"

"Pardon me for interrupting you," Mr. Skinner now spoke up. "Time is the essence of this contract. Don't you think that I, as president of the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association, should start my secretary to telephoning the local members notice of a special meeting of the Association, to be held at eight o'clock tonight? We must start the ball rolling."

"No, no, no, Skinner, my boy. Gus, do you not agree with me that great bodies move slowly; that in a crisis such as the present, what we need to combat the enemy successfully is—er—ah—ahem! unit command—a one man despotism so to speak?"

"Such a course would have its advantages, Cappy—particularly in the matter of that trifling detail which you have so

Coming
Another Gem by
Peter B. Kyne
"The Curious
Tribe of McFee"



"Skinner," said Cappy in retrospection, "I felt so happy I just cried like a fool and never had so much fun in my life."

eloquently described as stimulating public servants to an unwonted activity with their red rubber stamps—"

"Hush!" Cappy whispered hoarsely. "The saintly Skinner is present. Gus, I think this entire job should be handled by a man in whom we may have implicit confidence. He must be a perfect corker of a man—a go-getting boy who will leap to this job and put it over with a bang. And he must not be known to the lumber trade. He must be a man who can conveniently disappear when his task has been accomplished; the entire transaction must be done without the knowledge of the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association. Skinner, you blithering idiot, get out of here. Beat it. Gus and I are going to have a pow-wow and make heap big medicine."

Mr. Skinner got up, bowed his thanks and retired, wrapped in his customary sub-arctic dignity. Mr. Redell resumed:

"The thing to do is for us to kill this bill by muzzling it with a referendum; when we have it muzzled we will engage some competent orators and press agents and proceed to educate the people of this State in the matter of roofing materials, law, equity and all the rest of it. By the time the November election rolls around we'll have our public so well educated they'll go to the polls and kill this infamous Housing Act."

"Correct—as usual, Gus."

"Whom would you suggest to handle the campaign?"

"I would suggest our Mr. Peck, if at this moment he wasn't aboard the steamer Golden State, somewhere off the Farallone Islands and bound for Shanghai to take charge of our Far Eastern office."

"Is he the chap whom you initiated into the Order of the Blue Vase?"

"He is, Gus. He's a thirty-third degree member. Went through all the chairs and all of the degrees the first night."

"He is scarcely known in this city."

"Not known at all. Came out of an army hospital, sold himself to us, made good within three months, all of which time he spent on the road, and has started for the Orient, practically a stranger to the local trade. Before the war he sold for a Portland mill in the Middle West states."

"If we had a man like that fellow Peck," Redell assured Cappy, "we wouldn't have to worry about the job. We'd merely give him a bankroll and tell him what we wanted. After he had given us what we wanted he could take the next steamer for Shanghai and pass out of the picture."

Cappy drummed on his desk. "Gus, my dear boy, I don't quite see how we're going to be able to avoid mixing a little bit of dirt with our legal defense. Of course we're fighting a dirty crowd and we can't be too chivalrous or too choosy about our weapons. Case of fight the devil with fire—and I hate to see Bill Peck burned."

"In view of the fact that he's at sea, bound for Shanghai, I wouldn't worry about him if I were you."

"Well of course, Gus, we might try decent methods before resorting to—I think our consciences should be clear, Gus, if we do not directly or indirectly give Bill Peck any orders. We'll let him make his own balls and fire them himself. I wonder if the Golden State has dropped her pilot yet. I'll see."

He caught up his desk telephone and instructed his exchange operator to get him the manager of the Radio Corporation of America.

"Hello," he piped when the latter came on the line. "This is Alden P. Ricks speaking—of the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company and the Blue Star Navigation Company. Will you take a message from me over the phone and get it in the air immediately if not sooner . . . Important? I should tell a



"Queer fellow, Bill Peck. He believed he could swim to that trawler and he played his hunch."

man . . . Very well, sir. Thank you. This is the message. 'William E. Peck, aboard the s. s. Golden State. Come home if you have to swim home. You're wanted on the firing line.' Sign that Cappy . . . That's all. Just plain Cappy. He'll understand. If I signed the message Alden P. Ricks it would be a command, but signing it Cappy puts an appeal in it—a sort of camouflaged S. O. S. Got all that? Many, many thanks. . . Reach him in five minutes, eh? Great rolling hoopsnakes! I call that service. Oh, by the way, when the answer comes do not wait to send a boy. Telephone it."

He hung up, reached for a scratch pad and wrote upon it four words. Then he folded the paper, tucked it in Redell's coat pocket, sat back and commenced rubbing his hands and smiling like the head of an ancient fiddle.

"That message will certainly sound like news from home to Bill Peck," Redell commented. "Come home if you have to swim home.' Fine little arm and a half and leg and a half task to set a man. Cappy, you forget Peck is a cripple."

"Well," retorted Cappy, "he is not a mental cripple. That message is figurative, not literal, and Bill will interpret it to mean that he has my permission to do whatever is necessary to induce the master of the Golden State to turn back with him. But just for the sake of the argument, Augustus, I would bet considerable that if Bill ever learned to swim he learned it thoroughly.

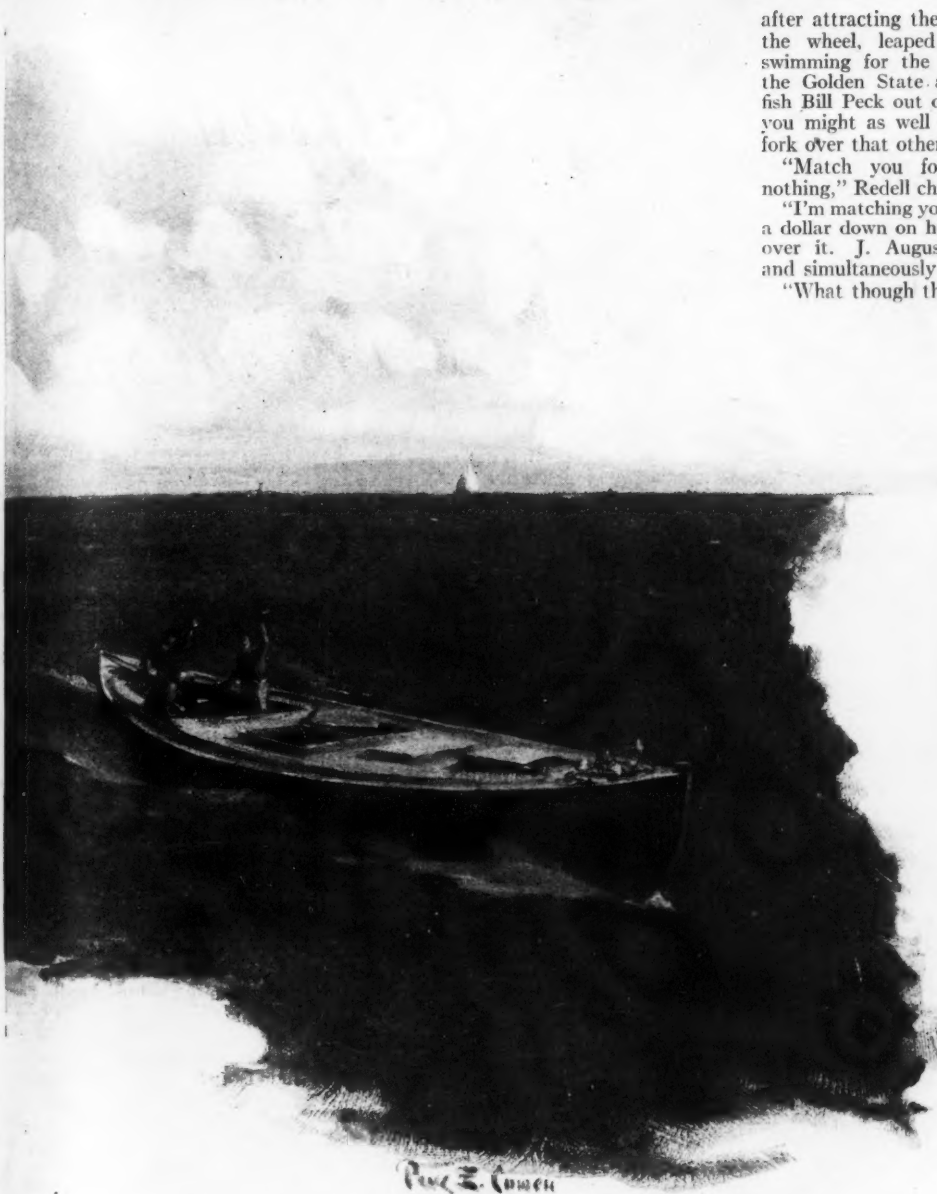
He is that sort. I'd wager that as a kid Bill Peck could swim with his hands tied behind him or his legs bound at knee or ankle. I have seen men do it and marveled at their speed. And Bill's arm is not a half portion, it is three-quarters and a whole lot better than no arm at all. His hind leg is weak and short, but he can kick with it. If the pilot boat is available—which I do not think she is at this hour—Bill will try to sell the master of the Golden State the idea that it would be a worthy act on the part of said master if he would turn back and find it. If that fails he'll do something else, but I'm laying odds of ten to one Bill Peck will hear the Macedonian yelp and come home."

"I'll risk a hundred at those odds, Cappy."

"Consider your bet duly entered. Now, just to prove to you how crazy I am, I'll bet you ten thousand to a thousand that scrap of paper I just tucked into your pocket bears upon it, in my well known chirography, an exact copy of the four word answer Bill Peck is going to send me to my message."

"That isn't humanly possible. You're a wonderful little man, Cappy Ricks, but you're not a warlock nor a clairvoyant nor a magician. Only a lunatic would risk the loss of ten thousand dollars in times like the present, but only an imbecile would hesitate to cover that bet. Cappy, you're my meat."

"Have a cigar," Cappy Ricks replied. Ten minutes later his



Paul E. Cohen

after attracting the attention of the man at the wheel, leaped overboard and started swimming for the trawler. The master of the Golden State assures me he saw them fish Bill Peck out of the salt sea, so I think you might as well take a chance, Gus, and fork over that other hundred."

"Match you for it. Two hundred or nothing," Redell challenged.

"I'm matching you, Gus." Cappy slammed a dollar down on his desk and held his hand over it. J. Augustus Redell did likewise, and simultaneously each uncovered his coin.

"What though the cause be lost, all is not

lost," Redell quoted. "Well, I've saved a hundred, but I must say I was never more disappointed in a woman. I banked on Bill Peck's wife to prevent his doing anything that tended to make her a widow. He must have frightened her to death jumping overboard like that."

"Why he had no other recourse. I had given him a direct command and I'm his chief. Queer fellow, Bill Peck. Believes in absolute obedience to a legal order; has loyalty to the job and the chief; if a thing can be done by a human being, Bill believes he is the human being who can do it if he's told to. He believed he could swim from the Golden State to that trawler; he believed the trawler would take the trouble to pick him up. Well, Gus, it's been my experience that the only fellows who amount

desk phone rang. "Message from Bill Peck. Take the message, Gus," he ordered.

Redell took the message. Then he abstracted the scrap of paper from his pocket, read it, whistled softly, took out his check book and wrote a check in Cappy Ricks's favor for the sum of one thousand dollars.

"Bill Peck wirelesses in and says briefly: 'It shall be done,'" he reported to Cappy and paid his bet like a gentleman.

"So it shall," said Cappy contentedly. "It requires a courageous man to stand or fall by that motto. I'd give a cookie to know how he purposes doing it."

"He hadn't given it any thought at the time he sent his message, but you can bet your entire bankroll he has started something already." The phone bell rang again and Cappy picked up the receiver. "Ricks speaking," he said, and listened silently for some thirty seconds. Then in equal silence, he hung up and faced his visitor.

"The master of the Golden State wirelesses me that he was so far out at sea he simply could not consider turning around and busting his running schedule to oblige a passenger he didn't know from Adam's off ox, so he refused to do it. The pilot boat was hull down an hour ago. However, he adds that a little gasoline trawler, coming home from the Cordelia Banks, passed within a hundred yards of the Golden State and that Bill Peck,

to a hoot in a hollow are those who believe in themselves and then play their hunches. If I—excuse me while I answer the telephone, Gus . . . Hello, hello. Yes, Ricks speaking. Ah, Radio Corporation, eh? . . . Thank you very much, young lady. Any time you want to take a trip coastwise or down to the West Coast of South America or Cuba, you call up old Cappy Ricks. We've got a few steamers running in defiance of the sailors' union, and the owners' suites on same could take care of you and your girl friend or your mother very nicely—free gratis, my dear. Compliments of the Blue Star Navigation Company. Thank you. Good by."

He turned from the telephone. "Wireless from Mrs. Bill Peck. She says that I am not to worry and fret about what she thinks of my action in stealing her husband from her in mid-ocean on their honeymoon. Bill went overside with her blessing. She will await him in Honolulu."

"That girl's a Go-getter herself, Cappy."

"I think so. I know she married one."

"Good heavens," Mr. Redell murmured, "what will the harvest be?"

"A brood of thoroughbreds, I hope. Gus, this is certainly my busy day." He pressed his desk buzzer and Mr. Skinner appeared with much the same promptitude as the genie who accorded Aladdin such flawless service. (Continued on page 108)

A Delightful Instalment of

Lillian Russell's Autobiography



THOSE five years spent almost continuously in New York with the Weber and Fields Company had many joys associated with them. I purchased a house in west Fifty-seventh Street, and I leased a house in Far Rockaway, Long Island, where I spent my summers. I took the big Leary House at Far Rockaway, which had enormous grounds around it and which offered me liberal opportunities for entertaining when I was in the mood, and for solitude when I desired it. But I did not require much solitude. When I finished my season of hard work each year and had saved my money, I wanted to enjoy it in the summer, so you may be sure I permitted nothing whatever to stand in the way of a good time.

This house was far enough back from the street—situated on a point well out towards the ocean—to prevent intruding onlookers. There were fourteen guest rooms in the house, and

they were almost always filled, for usually a large portion of my family spent the summer with me, and a number of guests came down for the week-ends; and heaven help the poor tired actor, actress or playwright who came down to Lillian Russell's house with the intention of spending a quiet week-end!

I always had a group of girl friends whom I called my Farm Flirts. My sister Susie and her husband, Owen Westford, and their son were always summer guests, and my daughter Dorothy, just growing into ladyhood. There were Margaret Robinson, Irene Perry, Isadore Rush, Blanche Bates and several others who were certain to keep things moving. We had only two rules that had to be rigidly obeyed at Far Rockaway. Everyone who came down for the week-end had to exercise and be on time for meals. Under the trees on the lawn I had an outdoor gymnasium. I had a trainer come down every day in the week who initiated all the guests into the mysteries of the barbells and the punching bag, and everybody had to spend some time with him or with the medicine ball. Also there were fencing, a track, tennis, horses, and bicycle riding.

Blanche Bates was a frequent visitor at the house on Long Island. We have been friends for many years and she came perhaps next to my sisters in my love. As I have said before, my family was a little charmed circle of love for me in which I never felt the need of outside sympathy and affection, but my sisters all loved Blanche as I did, and my family adopted her because she was my friend. When I was living in town and Blanche on her farm in the country, I was quite accustomed to come home and find a note something like this on my dressing table:

Dear Lady: I came in from the country today and had an unexpected invitation to a supper and dance. Of course I had nothing with me to wear, so I have dressed myself up in your togs and got a key from Maggie so I can get in tonight. Be sure and leave the latch off the door. Will see you at breakfast.

Blanche

We were like sisters in the way we borrowed one another's clothes and exchanged hats. During the war when I was selling Liberty Bonds, that fact brought me an extra sale. Blanche was playing in "Getting Together" at the Alvin Theater, Pittsburgh, and I was selling Liberty Bonds between the acts. I waved a bond slip at the audience. "This is made out for \$1000" I said. "Who will sign it?" Blanche came on the stage from a side entrance and said, "I'll take it if you'll throw in that hat you are wearing!" I handed her the hat and the slip, and she put on the hat carefully before she signed the slip, while the audience laughed and applauded.

I first met Blanche when she was playing in "Under Two Flags" in New York. I had always admired her as an actress, but I soon discovered



FROM THE DAVIS COLLECTION

Blanche Bates as "Cigarette" in "Under Two Flags."

Pals Porcelains Pullmans & Pets

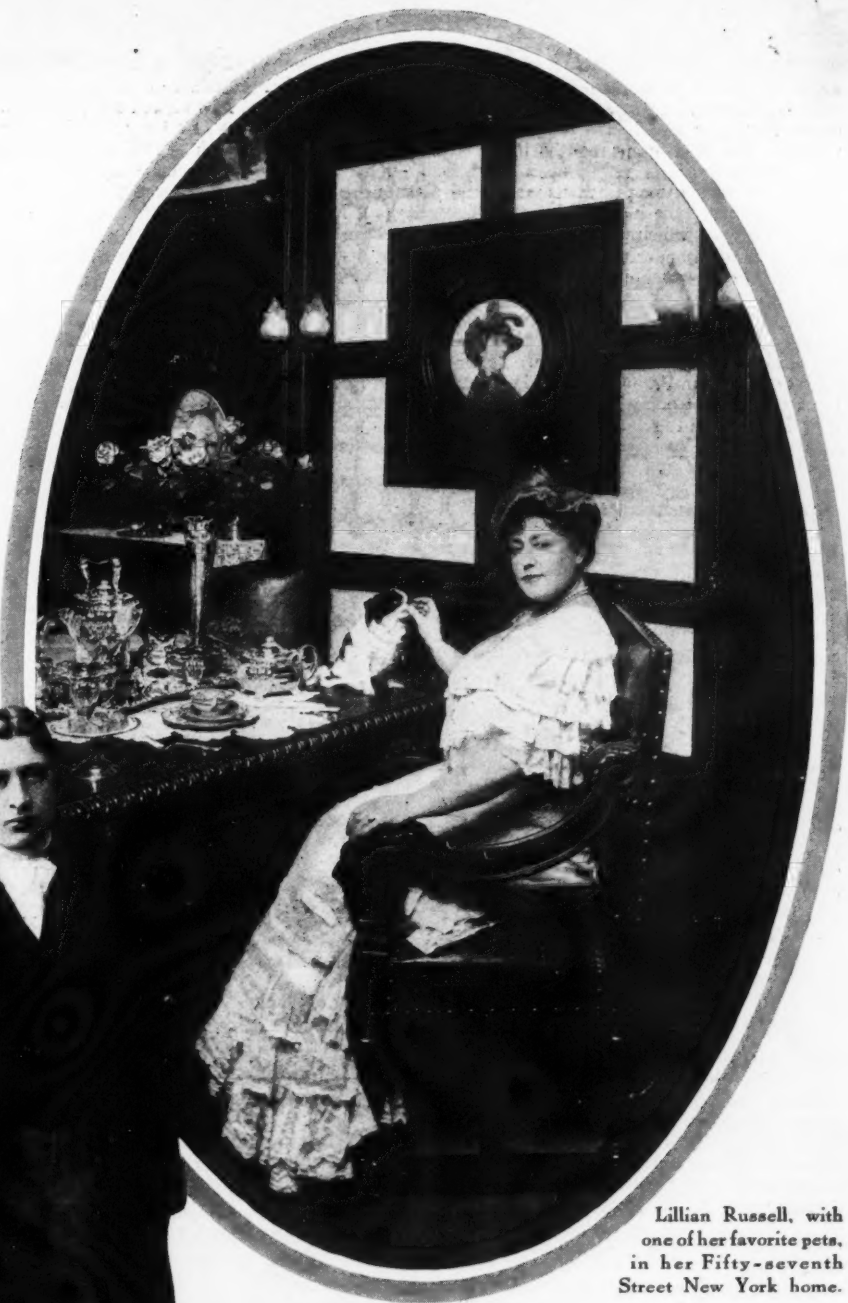
that as a friend she was still more to be admired. Ours is a friendship that has weathered years and separation and the marriage of both of us. Blanche is always a tonic. Quiet, repressed as she is on the stage, she is probably the only actress today who can make emotion effective without violence—she unbottles her immense vitality and energy off stage, where she is a dynamo of action.

At Far Rockaway Blanche was always the center of motion and activity. She always brought the most interesting and likable people to join us, too.

One week-end she introduced Mr. Frank Worthing, an English actor who had been playing in her company as leading man and whose sterling talent was just beginning to be recognized in America as it had been at home. He was one of the finest men I have ever met—exceedingly quiet, but with a sense of humor that was admirable. I remember that the evening he arrived, he sat very quietly in the midst of our noisy crowd of merry-makers until I wondered if he felt quite at home.

Suddenly one of four bridge players in the room began telling his partner how stupid he was. He told him the exact degree

Frank Worthing, the English actor, who was always a welcome guest at Far Rockaway.



Lillian Russell, with one of her favorite pets, in her Fifty-seventh Street New York home.

and kind of denseness he possessed so far as cards were concerned, and he did not tell him so in kindly tones. The other players at the table managed to edge into the quarrel, and for a time it looked as if our pleasant week-end party was not to be so cordial. Then suddenly the offender who had called forth the initial outburst walked away from the table and out to the veranda. Blanche Bates, looking distressed at the unhappy turn things had taken, touched Mr. Worthing on the arm. "Take his place," she whispered; and then aloud, "Here's a fourth, gentlemen; I guarantee him as a bridge player of wisdom."

Mr. Worthing bowed to the three who sat, still angry, at the table. "Will you wait just a moment?" he asked courteously, and walked out of the room. There was a silent wait of some time. Everyone felt the constraint in the air. Presently in walked Mr. Worthing and sat down at the table. For a second we all stared, and then everyone laughed, even the ill humored bridge players; for he wore a fencing mask that covered his face and breast and carried two pistols we used for target practice! He slammed the pistols down on the table, one at each hand, in the manner of Western gamblers.

"Now," he said in a terrifying tone, "let's play cards—and no nonsense, either!"

The tension disappeared and all went merrily again.

Not long after the termination of the Weber & Fields engagement we produced a racing play called "Wildfire" by Mr. George Broadhurst and Mr. George Hobart. We toured the entire first year and had a delightful success everywhere we played. We lived many months in a private car that season. As private car life is very lonesome without company, I was careful to engage some principals who could play bridge in order to pass many of the hours pleasantly that we spent in travel.

San Francisco, which we visited on tour, had another attraction aside from the wonderful attraction of friends, for it was there I could humor my hobby—Chinese porcelain. The steamers arriving from China and Japan brought many fascinating things.

Things that came from Japan did not interest me, with one exception—Japanese spaniels. I have never been without one or two since I secured my first one. I found four of the prettiest "Jap dogs" in San Francisco that I had ever seen and I purchased them all. I kept one with me and sent the other three back to New York. Sad to relate, two of the little dogs died before they arrived in New York, but my friend, who took them with her, delivered one of them safely at my home.

I am not partial to the lap dog so called. To me little dogs are amusing companions and I like to have one or two around. They indicate life and they demand care. And there is nothing more delightful to see than a child with a little well bred dog that has been brought up with him—and if the child is taught to love it, and to understand that the dog is one of God's creatures the same as he is, it teaches the child kindness, consideration and protecting love.

When we left San Francisco on our way back East, of course our first stop was San José, where I had an opportunity to obtain two of the most remarkable pieces of Chinese porcelain I have ever seen.

A sweet old priest came to see me at the theater one night and brought with him a small carved wooden box which contained, most carefully wrapped in old Chinese silk, two very small bronze figures. At least I thought they were bronze when I opened the box—but upon examining them I discovered that they were two porcelain figures. One was the Chinese Foo Dog, which means protection of the home, and the other was the Chinese God of Happiness, the little fat man with a broad smile.

The Foo Dog had the appearance of green bronze and the happy man looked like brown bronze. I also discovered that they separated in the middle into boxes. I did not know just what they were, but took a chance and asked him how much he wanted for them. He told me they were given to him by a great mandarin in China for some kindness he had done for him many years ago. He told me those little boxes were very old but were of no use to him, and if he could sell them to me he might be able to help some poor person with the money. When I asked him how much he wanted me to pay him for

them he asked, "Would five dollars be too much?" I said, "Oh, no!" and I gave him a twenty dollar bill, for which he thanked me profusely.

In all my searching for antique Chinese porcelain I had never seen anything like these little old Chinese boxes. I treasured them carefully and when I arrived in New York I took them to Duveen's. Sir Henry Duveen said: "If they are what I think they are they are worth a thousand dollars each. If you will leave them with me, I will study them carefully and tell you all I can find out about them."

When I returned a few days later, Sir Henry came forward, took one little box out of each pocket and said, "Miss Russell, where did you find these? They are wonderful." I told him the story of how I had obtained them. All he said was: "I will give you \$1000 each for them now. They must be older than the Sung dynasty, A. D. 960, as I find the porcelain of vitreous stoneware was made previous to that date, and the only decoration known was in imitation of bronze, called the first Celeston." Curiously, it has so happened that several of the oldest and rarest pieces of my Chinese collection came into my possession at small cost while many of the other pieces cost me thousands of dollars each.

Our tour continued, taking in all the large cities, for the balance of the season. Life in the private car became like home to us. Several members of the company lived with me just for companionship. Whenever the slightest occasion presented itself to give a party, such as on holidays or birthdays I gave it for the entire company.

We had many amusing experiences on our tour in some of the small cities. Several kind hearted women believed that because we lived in a car we must be hungry, for they brought us not only jellies and preserves but pans of biscuits, home made pies and pots of pork and beans. I did not want to disillusion them, for they were happy in their desire to do good and help the poor; but had any one of those sweet women taken a peek in the inside of the Elysian, the Plymouth Rock or any of the luxurious private cars I lived in, with their comfortable brass beds, bathrooms with showers as well as bright silver and fine china and all the luxuries of the markets, to say nothing of the popovers, hot biscuits and pies of Robert, our wise colored cook, they would have been surprised. Life was made very comfortable for me while I was touring. We equalized rest and exercise, and lived as normally as we would have done at home—and perhaps more so.

But home is a wonderful thing, especially to the people of my profession. Traveling as much as we do sickens us of hotels. To be sure we get the best we can on the road, but the best in any hotel is not to be compared with one comfortable room furnished with one's own things; and a meal of a well cooked chop and a baked potato tastes far better to me than the best dinner any hotel can serve.



An interesting early picture of Lillian Russell

AS WE went to press with this issue we were shocked by the news of the death of

Mrs. Lillian Russell Moore

COSMOPOLITAN shares with the rest of the country the sense of loss that Lillian Russell's death brings. To the Editorial Staff association with her in the publication of her *Reminiscences* has meant a delightful friendship and a joyful experience that will be cherished in the memory.

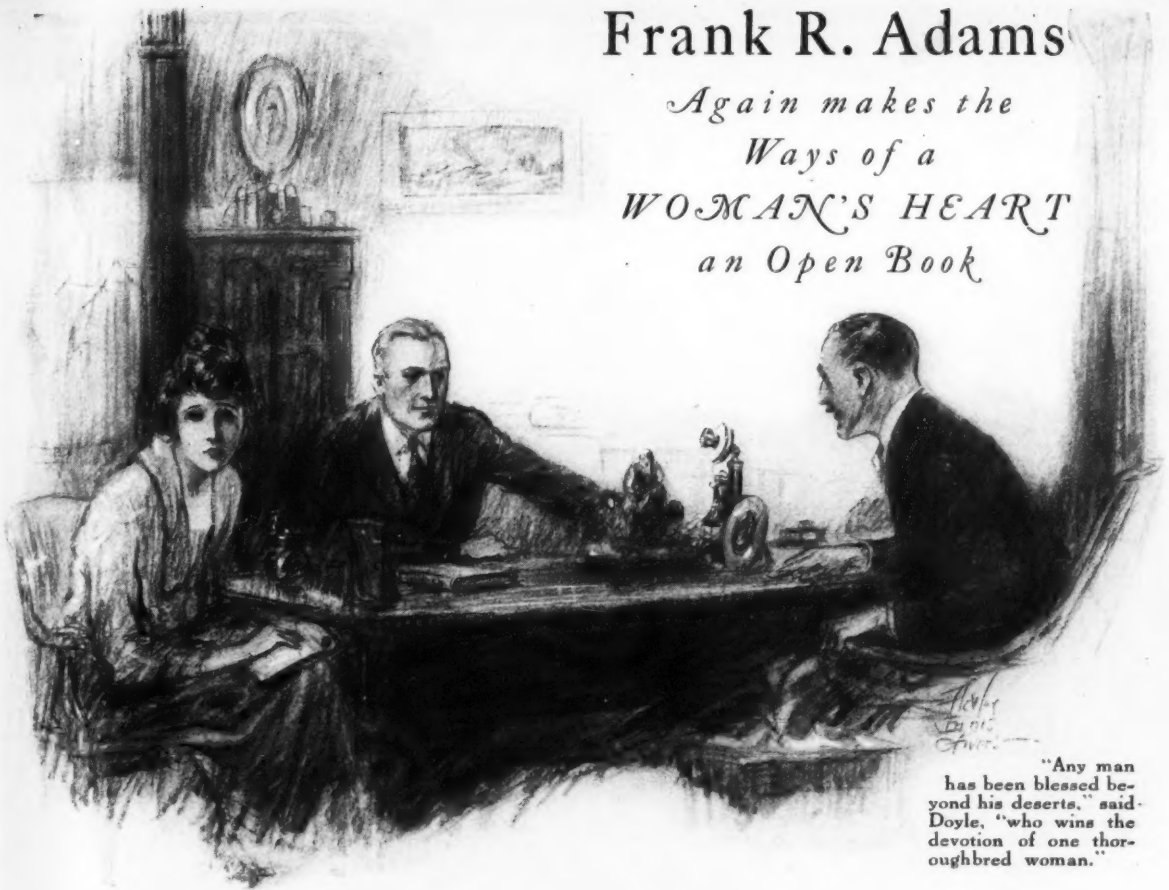
AMONG the closing acts of her life was the preparation of these *Reminiscences*. Characteristically, she wrote every word of the autobiography herself. She spent an arduous year going through trunks full of old letters and photographs, reading thousands of clippings, even visiting tombstones to get correct family records, and writing and rewriting until the result satisfied her.

HER *Reminiscences*, therefore, are not, as is the case with so many "autobiographies," the product of a collaborator. And while, as she herself would be the first to acknowledge, they may not be brilliantly "literary," they do bear the stamp of Lillian Russell's personality as America and the world loved it—simple, spontaneous, generous, sincere, unspoiled and vibrant with humor.

The final instalment of Lillian Russell's Reminiscences tells "How I became a newspaper writer" and describes her recent activities—in September COSMOPOLITAN.

Frank R. Adams

*Again makes the
Ways of a
WOMAN'S HEART
an Open Book*



"Any man has been blessed beyond his deserts," said Doyle, "who wins the devotion of one thoroughbred woman."

Two of Them

Illustrations by Harley Ennis Stivers

"ANY man has been blessed beyond his deserts who wins the devotion of one thoroughbred woman."

Elmer Hoyt's friend proceeded slowly in this matter of offering advice looking toward a healing of the breach in the Hoyt family.

Mr. Hoyt's secretary, Ellabel Grey, whom both men had characteristically forgotten, rustled the pages of her notebook to attract attention to herself and then rose suggestively.

"Yes, Miss Grey," Mr. Hoyt replied to her unspoken question, "that will be all for the present. I'll sign that Faber-Colwell letter tonight before I go. The others can wait until tomorrow."

"I know Vera is a thoroughbred." Elmer picked up his end of the conversation as soon as the stenographer had left the office. "I'm just as aware of it today as I was five years ago when I married her out from under your very nose. But, darn it, why can't she do just some one thing to please me? If I order her to go one way all hades can't keep her from racing off in exactly the opposite direction."

Tim Doyle appraised his friend quizzically. "It's funny that a man who can run an office and a factory with seven thousand hands like clockwork can't boss one household successfully."

"Not so funny either. In the factory if I tell 'em to do something a certain way nobody comes back at me with, 'I'm sorry, dear, but no one wears rubbers any more and I haven't a pair that would go on over my satin slippers anyway.' What are you laughing at, you darned hyena?"

"Nothing except at the insignificance of life's most significant irritations. You ought to know better than to try to get your own way with a woman."

"I get my own way with some women," Elmer began.

"So your wife will allege," Tim interrupted, "in her suit for divorce, which I am hoping we can avert."

"And I'm darned if I see why. You have everything to gain if we separate. She'll turn to you and you've always loved her—do yet, don't you?"

"Yes. And I think maybe that she might turn to me, just as you say. But it would be a makeshift way of living and I don't believe that even I would be happy under it. She liked me but you swept her off her feet."

"May I go into my husband's office?" Vera was asking Ellabel outside the door. Ellabel was subconsciously translating shorthand to type while her conscious mind was mulling over the statement she had just heard about the scarcity of thoroughbreds among the members of her sex.

"Mr. Doyle is with Mr. Hoyt at present, Mrs. Hoyt," Ellabel replied just as impersonally as possible.

"I know. That's why I want to go in—just to get him out of the ogre's contaminating clutches."

Vera, taking her right for granted, brushed by the watchdog of the sanctum and opened the ground glass door.

"Hello, old dears!" she hailed gaily. "I've come to say good by. I'm on my way West. They handle this un-marriage thing much better out there among the mountain tops."

"I've been talking to Elmer about that very matter," said the friend of the family. "A few concessions all around would avert this trouble."

"Not now," Vera laughed and then instantly sobered. "I've glimpsed the open sea and I must go on now even if I find out that my heart is the anchor I'm cutting loose from. You've always said I made phrases," she apologized to her husband. "Forgive me for that last one. I've a taxi below and I'm going



"I can hope," sighed Tim, "that some day you will change, but if not——" "Then," said Vera, "I think I'll

now before any well meaning goose tries to shake my determination. You'll take me to the station, Tim? No, you can't come, Elmer. It just isn't done."

As she edged toward the door her husband got up from his desk where he had impolitely sat during the interview and approached. "And I don't think I ought to kiss you good by either," she continued hastily. "I don't believe it would be good medicine for me on my trip or that—oh dear, there, I've kissed you against my better judgment and I'm going to cry! Come on, Tim, help me over this hard place. Slam the door shut after us because I'm afraid I could never close it myself."

They, Tim and Vera, were out in the hall. Tim closed the door very gently, leaving it a trifle ajar, in fact.

"I won't cry," Vera affirmed. "I'll talk about something else entirely. That word entirely is something I learned from you, Tim. It's very Irish. I think maybe I might like to go to Ireland after my—oh darn, everything I think of only leads up to one subject!"

Inside the office the boss of seven thousand hands stood wondering why his ability to handle many men had let him go so far in the mismanagement of one woman.

Now that she was gone he saw her rather more clearly than when she had stood before him.

She was a thoroughbred in appearance—Elmer admitted that. Slim, always unobtrusively dressed, with gray eyes that once in a great while could flash flame-green when the frontier of her patience was crossed too far, she was a woman who did not attract your attention so much the first time you met her as she did always after that. Her mouth was a little crooked—not much but enough so that you could apply the phrase "wist-

fully cynical" to it. There were a few honest freckles on her nose. There would have been many on her hands but she wore gloves almost always out of doors. The perfume she used was not very sweet. Instead there was a curiously acrid aftermath to her presence which tantalized you when she was away.

The elusive fragrance of her was there in his office now although she had been gone ten minutes. He looked around. It seemed as if she must have come in the door again.

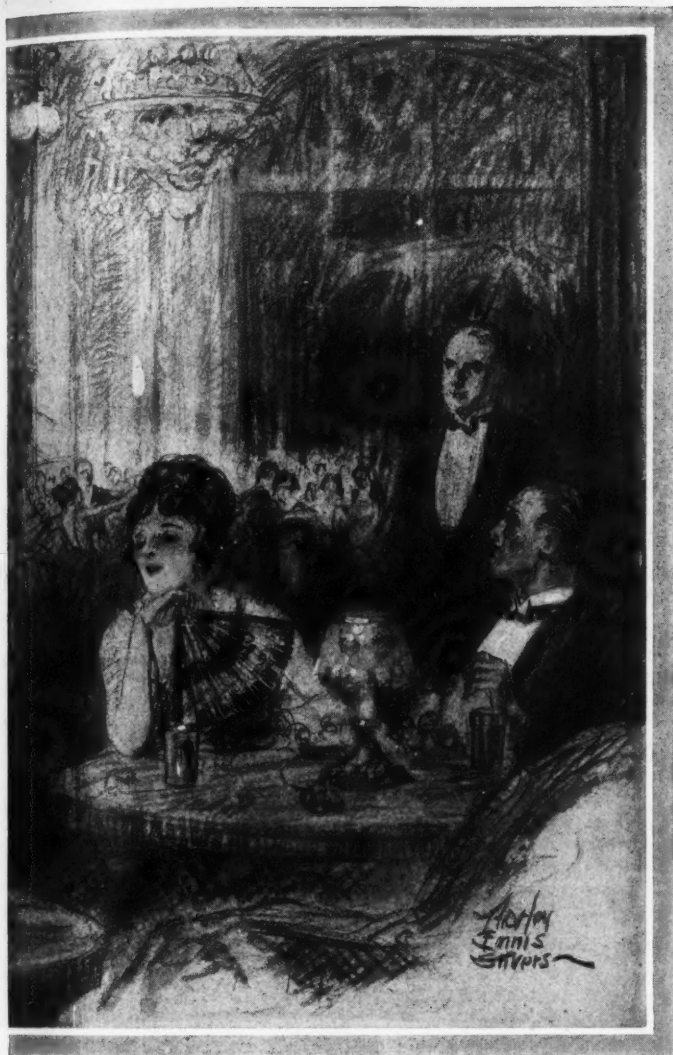
She was not there but her scarf lay on the floor. It was one that he had never seen before—all her clothing was new, he remembered that now—but apparently she still clung to her old time brand of perfume. He picked up the scarf, a wisp of green-gold gossamer, and held it to his face. It was curious to discover how intangible was her ghost presence. It was as if her cool fingers almost caressed the palm of his hand only to vanish when he tried to grasp them.

At the railway station a lady who wore a gray veil as a sort of half mourning for anticipated grass widowhood made the man who accompanied her walk up and down with her on the cement platform alongside her train.

"I wish I hadn't arrived until just in time for the train to leave," she declared. "It was from this station, Tim, that we started on our honeymoon. That was the day I discovered for the first time that a man can love a woman so tenderly that it makes him cry. Did you know that, Tim?"

"Lord yes, but I'm trying not to show it!"

"You dear." She pressed his arm for the non-verbal part of her reply. "It's wonderful of you to try to distract my attention—to induce a sort of an 'off with the old love, on with the new'



marry you. It would seem good to belong to someone."

frame of mind—but it's no use. I'm hopelessly sentimental and inside of me a great big coward is reminding me that I left my nice new thirty dollar scarf in my husband's office and that I ought to go back and find it and incidentally discover if he'd let me get away again."

"Come on, let's," urged the Irishman hopefully.

"Thanks," she said, turning abruptly the other way. "The fact that you are in favor of it was all that I needed to bolster up my resolution to go on with my plans."

"All aboard!" announced the porter.

"I'm damned!" the man declared. "Explain what you mean."

"I can't." She was climbing on to the Pullman steps. "But Elmer says that what makes a woman do the opposite of what a man suggests is pure blankety blank darn cussedness. Take good care of the old darling for me. Good by, Tim. I love you—both."

The man on the platform faded from her sight long before the train was out of the shed even. Her eyes were all blurred with the beginnings of her night of tears.

Back in the office where the heart of her was lagging A. W. O. L. the president of the Hoyt Company stuffed a gold gossamer scarf guiltily into the drawer of his desk when someone rapped on the door and entered five seconds later, according to custom.

"It's the Faber-Colwell letter," Ellabel explained painstakingly when she saw that he did not know why she was there. "You said you wanted to sign it."

The perfume wraith of Vera was still in the room. Even yet he did not see the honest sympathy that was shining in Ellabel's gentle brown eyes.

ELMER HOYT was the sort of man who would never be apt to believe in spiritism, disarmament or Carpentier. You could tell by looking at him that he could be convinced only by the solid facts of life—that a bank statement would thrill him while poetry would leave him cold.

In appearance he was painfully homely. Besides that he was thick through and solid in the way that a bulldog or a grand piano is solid—not without grace of a sort if your eyes were not too much accustomed to looking at grayhounds. His hair was gray—quite gray for a man in his thirties—and unruly with a magnificent cowlick that gave him a boyish appearance even when he scowled and muttered thunder.

His was not a perfect character. This should make him easily understandable to the rest of us. There was a lot of bulldog there, too—bulldog and cooing dove being his fifty-fifty composition. In other words Elmer was no iron hand in a plush mitten. On the contrary he wore hardware gauntlets but the fist inside was sometimes pretty mushy. You can guess what a woman would be apt to do to him after she found that out. Until then she ate out of his hand.

The action for divorce was carried through with scarcely any help from Elmer at all. He was served with various and sundry papers which he read through with interest before consigning them to the waste basket. There came a time when he was given the alternative of paying the alimony in monthly instalments or in a lump sum. His own attorney advised the latter course and Elmer adopted it, although—and this he told to no one—he quadrupled the amount asked for. He had half a million in bonds of the Government and other organizations almost equally stable which he had picked up during the boom days of the war, and he turned them all over to Vera. Why not? He could make more and she must never, never suffer any hardship that his efforts might avert.

"It is characteristic of you to be a lot more than generous," she wrote him in unofficial comment on his action. "I have to fight very hard to remember the flaws—do I put it mildly?—in your character to keep from being sorry for myself at losing you. It would have made it much easier for me if you had made me sue you to get one-tenth of this sum. Still, I suppose everyone, even one's ex-husband, has redeeming traits.

No one could successfully deny your princely treatment of your crushed flower, meaning by that me."

After that he did not hear from her any more directly. She went to Egypt—that was in the papers because she bought a mummy there—and then disappeared through the bottle neck called Suez and was swallowed up for a time in the Orient. Apparently she was exercising her rights to freedom with a vengeance. Elmer did not blame her though he himself did not have the same impulse.

He could not have done it anyway. Business required all of his attention just then. Anyone who was not in a trance will recollect that there was an industrial depression about that time which came on slowly but portentously, leaving in its wake a lot of perfectly good manufacturing concerns flatter than pancakes.

It hit the Elmer Hoyt Company—which made pianos—right where it hurt the worst. Having got rid of his surplus in a magnificent gesture, Elmer had to get right down to brass tacks when the sales department reported a slump. There was nothing to tide him over the rainy weather, no mountain tops to take refuge on until the flood should subside.

Just meeting the payroll was a well nigh Herculean task. Elmer and his secretary often worked late into the night battering at cost figures that obstinately refused to shrink before their assaults. Elmer always apologized for making Ellabel stay overtime and Ellabel always assured him that she was glad to do it. Elmer could not know he was a hero to the gray mouse who inhabited his office, that she treasured the opportunity to render little acts of service not paid for by the check which he gave her twice a month.

Now if Ellabel had been a magazine girl all full of plans and

efficiency, this might be the tale of how she ferreted out the leaks in the production cost and suggested the short cuts which would tighten up the organization and float it securely across the perilous, stormy ocean to a calm and secure prosperity on the other side.

But unfortunately Ellabel didn't have an efficiency idea under her hair net. It was seldom, if ever, that she had original thoughts of any kind. Her purpose in life was to serve and to adore. Many a sleepless night she had spent in worry just because Elmer had talked his troubles out loud to her in the course of the day's work.

But Ellabel was a miscast wife and mother instead of a business whirlwind entirely surrounded by shirtwaist and skirt. Ellabel didn't even wear the s. and s. above mentioned. She rather ran to one piece dresses, even fluffy ones in the summer time, and not so very commonsense shoes, and the money she spent for stockings seemed scarcely justified unless you happened to notice where she wore them. Ellabel was not very pretty, she was not very tall, she was not very noticeable in any way. You might have thought her the loveliest girl in the world if you happened to love her, but for some reason or other no one did. She was a wonderful piece of work, all right, but she had no talking points, as the sales department would say.

Even Elmer, who was lonely, who was worried, who was thrown with her constantly, never let his eyes dwell upon her speculatively when he was not discussing something directly with her.

Elmer's armor against the opposite sex was not the fact that he resented the desertion of Vera. On the contrary he rather approved of the action she had taken—it was in accordance with his idea of her spirit. Instead of feeling any rancor against her, his general attitude, if he had consciously analyzed it, was that of hoping that she was having a good time. An ex-husband seems out of place in the rôle of mother bird but that was the kind of fauna that Elmer was. Vera had always been a sort of a child to him and the facts in the case were not altered merely because she had called him a few harsh names in the semi-privacy of a judge's chamber and the judge had signified officially that he didn't blame her.

III

THERE came a day when even an efficiency expert could have done nothing but hold up his hands after examining the affairs of the Hoyt Piano Company. Elmer, who had hung on desperately in the hope that the highly advertised return to prosperity would arrive in time to supply him with a parachute, had crowded his credit to the last notch.

But the reaction had failed to arrive. A petition in bankruptcy was the next thing in order.

The day that the factory was closed for good was the hardest in Elmer's life. The silence of those shops that he had created out of nothing accused him like the voice of doom—accused him of being an utter failure.

It was the final blow against his conceit. The divorce had been the first one. Elmer had always thought of himself as superior to people, to conditions, to things, and now the rules of life had floored him, had tagged him for the discard. His own two hands, whose strength had been his pride and boast, could not make the world his oyster no matter who said him nay.

A headstrong man takes a long time to subdue but when once he is defeated the disaster is utter.

Elmer came into the office after lunch with a small but heavy package which he dropped into the drawer of his desk without opening it. Ellabel, who had entered with him—they two were alone in the building—noted the circumstance without paying any particular attention to it at the time.

Ellabel was quite as depressed as Elmer himself. She knew this was the last day and she dreaded the words with which he would dismiss her. Why, she had never had any job but this one, had never responded to any desk buzzer but his. And tomorrow—

There was the buzzer now. It sounded like a bomb explosion in the silent outer office. Ellabel jumped so hard that she found herself on her feet hastening toward the door of the private office as if in response to a fire alarm before she realized quite what it was.

He had some money spread out on his desk.

"Your salary," he said, indicating it. "I have to pay you in cash this time. My checks are worth only a few cents on the dollar."

She looked at the money without taking it. There was a good deal of silver, even several nickels in the pile.

"Have you any left for yourself?" she asked.

He smiled. "Plenty. More than I shall need." He picked up her salary and dropped it into her pocket. "There you are. I'm sorry to say that this is good by, Ellabel. I hope you will be very happy and successful and—" His mind seemed to stray for a moment. Then he jerked it back. "—And all that sort of thing."

She got out of the private office without betraying herself but she stopped at her own desk for a good cry before leaving for the street. It had to be done and Ellabel believed in doing one's emoting in private.

She was still sitting there blotting tears when she heard Mr. Hoyt cross the floor of his private office and shoot the bolt on the door with a click.

Why?

Never, in her recollection, had the private office been locked before. There had never been any need. With herself on guard outside the door no mere contraption of iron and steel could assure greater security.

But of course he was thinking now that she was gone. How could any man guess that emotion would detain her? Still, what need to shut out the emptiness of that outer office? There was no danger that any of the clerks would come back to work without pay.

It was at that point that she remembered the small, heavy package which he had put in the drawer of his desk, thought of it with an ill suppressed gasp of dread and horror. In her fearful imagination she could picture him opening it now—was it the faint rustle of paper wrappings which caught her ear?

Ellabel half rose in a panic, involuntarily bracing herself for the shock that might come any second but which every taut nerve in her body cried out to her to avert. Her instinct shouted to her, "Stop it; it must not happen," and her poor, resourceless mind groped futilely for a ways and means, scampered vainly here and there for the outlet.

Like most timid persons recourse to actual violence did not occur to her. The simple expedient of hurling the dictionary through the ground glass door never once suggested itself. No—what Ellabel was trying to think out was some plausible and legitimate reason for tapping on the door and asking to speak to her erstwhile employer. What she would do then did not immediately concern her. For the moment her imperative need was for an excuse to be at his side. Perhaps inspiration would come. Perhaps, also, her fears were groundless and the sight of him would reassure her. But she had to know. How? How? How?

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The tension of horror on her nerves relaxed slowly as she realized that the noise came from someone pounding on the outer door of the office, which was secured with a spring lock.

At first she was minded to ignore the interruption. What time had she now for outside affairs? She wondered if Mr. Hoyt, insulated by the wall of his private office, had heard, if, hearing, it had caused him to wait.

Automatically, while she was thinking, her feet took her to the door. In the midst of tragedy the subconscious mind responds foolishly to accustomed calls.

Once at the door she opened it.

"Telegram for Mr. Hoyt," announced a voice even as the door began to move.

Ellabel took it mechanically and signed as was her custom.

Not until the door was closed again did she grasp the fact that in this doubtless trivial message she had her excuse for violating legitimately the privacy imposed by that locked inner office.

With a rejoicing heart but with feet that seemed to drag, so fearful was she that they would not carry her over the intervening space in time, she crossed to the ground glass partition and rapped timidly.

There was a startled rustle of papers inside and then, after an interminable five seconds, the sound of feet crossing the floor and the click of the bolt. He opened the door and stood, disheveled, wondering, on the threshold.

"A telegram, Mr. Hoyt," she said trying to seem official, to keep the tremor of emotion out of her voice.

"Oh!" he said, taking it without any particular show of interest. "It can't be anything of importance. I didn't know that you were still here."

"There were some things I had to do," she apologized, "and I've left my silver pencil somewhere." She crowded past him into the office. "Possibly it is on your desk."



Elmer had always thought of himself as superior to people and circumstances, and now the rules of life had floored him.

Before he could stop her she had crossed to his massive flat-topped table and with an attempt at casualness had snatched aside the spread-out newspaper which covered the space just in front of his chair.

There lay exactly what she had suspected, new, cold, sinister looking. He had hidden it hastily when she had rapped. She had been not a second too soon. Had his own instinctive response to a rap at the door not been as positive as hers she might have been too late anyhow.

As it was she sighed with relief. Something was gained no matter if the next step was not quite clear. She looked at her ex-employer for help. He was blushing with shame, with the mortification of a masculine soul which has been caught in a naked weakness.

"I was getting ready for a western trip," he explained vaguely,

"out in the mountains, you know, where things are still pretty wild."

She did not pay his lie the courtesy of a reply. "Why did you even dare to think of such a thing?" she accused, flaring up hotly at the remembrance of the terror he had caused her.

"I couldn't see anything else," he offered, making no further evasion. "There is no reason why I should explain to you that I know of, and I doubt if you would understand, but from my point of view a man who owes thousands of dollars to people who cannot afford to lose and who has only one means of paying has no alternative but to take that means."

Seeing that she did not comprehend he continued: "Life insurance. It isn't quite enough but it will help."

She seemed unconvinced. "I don't know why I should argue with you about it or why you should make the path of honor more difficult for me," he went on

(Continued on page 133)

M E R E D I T H

Concludes His Thoughtful Novel

Broken

Illustrations by



The
MAN
in the Story

Ward
Trenton

CHAPTER XIV

AS SHE dressed the next morning Grace hummed and whistled, happy in the consciousness that before the day ended she would see Trenton again. The romantic strain in her warmed and quickened at the thought. Even if they were to part for all time and she should go through life with his love only a memory, it would be a memory precious and ineffaceable and that would sweeten and brighten all her years.

In his workman's garb as she had seen him at Kemp's she idealized him anew. If it had been his fate to remain a laborer, his skill would have set him apart from his fellows. He could never have been other than a man of mark. It was a compensation for anything she might miss in her life to have known the love of such a man. She was impatient with herself and sought the lowest depths of self-abasement for having doubted him. She should never again question his sincerity or his wisdom, but would abide by his decision in all things.

When she reached the living room her father was already gone, and her mother seemed troubled about him.

"He was excited and nervous when he came home last night," said Mrs. Durland. "He hardly slept and he left an hour ago saying he'd get a cup of coffee on his way through town. I'm afraid things haven't been going right with him. It would be a terrible blow if the motor didn't turn out as he expected."

"Let's just keep hoping, mother; that's the only way," Grace replied cheerily. "They wouldn't be wasting time on it at Kemp's if there wasn't something in it."

"I guess you're right there," interposed Ethel. "Kemp has the reputation of being a cold-blooded proposition. And I suppose the great Trenton values his own reputation too much to recommend anything that hasn't got money in it."

"Poor foolish men will persist in going into business to make money, not for fun," Grace drawled. "I suppose Gregg and Burley don't sell insurance just as a matter of philanthropy."

"I heard you rolling up in an automobile last night," Ethel persisted. "You seem to be getting the benefit of somebody's money!"

"Ethel!" cried her mother despairingly.

"Let her rave," replied Grace calmly. "When Mr. Burley drives Ethel home from the office it's an act of Christian kindness but if I get a lift it's a sin."

"I'm not ashamed to tell who brings me home anyhow," Ethel flung at her.

"Neither, for that matter, am I! It was Mr. Thomas Ripley Kemp himself who brought me home last night. He'd taken Irene and me for a drive."

"So that was it! I thought I recognized the car. Kemp! I suppose he's getting tired of Irene and is looking for another girl."

"Well, dearie, he hasn't said anything about it," Grace replied. "But you never can tell!"

Grace found a brief note in the society column of the morning paper recording Mrs. Trenton's departure, and an editorial ridiculing her opinions. Elsewhere there were interviews with a dozen prominent men and women on Mrs. Trenton's lecture, all expressing disapproval of her ideas.

Grace carried the newspaper with her to the trolley and on the way downtown reread these criticisms of Mrs. Trenton with keenest satisfaction. Mrs. Trenton was not a great woman animated by a passion for humanity but narrow, selfish and bigoted. She thought again of the encounter at Miss Reynolds's, and with renewed sympathy for Trenton. After all he had met the difficult situation in the only way possible. He had said once that he didn't understand his wife, and Grace consoled herself with the reflection that probably no one could understand her, least of all her husband.

In the course of the day Grace learned from Irene that Kemp, who was on the entertainment committee for a large national convention, had decided to ask several friends among the visitors to The Shack.

"It won't be a shocker like some of Tommy's parties—only a little personal attention for a few of the old comrades," said Irene. "You and Ward can see as little of the rest of the bunch as you please. Tommy has promised me solemnly to let booze alone. I suppose his wife will never know how hard I've worked to keep him straight! Ridiculous, isn't it! When that woman came back from California Tommy hadn't touched a drop for a month, and he's been doing wonderfully ever since. The good lady was so pleased with his appearance and conduct that she beat it for New York last night to buy clothes and by the time she gets back I'll be ready to release my mortgage on Tommy for good and all. I've broken the news to him gently and he's been awfully nice about it. This is really my farewell party with Tommy—it's understood on both sides."

Grace was wondering whether the party at The Shack might not mark also her last meeting with Trenton, and alternating between hope and fear her mind roved the future.

It was to be a party of ten, Grace learned after Irene had conferred with Kemp by telephone at the lunch hour. For the edification of the strange men Irene had provided three other girls who had, as Irene said, some class and knew how to amuse tired business men without becoming vulgar. Grace knew these girls

H N I C H O L S O N

ovel of the Heart of An American Girl

Barriers

ns by Pruett Carter

—they were variously employed downtown—but she would never have thought of asking them to go on a "party."

II

JERRY had been reinforced by a colored cateress and the country supper produced at The Shack proved to be a sumptuous dinner. Kemp had brought from his well stocked cave on the farm the ingredients for a certain cocktail known by his name throughout the corn belt. The Tommy Kemp was immediately pronounced the last word in cocktails—a concoction which, one of the visitors declared, completely annulled and set aside the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States as an insolent assault upon both the personal liberty and the palate of man.

Kemp was in the gayest of spirits; the party was wholly to his taste. The men he entertained were conspicuously successful, leaders in the business and social life of their several cities. Irene had confided to Grace that there were at least ten millions of good money represented in the party.

The dinner seemed endlessly long. Now and then Grace felt the reassuring pressure of Trenton's hand, but the gentleman on the other side of her, under the mellowing influence of champagne piled upon the Tommy Kemps he had imbibed, was making violent love to her; and his elaborate tributes of adoration could not be wholly ignored. Seeing that Trenton was talking little, Kemp, still sober, thanks to Irene's watchfulness, addressed him directly.

"I've got news for you, Ward. At five o'clock this afternoon I closed a deal for Cummings's plant. Bought Isaac Cummings's controlling interest and for better or worse the darned thing's mine. Please, everybody, drink to good luck!"

"We don't know what it's about but we're for you, Tommy," cried one of the girls.

"I thought you said you'd never do it, Tommy," said Trenton, smiling at his friend and lifting his champagne glass, reversed as it had stood on the table.

Kemp protested that this was bad luck and ordered Jerry to serve no more food until everyone had drunk to the success of the merger. This brought all to their feet with lifted glasses.

"O, king, live forever!" cried Irene.

"That's more like it," said Kemp. "I didn't mention the matter just to advertise my business. Don't let Ward scold me for saying Cummings out, Grace. He advised me against it!"

"I advised you against taking on new responsibilities," Trenton replied. "You've got enough on your hands now."

"You think I'm a sick man," said Kemp, "but I'm going to see you all under the sod. Jerry, fill 'em up!"

There was more food than anyone needed or wanted and when Jerry began serving dessert Trenton suggested to Grace that they leave the table. Their leaving evoked loud protests. Irene was now furiously angry at Kemp, who had been unable to resist the lure of the champagne, a vintage without a duplicate in all America, he declared. Kemp announced his purpose to make a speech and was trying to get upon his feet when Irene pulled him down.

One of the visitors began to sing and seized a candle from the table with which to beat time. He was bawling, "He's a jolly good fellow," as Grace and Trenton effected their escape.

They breathed deep of the clean fresh air when they reached the long veranda at the side of the house.



The
GIRL
in the Story

Grace
Durland

"Poor Tommy; I suppose there's no way of stopping him," remarked Trenton.

He had picked up Grace's cape and laid it across her shoulders. Both were aware of a new restraint the moment they were alone. The still air was sweet with spring and the earth seemed subdued by the mystery of green things growing.

Grace walked the length of the veranda, then back to the steps, Trenton beside her. He was still troubled by a sense of responsibility for Kemp. The discordant noises from the dining room followed them and they debated whether they dared try to break up the party but decided against it.

"Let's get away from the racket," said Trenton. "When I suggested coming out for supper it didn't occur to me that Tommy would be pulling off a bacchanalian feast. Tommy's incorrigible—dear old Tommy! But we must talk! Let's go up yonder where we can look out over the river."

The path was easily discernible in the light of the stars reinforced by an old moon that stared blandly across the heavens. As they loitered along Trenton spoke of Kemp's purchase of the Cummings concern.

"I did advise Tommy against it," he said, "because of the additional burdens he'll have to carry. But it's a good business stroke. He's wiped out an old competitor and with your father's improvements on Cummings's motor, Tommy's going to be greatly strengthened."

"I've been afraid," said Grace, "that father's ideas wouldn't prove practical. He's seemed terribly worried lately."

"Only the usual perplexities of a genius who's worn out from long application. He can breathe easy now. The motor's going to be a wonder. I was with your father all day and he's attained every excellence he claimed. You have every reason to be proud of him."

"It's all your kindness," she murmured.

"Oh, not a bit of it! There's no sentiment about mechanics;

you've either got it or you haven't. And your father is sound on the fundamentals where most inventors are weak."

They sat down on a rustic bench on the bluff above the river and he threw his overcoat across her knees. Above them towered a sycamore; below, they heard the murmur and ripple of running water. He put his arm about her, drew her close and kissed her.

"I hope you understood why I didn't go yesterday as I'd intended. I couldn't leave without explaining. I couldn't have you think that I'd taken you to Miss Reynolds's just to make you uncomfortable. It was my mistake, a stupid blunder. I want you to think the best you can of me. I was deceived myself."

"No; the mistake was mine," she insisted. "I realized afterwards that my first feeling was right, that it was foolish to go."

"I was honest about it. I took her at her word. Mrs. Trenton had led me to think that she wouldn't resent meeting any woman who promised to give me the love and companionship it wasn't in her power to give me."

"You ought to have known, Ward, and so should I, that no woman can ever have anything but hatred for another woman her husband falls in love with."

"But what I've given you she never had! I want you to believe me when I say that I was really deceived by what I took to be her wholly friendly attitude."

"It doesn't make the least difference now, Ward. I know you wouldn't have taken me to see her if you'd known what would happen. I'll never have any but the kindest thoughts of you. Please believe that."

She moved a little away from him and leaned back, her hands relaxed and idle in her lap.

"It's all been a mistake, everything—from the beginning," she went on in a low tone.

"My loving you hasn't been a mistake," he said earnestly. "Nothing has changed that or can ever change it."

"You merely think that. If you didn't see me for a while you'd forget me," she said, following unconsciously the ritual of unhappy lovers in all times.

"No," he gently protested. "That isn't the way of it. You don't really think that. Please say that you don't."

His tone of pleading caused her to turn to him and fling her arms about his neck.

"Oh, I love you so! I love you so!" she sobbed.

His face was wet with her tears. He took her again into his arms, turning her face that he might kiss the tears away. Her body shook with her convulsive sobs.

"Dearest little girl! Poor, dear little child!"

In the branches above, a bird fluttered and cheeped as though startled in its dreaming. She freed herself, sought a handkerchief to dry her eyes. With the impotence of men before a woman's grief he sought to brush back a wisp of hair that had fallen across her cheek and his hand trembled. Her face seemed to hover in the star dusk; he saw the quiver of her lashes, the parted lips, felt for an instant the throbbing pulse in her throat.

"I knew the end would come," she said with a deep sigh, "but I didn't know it would be like this. It's been so dear, so wonderful! I thought it would go on forever!"

Her gaze was upon the dark, uneven line of the trees across the river where they brushed the stars.

"But it isn't the end, dear! A love like ours can't die. It belongs to the things of all time."

"Please, Ward!" she said impatiently, drawing the cloak more tightly about her shoulders. "Let's not deceive ourselves any more. You know we can't go on," she continued as one who has reasoned through a thing and reached an irrefutable conclusion. "It's all been like a dream; but dreams don't last. And this should never have begun!"

"You break my heart when you say things like that! As we've said so many times—it all had to be!"

"We were fools to think it could last," she said. "But it was more my fault than yours. And you've been so dear and kind—oh, so beautifully kind!"

"You've trusted me; you've proved that. You've never doubted—you don't doubt now that I love you?"

"Oh, it does no good to talk—let's just be quiet—I do love you—"

"I must make you understand," he replied stubbornly. "You are the dearest thing in the world to me—I couldn't foresee what has happened. It's only right you should know just what occurred after you left Miss Reynolds's."

"No! Please, no! I have no right to know; and it can make

no difference. I knew it was all over when I left the house but I did want to see you once more—"

She was trying to be brave but the words faltered and died. "I didn't discuss you or try to explain you in any way. I only expressed my indignation at the wholly unnecessary manner in which Mrs. Trenton treated you, after encouraging me to believe that you would be treated with every courtesy. I suppose it was jealousy that prompted her to speak to you as she did. Miss Reynolds came in at once—you must have met her—and I took leave after I'd tried to cover up the fact that something disagreeable had happened. That was all."

"It was enough. There wasn't a thing you could say. Mrs. Trenton had every right on her side. I hope you'll go back to her and tell her that any feeling you had for me was a mistake; make light of the whole thing. Of course she loves you. If she didn't she wouldn't be jealous. There's nothing for you to do now but to make your peace with her. Don't trouble about me. I don't want to stand in the way of your happiness."

"Grace," he said, patient in spite of her strained, petulant tone, "there's no question of love about it. We know we love each other; but we've got to be sane about this."

"Let's not talk about it, Ward! You know as well as I do that we've reached the end. And please, dear, don't make it harder for me by pretending it isn't all over. I'm not a child, you know."

"We're not going to pretend anything, Grace. Least of all are we going to pretend that everything's over when we know we couldn't forget if we wanted to. But we've got to have a care for a little while at least, now that Mrs. Trenton knows just enough to arouse her suspicions. I feel my responsibility about you very seriously. Please—don't you believe me when I say that it's of you I'm thinking first? We might go on seeing each other as we have been, or I might take you away with me—I've thought of that; but I've thought too of the danger. I can't promise you that Mrs. Trenton wouldn't spy on us—do something that would drag you into the newspapers, make an ugly mess. Her prominence would make attractive newspaper material of you and me too. I love you too dearly to take chances. Don't you understand? Isn't it better—"

"Oh, please stop, Ward! Don't talk to me as though I were a child! It all comes to the same thing, that we mustn't see each other any more. I knew it when I left Miss Reynolds's yesterday. It would have been better if we hadn't come out here."

"It won't be forever," he doggedly persisted. "In the end I'm going to have you. I want you to remember that."

"Ward, how perfectly foolish of you to talk that way! If we were to go on as we have been we wouldn't be happy. Let's just acknowledge that this is the last time."

"No," he protested, "it's not going to be that way! You've lost your courage and I can't blame you for seeing things black. If I had only myself to consider I'd run away with you tonight; but that would be a despicable thing for me to do. I love you too much for that!"

The protestation of his love brought her no ease. She was half angered by his stubborn refusal to face the truth, and his professed belief that sometime in some way they were to be reunited. He was trying to see the light of hope ahead where all was dark.

It was strange to be sitting there beside him thinking already of their love, with all its intimacies that had seemed to bind them together forever, as something that had been swept into a past from which, in a little while, memory would cease to recall it.

This was love! This was the thing that had been written of and sung of in all the ages; and it was only a lure contrived to bruise and break and destroy its victims.

He had been sincere in saying that he wished to protect her; and this was like him; and it was cruel of her to question his love, to fail to help him when he sought with all kindness and consideration to find some hope in the future. They must part and it might be for the last time; but she would not send him away feeling that she had not appreciated all that his love had been and would continue to be to her. Without him, without some knowledge of his whereabouts and activities and the assurance of his well being, life would be unbearable. She was all tenderness, all solicitude, wholly self-forgetful, as she softly uttered his name.

"Ward!" Her arms found their way round his shoulders. "I'm selfish—I was thinking that you taught me to love you only to thrust me away. But I know better, dear! You are dearer to me than anything in all the world—dearer than my life even. I know you mean to be kind, I know you want to do the right thing for both of us."

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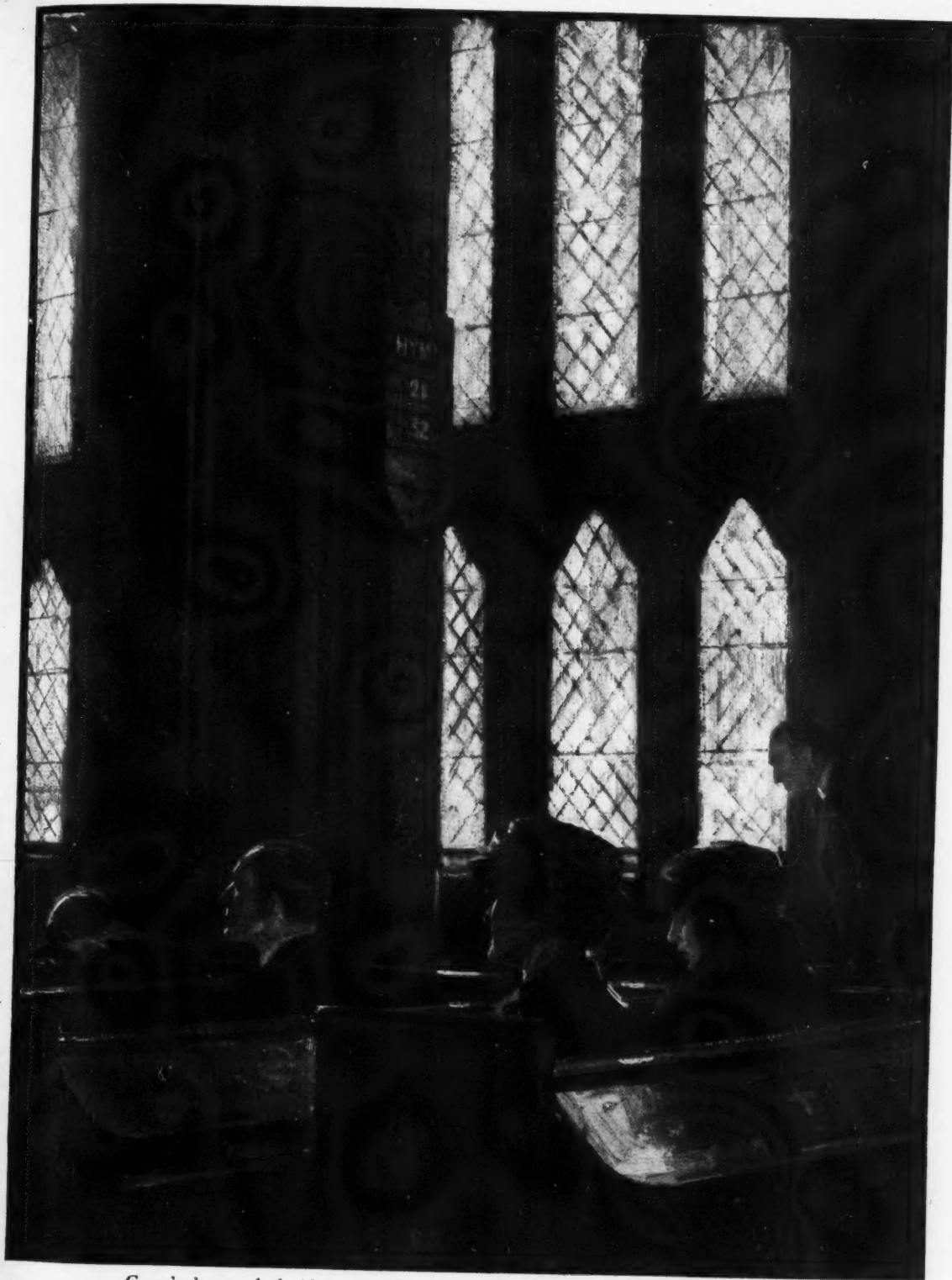
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Grace's throat ached with inexpressible emotions and her heart fluttered like a wild bird.

"Yes; yes!" he whispered eagerly and kissed her gently on lips and eyes. "If we truly love each other there will be some way. It was not of our ordering—any of this."

"Yes, we must believe that, dear! There can never be any man for me but you!"

"And no woman for me but you!"

They clung to each other, silent, fearing to utter the reassuring and consoling words that formed on their lips. Beyond the river a train passed swiftly with a long blast of the locomotive.

They drew apart, listening till the whistle's last echo and the rumble of cars died away. Trenton sighed deeply. The disturbance had been an unwelcome reminder of the energies and forces hidden by the night. Grace was the first to speak.

"It's been so dear to have this hour! But we must go back. And we mustn't meet again—as you say. And we can't just begin over again and be friends—that would mean forgetfulness and we can't forget. Please don't write to me. I'm going to be all right. I'll be happy just thinking of you. We're both brave and strong and knowing that will help—won't it?"

He knew that at the moment at least she was the braver and stronger. He had nothing to add to what she had said. She rose and took his face in her hands and kissed him on his lips and eyes, speaking his name softly. He neither spoke nor responded to her caresses. "Come, dear!"

She touched his arm lightly and started down the path. He waited a moment before following.

She talked in a cheery tone of irrelevant things, laughed merrily when she lost the path. At the veranda steps he caught her suddenly in his arms.

"It can't be like this!" he said. "I'm *not* going to give you up! Tell me you understand that it's only for a little while; only——"

"We're not going to talk about it any more——" she said without a quaver—with even a ring of confidence in her voice. But she suffered his kiss, yielded for a moment to his embrace.

"I'll love you always, always, always!" she said slowly.

"I'll love you till I die!" he replied. They stood with hands clasped for an instant; then she turned and ran into the house.

III

THEY had been gone more than an hour and the other members of the party stared at them as though they were intruders.

Irene in her disgust with Kemp for exceeding the limits she had fixed for his indulgence in the prized champagne had retired to the kitchen to talk to Jerry. Hearing Trenton's voice expostulating with Tommy she appeared and announced that she was going home.

Trenton got the three visiting gentlemen and the young women who had accompanied them into a machine and dispatched them to town and resumed his efforts to persuade Kemp to go home. Kemp wished to discuss business plans for the future. He wanted Trenton to promise to move to Indianapolis immediately to assist him in the management of his plant. Finding Trenton unwilling to commit himself Kemp turned his attention to Irene. He became tearful as he talked of Irene. She was the most beautiful girl in the world, and she had brightened his life; he would always be grateful to her. And now he wanted her to be happy.

When finally they got him out to the car he insisted that he would do the driving and this called for a long argument before he was dissuaded. He refused to enter the car at all until the others were settled in the back seat. He guessed he knew the demands of hospitality! Craig roused his ire by attempting to help him in and he waited till the chauffeur was seated and ready to start before he would move. Then he adjusted one of the disappearing seats and got in.

He became quiet presently and Trenton tried to interest him in a description of a mechanical stoker that had but recently been put on the market.

"I mus' look into it," said Kemp. "Awfu' nice of you to tell me 'bout it, Ward!"

Then before they knew what he was about he clutched the back of the front seat and threw one leg over. He swayed toward the driver and to steady himself grabbed the wheel.

Craig, thinking Kemp wholly interested in Trenton's talk, was caught off guard. The car, which had been running swiftly over the smooth highway, swerved sharply and plunged into the deep drainage ditch that paralleled the road. As it struck the farther side of the ditch Kemp was thrown forward and his head crashed against the windshield with terrific force.

The three passengers on the back seat were pitched violently to the floor. Craig had shut off the motor instantly and when Trenton joined him in the road he was tearing off the curtains.

"Get your flash, Craig!" Trenton said. But without waiting for the light he thrust in his arms and lifted Kemp out.

Irene and Grace had clambered out and stood in the road clinging to each other and hysterically demanding to know what had happened to Tommy.

Craig jerked out the seat cushions and Trenton laid Kemp upon them. The flashlight showed Kemp's face deathly white. Trenton was on his knees, his head against the stricken man's heart. He looked up with a startled, awed look.

"You try, Grace——" he said.

The fixed stare of death was in Kemp's eyes. There was no question but that he had died instantly, either from the violent blow on the head or from a failure of the heart due to the shock of his precipitation against the windshield. Irene was wiping the blood from his face, crying softly, calling him by name.

"It isn't true; it can't be true!" she moaned pitifully.

Trenton looked at his watch, pondering Craig's question as to the quickest means of summoning help.

"There's a house a quarter of a mile ahead where I can telephone," Craig said. "I know the farmer; you can rely on him."

"Just a minute," said Trenton. "There are things to consider. We've got to think of Tommy first of all. Craig, I can count on you——"

"Yes, certainly, sir—I'm afraid it was my fault; I ought to have been watching. But I thought——"

"You were no more to blame than I was. We can't discuss that now. We've got to take care of this in a way that will protect Tommy. And you girls mustn't figure in it at all!"

"We understand all that; we'll do anything you say, Ward," sobbed Irene.

"I'm trying to think of someone we can trust to help," said Trenton. "There will be many things to do immediately."

"I wonder," said Irene, turning to Grace, "whether we could reach John Moore."

"There's no one better!" Grace assented eagerly. "We could telephone him at his boarding house."

Trenton asked a few questions about Moore and began instructing Craig as to the persons he was to call by telephone; first a physician, who was also an intimate friend of Kemp, and two of Kemp's neighbors, well known to Trenton.

"Kemp and I had been to The Shack for dinner—alone—"



Roy wanted to find work on a newspaper; to go West; anything rather than set up as a lawyer.



"It's my business as a friend to urge you to forget," said Miss Reynolds. "I realize it won't be easy."

half-dozen passengers. The swift rush of the car exerted a quieting effect upon them. Irene had wrenched her shoulder when the machine leaped into the ditch, but Grace had escaped with only a few scratches.

"It's so horrible!" said Irene. They conferred in low tones, still dazed by their close contact with death.

"I ought to have insisted on going home earlier. But I did the best I could. Tommy wouldn't budge. Tell me that I did the best I could!"

"Of course you did! We shouldn't have gone—any of us!" said Grace. "I'm as much to blame as anyone. But Tommy would have gone anyhow, you know he would!"

"Ward's so wonderful," murmured Irene. "I'll never forget how he stood there beside Tommy as we left. Those men loved each other; and Tommy was good, Grace. I'm glad I had it out with Tommy—about quitting, I mean. When I told him I thought it was all wrong and that I wanted to quit he talked to me in the finest way. He said he wouldn't let me think I could be better than he was and he was going to live straight the rest of his life. But Tommy would never have quit. There would always have been some girl; and he just had to have his parties. I suppose there's no use worrying about that!"

"No," Grace consoled her, "things just have to be. You can't change anything. Ward and I said good by to each other tonight. So that's all over."

The lights of the city began to flash past the windows. When the car drew up in the station they saw Moore standing on the platform.

They found a quiet corner of the waiting room and Irene related the story of the accident. John expressed no surprise, made no criticism; merely said that he was proud that they had thought of him. Trenton had suggested that they ask Moore to visit the newspaper offices and then go to Kemp's house—Mrs. Kemp was still away—and notify the servants. John's practical mind had considered every aspect of the matter after his brief talk with Craig over the telephone and he had already dispatched the coroner to the scene of the accident that there might be no delay or subsequent criticism.

"The sooner you both get home the better," he said. "We'll decide now that you were both with me all evening. I'll account for my knowledge of the accident by explaining to the newspapers that Mr. Kemp's chauffeur called me on the telephone after trying to get Judge Sanders, who's Kemp's lawyer and an

Jerry and the cateress must be taken care of as to that. Tommy was driving home. Something went wrong with the car and it ran off into the ditch. How about that, Craig?"

"I wouldn't say, Mr. Trenton, that Mr. Kemp was driving. The driver in such accidents is seldom hurt. We'd better say the car struck this gravel and swerved or something like that."

"Yes; that's better," Trenton agreed.

"If the young ladies should go into town on an interurban car that would help," said Craig. "It's only a little way to a stop on the crossroad back yonder. There'll be a car passing at half-past twelve."

Grace and Irene agreed to this and it was further decided that Craig should ask Moore to go to the interurban station to meet them and learn just what was expected of him. Craig was to use the telephone as sparingly as possible.

These matters settled, Craig hurried away, the quick patter of his feet on the macadam suggesting the flight of a malevolent fate that had struck its blow and was flying from the scene.

No cars had passed since the accident but as they were on a frequented highway Trenton urged Irene and Grace to go at once.

Irene bent down and touched the face of the dead man, murmuring:

"It's cruel to leave you like this! Poor boy! Poor dear Tommy!"

They left Trenton standing like a sentinel beside his friend.

IV

Grace and Irene had worn hats on the tragic adventure and their long, dark cloaks covered their party dresses so that their entrance into the interurban car awakened little interest in the

old friend. It happens that the judge left for Washington tonight. I think that covers all the points."

It was not until Grace had crept into bed that she was able to think clearly. It was like a hideous dream that Kemp was dead—that she had seen him die. His death obscured the memory of her parting with Trenton, or blending with it, became part of the dissolution of all things.

Alone in the dark, remorse stole upon her like a nightmare. From the hour that she had met Kemp and Trenton a doom had followed her. In a few short months she had made a sorry mess of her life. She groped back to her days at the university—happy days they were; days of clear, wholesome living and buoyant aspiration. And she never could be the same carefree girl again.

It was not till near dawn that she slept, to be wakened by her mother a little before the prompting of the alarm clock.

"Something awful happened, Grace. Thomas Kemp died last night, on the way home from his farm. There was an accident to his car but the paper says he died of heart disease. Mr. Trenton was with him. Your father's terribly upset; he doesn't know how it will affect his prospects. It's strange that Kemp closed a deal for the purchase of the Cummings company only yesterday. The paper says he'd gone out to the farm with Mr. Trenton to talk over the merger."

It was necessary for Grace to hear Kemp's death discussed in all its bearings at the breakfast table. The talk was chiefly between her mother and Ethel. Durland merely confirmed or corrected, when appealed to, their statements as to items of the dead man's history.

"I suppose," remarked Ethel, "that Irene Kirby will be terribly shocked. It's a wonder she wasn't with him. They were always gadding about the country together. I'm relieved, Grace, that you weren't mixed up in it."

"Don't speak so to your sister, Ethel," admonished Mrs. Durland. "There are things about Mr. Kemp I never knew. It seems he gave large sums to some of our needy institutions and wouldn't let it be known. And they say he was most considerate of his employees. It's not for us to say he wasn't a good man."

The complexities of her life seemed to Grace enormously multiplied. Trenton was there—in town—no doubt walking at times the streets she traversed going to and from her work, and she could not see him—must never see him again! If only the family affairs were less perplexing—Roy's future, clouded by his marriage, still held first place in the domestic councils—she could leave; go where the remembrance of Trenton would be less an hourly torture.

"Well," said Irene the day after Kemp's funeral, "I hope Tommy knows all the fine things that have been said about him. I cried when I read about the poor people who went to his house just to look at him again—people he'd helped in their troubles for years and you can be sure he always did it with a smile, too. I met Ward as I was coming down this morning. He was on his way to Judge Sanders's office and didn't see me till I spoke to him. You'd think he'd lost his own brother! He asked about you and said to tell you not to worry about anything. And he smiled in that wistful way he has. He said he might be kept here some time."

"Oh, I hope not!" Grace cried and her eyes filled with tears. She was already trying to accustom herself to the idea that they were never to meet again and the prospect of encountering him filled her with mingled hope and dismay. A few days later when Kemp's will was published her heart bounded as she read that the testator had appointed Trenton the managing trustee of all Kemp's industrial enterprises, and that he would in all likelihood become a resident of Indianapolis. The purchase of the Cummings concern, which was consummated on the day of Kemp's death, greatly increased the responsibilities of the trustee, who was to serve for a period of ten years.

CHAPTER XV

MISS REYNOLDS called Grace on the telephone a week after Kemp's death and with her usual kindly peremptoriness demanded that Grace dine with her the following night.

"I went away unexpectedly and didn't have a chance to let you know. I've got something I want to talk to you about—just you and me. Please come!"

Grace was ashamed not to manifest more cordiality in accepting the invitation but she was beset by fears lest Miss Reynolds was seizing the first possible moment to question her as to her singular conduct at the door on the afternoon that she had gone

to the house with Trenton. And that seemed long ago, hidden by a black, impenetrable wall.

Miss Reynolds greeted her as though nothing had happened. She had been summoned to Baltimore on business, she explained. She talked in her brisk fashion through the dinner—of impersonal matters, not mentioning the Trentons at all.

It was not until they were having coffee in the living room that Miss Reynolds spoke of Mrs. Trenton's visit.

"After all, I think I prefer plain bread-and-butter people—plain folks. A woman traveling with a maid and pretending to be keen about poor suffering humanity seems to me a good deal of a joke. She did one thing for me though and I ought to be grateful for that—she sent me scampering back to the conservatives! I've been just a little infected with some of these new ideas but after having that woman in my house for two days and hearing her talk and seeing how fussy she is about her personal comfort I'm for hanging on to the old ideas awhile longer."

As Miss Reynolds continued her dissection of Mrs. Trenton's social program Grace felt suddenly a strong impulse to tell her friend the whole story of her acquaintance with Trenton. In a way Miss Reynolds had a right to know. She waited, wondering how she could begin, when Miss Reynolds said in her characteristically abrupt fashion:

"Look here, little girl, you've got something on your mind; you haven't been listening to me at all! You needn't be afraid of me; I'm a queer old person but sometimes I do understand. I wouldn't force your confidence; you know that—but—why you dear child!"

Grace's eyes had filled with tears. Miss Reynolds crossed to her quickly.

"How clumsy I am! I wouldn't hurt you for worlds, dear!"

She sat down on a stool at Grace's feet and drew the girl's hands into her own.

"Poor dear heart," she murmured softly. "It's an awful big old world and little girls do sometimes get hurt. Maybe you'd like me to call the car and take you for a drive."

"No-o; I want to tell you; I've got to tell you—it's about that—that afternoon—"

"You can't tell me anything that will make me stop loving you," Miss Reynolds assured her.

Grace told the whole story of her relations with Trenton, told it as a child might confess a grievous fault at a mother's knee, sparing herself in nothing.

"I think," she said finally, "that that's all."

"Dear little girl," Miss Reynolds began, and then was silent for a time, gently stroking the girl's hands.

"I guessed," she went on, "that there was something wrong when I met you in the hall that day. When I went in I saw right away that my interruption was unfortunate. As I opened the door Mr. Trenton was speaking of you; it was evident that he was very angry at his wife. But she very calmly introduced us. We talked a moment and he left. As he went out he merely bowed to her without saying anything. He struck me as being a gentleman—none of the look of a dissolute person, certainly a handsome man—a highbred look and air."

"Oh, tell me you saw the fineness, the nobility in him! I couldn't bear to have you hate him!"

"Why of course I don't hate him; I'm sorry for both of you! But—I don't think you understand—well, that as individuals we are responsible to those who have prior claims upon our consideration. For the sake of happiness to the greater number we must often give up our own happiness. Many beautiful and noble women have done that."

"Oh, I love him! I love him so!" moaned the girl.

"Yes, I believe you do, dear. It's pitiful—the whole thing—be sure I feel for you. I want to help you."

Miss Reynolds rose and took a turn about the room.

"It's in his favor that he realized the thing couldn't go on; that for your sake it had to stop. That woman might easily ruin your life; and of course she has the right on her side."

"Yes—I've no justification at all—except—I loved him."

"Yes, I believe you truly loved him—but now it's my business as your friend to urge you to forget. I realize that it won't be easy. It would, of course, simplify matters if you could go away—see other people, develop new interests."

"Yes; I'd thought of that," Grace replied. "But I can't leave home; there are difficulties; it wouldn't be kind."

"No; I understand that. But that brings me to the matter I asked you here to talk about. I want to equip a house which self-supporting young women can manage entirely by themselves with the fewest possible restrictions; not an institution—I hate the word—but a club. Ah! you notice (Continued on page 119)

Achmed Abdullah's
*story of Love and Kismet on a
 Starlit Roof Top of Algiers*

The Tale the Drum Told

Illustrations by

Lui Trugo

OFTEN in after years, in a distant part of the world, Pitts Burton would remember the

happening.

He would remember it vividly, at length, in detail, even now that the pain and futility of it had passed; too, he would remember it at incongruous moments, in the midst of a gay dinner party, or driving his ball from the first tee of the Sleepy Hollow links, or perhaps during a walk up Fifth Avenue, as though his spirit had winged back and crashed into an air pocket of memory. And with it would come to his ears the ghost of Mahdi Ibrahim's drum; its thud and drone, the tok-tak-tok, staccato, tenuous, increasing, then a solid wall of sounds, suddenly receding in a way that seemed sinister, like a riddle of incomplete achievement—his life, and the woman's fate.

Of course he remembered his house in Tugurt, in the heart of the Arab town, with its flat roof a little higher than the sea of roofs which tossed about it, the near distance dominated by the green poem of the Shafiyeh mosque, the rim of the street barred by a screen of dark, lanky palms driven straight into the fox-brown earth like iron candlesticks, and beyond them the bazaar quarter, a snailshell containing all the windings of traffic and barker.

He had come to Tunis to stay a week; had remained to stay out the season.

For he liked the land, the people, the faith. It was all so uncomplex; that praying Arab whom he could see from the roof top where he spent the cool evening hours—what a close intimacy with his God!



What a nonchalance of dreamy sensuousness in those delicate faced, delicate robed Tunisian dandies who strolled down the street! What a superb harmony and singleness of purpose in all this land!

It seemed as if the irking soul had gone out from it and blended back with the surge of the desert. It gave a sense of complete ease and disburdenment.

It made a minimum demand on the intellect. It disregarded the mechanical chaos, the hysterical mental channel house of the Occident, and wrote simple things—wrote them large and bold and clear upon a background of vast spaces and vague distances.

Yes. He had liked it from the first; had remained, though he said to himself that sooner or later he would return to America, that this half year was going to be only an interlude, a sentence in brackets, not meant to influence the flowing tale of his life.

He never knew how Mahdi Ibrahim had happened to come up that evening. But there he was as he had often seen him in the market square, squatting on slipped heels, the flat, rush woven basket a few feet away.

"Snakes, yah Sidi?" he asked. "They dance when I order them. Want to see?"

"Sure they don't bite?"

"Not as long as I beat the drum, Sidi."

"And if you stop—"

The Arab shrugged his shoulders. "*Fi aman'illah*," he said—"we are all in the guardianship of God."

"Small consolation!" smiled Pitts Burton.

But he settled himself

comfortably in the shadow of the high marble parapet that circled the roof, preparing to watch. At his back, by standing on tiptoes and craning his neck, he could see the roof top of the next house and beyond it others, flat, white, stretching away into the lavender misted evening, gradually blending into the distance without a break.

The neighboring house had been empty until this morning when an Arab family had moved in with a great deal of hustle and confusion and laughter. A rich and orthodox Shareefian clan, evidently—for the women had driven up in a carriage with tightly closed wooden shutters, supervised by a gigantic Kisslar Agassi, or head eunuch; a band of Jewish musicians had blared a pæan of welcome; market porters had come, carrying baskets of roses and hyacinths and geranium leaves and digitalis, while other porters had balanced the household goods on turbaned heads—chairs and mattresses and French mirror wardrobes, gaily painted chests, kitchen utensils, brass pestles and mortars, huge zinc trunks and beds and ivory inlaid taborets, rugs, pillows, *derboukas* and *rebabas*, yellow faience plates and copper braziers. A dozen negresses, swinging pails and brooms, had invaded the front gate amidst triumphant shouts of "yoo-yoo-yoo"; and early in the afternoon, regarded with superstitious and admiring eyes by all the neighborhood, a white-haired, shriveled negro had squatted on the threshold to propitiate the scorpions that swarm in old Arab houses. He had been surrounded by the magic properties of his craft—a ragged end of carpet, three torn conjuring books, a small bag of sand, another filled with dried beans, and a square, battered, shiny box on which he seemed to put especial value and which on closer inspection, Burton, who had joined the throng, had discovered to be an ancient cocoa tin.

The negro had spent an hour over his incantations—"to make peace with the scorpions," Nadj Omar, Burton's houseboy and dragoman, had explained, "so they won't bite. Also to bring luck to the house of Si Mohammed el-Busiri."

"Is that my new neighbor's name?"

"Yes," Nadj Omar had replied; adding in the amazing mixture of English slang which he had picked up from tourists and during a journey as stoker to Liverpool and back, "No end bloody swanky family—descendant of the Prophet and all that sort of rot—eh what, old dear?"

Even now Burton still heard a commotion behind the parapet—a heavy dragging of furniture; a girl's high laugh; a faint shimmering and brushing of guttural voices; the Kisslar Agassi's peaked falsetto as he berated a female servant:

"What manners be these, *yah oudj al-qahss*—O countenance of misfortune! *Allah ijiblah rehba rama*—may Allah send an earthquake to destroy thee!"

A woman's sniffing whine. Then:

"O almost entirely destitute of shame!"—the exclamation mark being supplied by the sound of a hand evidently coming into violent contact with bare flesh.

Burton laughed. He turned to the snake charmer.

"Proceed, Mahdi Ibrahim!"

"*Fi aman'illahi*!" repeated the latter piously.

He altered the position of his head so that it jutted sharply into the rays of the dying sun, showing a dead-white face that rose from the pointed black beard like a sardonic Chinese vignette. His left hand disappeared in the burnouse, came out with the drum. He rose to a kneeling posture, sank back on his heels, swaying from side to side like a chained jungle beast. He raised the drum on its thin silver chain. It commenced swinging, right, left, right, left, like a pendulum.

It was small, the size of a child's head, of a dull mottled ivory with a tiny orifice covered by a tightly stretched skin. He beat it with gentle, dry taps, alternating thumb and palm of his right hand; and presently the drum spoke:

Tok-tak! Tok-tocketty-tak!—with a hiccougny, syncopated rhythm. Tok-tocko-tok!—insistently.

He stared at the basket with a fixed, dreamy immobility. His lips opened.

"Hayah—ho!" he said in a wiped-over, purring voice; then, a little more loudly: "Come! Dance for me! Come, *yah bent*—O daughter!" And with sudden ferocity: "Come, *yah ikhs ya'l khammar*—O thou drunkard! Jew! Christian! Uncouth wart!"

The top of the basket gave a convulsive tremor.

Tok! sobbed the drum as with far thunder—tok-tocko-tok-tocko-tok . . . and again the top of the basket stirred, heaved; until all at once it was raised a few inches and a flat, wicked, triangular head appeared; a second; a third. They swayed from side to side, trying to locate the sound.

Tok-tok!

Three glistening lengths of rope plopped down. They coiled; uncoiled.

Never for a moment did Mahdi Ibrahim stop beating the swinging drum—left, right—tok-tak—rhythmically; and somehow Burton was not afraid. Somehow he felt soothed and happy as if a gentle hand had taken from his soul the weight of his body. His eyes opened; closed; opened. He saw a few feet away the snakes' eyes glimmering like mica discs with a filmy overglow; saw the tongues shoot out, reddish black, nervous, quivering; saw the steely whips of bodies glide across the roof top with a wavy motion, a pitiless stretching of strength and cruelty, the black spots on the stripes of their sulphur-yellow, scaly skins glittering like crescents of evil desire.

The drum sobbed with a nasal cadence, with tiny, breathless pauses. The snake charmer stared.

"Come!" he said. "My bride! My love! Come, my scented sprig of jessamine and myrrh!" And to a nine foot male snake: "Please deign to come, O great king! O my lord! O elephant!"

Still the drum kept swinging, zumming, calling, relentless, resistless; and as if hypnotized the snakes came nearer, drawing their white bellies across the roof top with a noise of dry leaves rustling in the meeting of winds. They separated. They formed a half circle about Mahdi Ibrahim. Suddenly, as if in concerted attack, they lifted a foot of their bodies from the ground, swaying and jerking. Their jaws opened wide, exposing sneering, bluish black gums. They bloated the loose skin on their necks so that it was like curved golden shields with sable spots. They shot out their perverse flat heads, the eyes piercing in the direction of their old enemy, man, tonguing and hissing with the inherited hate and fear of a thousand generations of snakes. But calmly, dreamily, Mahdi Ibrahim stared at them. A silent battle it was, for mastery, for life and death, with the eyes the only weapon and the drum—the tok-tak-tok of the swinging ivory drum.

Then as Burton watched, first one, then another, then the third snake moved; right, left, right, following the pendulum of the drum, dancing, gyrating, circling; right, left, right; drunk with the thumping, droning rhythm, with Mahdi Ibrahim's blurred call: "Dance—hayah—dance!"

And they danced faster and faster until one, then another, then the third stretched exhausted on the ground, their flat eyes closed, their striped bodies shuddering as with the weakening aftermath of a great passion.

"Ho!" cried the Arab.

He slid the drum back in his burnouse, rose, pounced upon the snakes, picked them up, two in his right, the male reptile in his left hand, crammed them quickly into the basket, closed it, tied it with a stout rope and turned to Burton with a smile and an outstretched hand.

"Is the Sidi satisfied?" he asked in the fluent English which he had learned years earlier in an American circus.

"Bully! Here you are." There was the clink of money "But—"

"Yes, Sidi?"

"I've seen you do your little parlor trick before. You usually get the brutes up again—force them to do a second dance."

"I could not today."

"Oh?"

"The other music, Sidi! It interfered with my drum—made the snakes nervous."

"What other music?"

"Can't you hear?" Mahdi Ibrahim pointed to the parapet in back of the American.

The latter listened.

"You're right!" he said suddenly as, with a thin, tremulous distinctness, the pizzicato twanging of a one stringed guitar drifted up, sobbing softly through the gathering night that dropped with the thick, lazy dew of the tropics, jeweling a thousand spider webs, painting the palms a silvery pastel shade, clothing the spiky cactus clumps in the garden with a robe of lemon and elfin green.

"Hush!" he whispered as the guitar coiled into a maze of baroque dissonances, an embroidery of fantastic, chromatic arabesques, as a woman's voice picked up the lilting melody and tossed it high with an abandon of eerie, wailing, minor harmonies:

"*Yah benti, yah benti,
Akh idjibleq erradjel . . .*"

The accompaniment lilted and quivered. It wafted as with the scent of roses. It swished like a naked wind across the sweep of the desert: "*Yah benti, yah benti . . .*"



"Yah amril!" said Janina in her low, throaty voice. "O my life! Yah atni—O my soul!"

The voice sobbed, rose higher and higher to a clear, bell-like note, rested there trembling, like a butterfly on a leaf, dropped full octave: "*Akh idjibleq . . .*" It rose again with the rush and surge of a wave, with an

infinite, throbbing joy of the senses, then stopped, cut off suddenly in mid-air as clean as with a knife, leaving a stark void of silence; and Pitts Burton gave a little shudder. Somehow the song had seemed to him pregnant with a vast, symbolic appeal,

had seemed to hold the very soul of this Arab land, the red days, the black-winged nights and the gold-dusted sands that crept to the south.

He pulled himself together, feeling rather like a fool. Never had he suspected in himself such an overwhelming emotional reaction to music, and so he was a little ashamed and smiled sheepishly at the snake charmer.

"Pretty, eh?" he asked, knowing that the word was ludicrously inadequate. "What was it?"

"A love song, Sidi. A love song of the Black Tents, the Bedouin—" And then suddenly, as Burton turned to the parapet, about to raise himself and look down: "No, no! You mustn't!"

"Why not?"

"The woman who sang—she is on the roof top—the roof top next door!"

"Sure enough. That's just why I want to—"

"No! She may be unveiled!"

"Let's hope so."

"But"—the other was shocked to the depths of his narrow Moslem soul—"this is an Arab town—there are the customs—" "All right!" laughed Burton. "You are deliciously Mid-victorian, quite like my uncle, the Bishop." And when Mahdi Ibrahim looked surprised, catching the words without their meaning, he slapped him on the shoulder and cried: "Don't you worry. I'll behave."

Mahdi Ibrahim picked up his basket. "Shall I come back," he asked, "and make the snakes dance again?"

"Drop in any time."

"The salute, yah Sidi!"

"So long, old boy!"

But as soon as the other had left Burton turned once more to the parapet. He drew himself up carefully, inch by inch. He looked down.

The roof top of the house of Si Mohammed el-Busiri was directly beneath his, only a few feet away, the outer walls touching. It lay sharp and clear in the sun's crimson afterglow, heaped with a profusion of silken rugs and pillows in rich blendings of purple and maroon and peacock-green. There were a number of taborets with sweetmeats and bottles of perfume, a silver hubble-bubble pipe and a dwarf peach tree in full bloom set in a square pot of turquoise-blue Persian porcelain. In the center stood a *mazah*, a sort of pergola, closed on three sides with screens of fretted marble, while the fourth was covered by a curtain of brown wool embroidered with silver.

As he looked the curtain moved and a woman stepped out, a guitar in her hand.

She was dressed in a long kaftan of mauve silk with a *mansouriyah*, an overdress, of spidery lace. Her tiny feet were in orange velvet slippers stitched with golden crescents. Her black hair was twisted up in an orange silk handkerchief bordered with seed pearls.

He saw her face very clearly as she raised her chin to look at the sky where Orion, slanting and immense, was tilting across the crest of dropping night, while here and there the minor constellations were brushing out of the ether like points of silver pricked in a purple canopy. She seemed very young; perhaps seventeen, he said to himself, or eighteen—no more. She was of a light golden complexion, the even texture of her skin enhanced by the blue tattoo mark on her forehead and by the great diamond nose stud fastened to her left nostril. Her keen, large eyes seemed even larger through the curved frame of her immense black brows.

She crossed the roof top with the swinging gait of the desert

bred, and at every step the elastic cords and smooth, long muscles of her bare throat moved rhythmically. Different, he thought her, from the women he had known in America. The magic of tropical stars had ripened her. The motley pageantry of tropical skies had shaped her young body.

He held himself perfectly quiet, so quiet and silent that he could hear the flutter of a moth's wings that sped past him. The woman was now directly beneath him, and a scent drifted up as a strand of her hair escaping from under the handkerchief, she caught up the loose lock with a gesture of her rounded arm. It was not the scent of perfume or flowers but the scent of the woman herself, the aroma of her warm young body; and again, as before when he had listened to her song, a shudder ran through him, of fear—too, of longing, unformed yet overwhelming. He felt the blood in his veins singing with a puissant rhythm.

The next second, before he could drop from sight, her glance met his. She stared up at him from beneath half closed lids. He felt the look physically. It touched his heart and body together. It stirred him, unreasonably, like some great awakening, like the facing of a riddle which he must read to the end.

She stood very still, yet poised on her toes, ready to dart away should he move. Her eyes opened to their full width. Her nostrils quivered nervously, like those of a mare, causing the diamond nose stud to twinkle with a million rainbow facets. Her kaftan, caught by the tail end of the desert breeze, slid to one side, exposing a soft shoulder.

Burton heard his own breath come rapidly, staccato. He felt his imaginings drive along like a sheet of flame, rippling through his body in a huge red wave. A strange tumult as of some ecstasy of long forgotten, again remembered primitive savagery invaded him, honeycombing his wire-drawn, respectable soul, melting down the walls of his civilizational resistance. He could not turn his eyes away. He wanted to speak; to say—anything. Could not utter a sound.

Then he heard a voice at his elbow:

"Sidi Burton!"

With a jerk of his whole body he turned, grasping the parapet in back of him with both his hands, and blinked stupidly. Nadj Omar, his houseboy and dragoman, bowed before him.

"She's rather jolly well corking, eh what?" he asked with impudent familiarity.

"You—" Burton was angry; less at having been found out than because he heard on the roof behind him a rushing of slipped feet and thought that the dragoman had frightened the woman away. His rage choked him. He clenched his fists.

"Si Mohammed knows how to pick out his wives," continued the other imperturbably; and seeing the expression of anger in his master's eyes changing to curiosity, he added: "Janina is his youngest wife. How do I know? I am a *yaouled*, a bazaar boy. The tongue is my weapon and the ear my shield—right? Throw me in the river—and I rise with a fish in my mouth!" He looked over the parapet. "She's gone. Too jolly damn bad. Still—*rehbi ma ighleg bab hatta iheul bab*—God does not close our door without first opening another. You want to meet her Sidi? How much you pay? Two hundred francs? I am not a Jew or an Armenian that I should bargain! One hundred and ninety—"

"Go to the devil!"

Pitts Burton left the roof top, while Nadj Omar smiled. He put his head on one side, considering. Then he stepped close to the parapet and whistled—two high notes, followed by a fluttering tremolo and ending in a throaty gurgle, exactly like a crane calling to its mate. He waited, listening tensely; repeating



Every day Pitts Burton rode into the vaulted silences of the Sahara.



"Look out, Sidi," came the snake charmer's warning cry, changing into a bitter laugh of triumph.

the call; and presently the answer came in a soft warble from Si Mohammed's house.

He stared down. It was now quite dark. But he caught the blurred impression of a white robed, enormous figure waddling footedly across the roof top, heard a voice drift up in a whisper:

"Mounhoo—who is it?"

"I—Nadj Omar. Is that you—Fayruzabadi, the Kisslar Agassi?"

"The same," replied the head eunuch.

He struck a wax match. It flared like a yellow wedge, bringing his face into sharp relief, heavy jowled, thick lipped, the face of a perverted, latter day Roman emperor blended with the inhuman, crushing calm of a Buddhist sage and with a suspicion of negro coarseness in flattened nose and rolling, bloodshot eyes.

He held up the match, recognized Nadj Omar's vulpine features, dropped the match. There was once more darkness, steadily increasing.

"You remember me?" asked the dragoman. "A small business matter we had in Algiers—last year—"

"I remember when I wish. At times memory is a hangman's noose. Why should I remember—tonight?"

"Money!" was the laconic answer.

"Money is on the lips of the liar!"

"Money honey's the gall!"

"Money is an infidel sect!"

"Money"—the dragoman continued the exchange of oriental metaphors—"is the key which opens the lock of desire!"

"How much money?" demanded the practical Kisslar Agassi. "And what key, O brother of the horse leech?"

"This!" Nadj Omar whispered at length, winding up with: "The lady Janina looked long at the Sidi. I am not the one to roll scandal over my tongue. But she came seeking him with a lighted candle in her eye."

"Oh?"

"Indeed. What is she like?"

"A young woman—very young! With warm intestines—very warm!"

"Ah!" sighed the dragoman. "*El chem fassghar qi klurda fel ghzenn*—during youth pain is like a rose on a bush!"

"Just so."

"But what about the thorn on the rosebush? What is Si Mohammed like?"

"Old, Nadj Omar. Once he was the hammer. Now he is the anvil."

"So—it can be arranged?"

"It can be tried. If you cannot take things by the head, take them by the tail."

"Meaning—"

"That there is a back door," said the Kisslar Agassi. "There is also myself."

"Who guards the back door?"

"Yes."

"Allah's peace on you, Fayruzabadi!"

"And on your own head!"

Feet brushed across the roof tops, right and left, and vanished into the memory of sound. There was the stillness of the night.

High in the west gleamed a sickle moon of delicate ivory. A jackal crossed the far desert, swiftly, grayly, like an evil thought. From the hectic maze of the bazaar quarter came a very faint rubbing of drums and wailing of reed pipes.

Pitts Burton heard. He could not find sleep for a long time; tossed nervously on his bed. The thought of the woman would not leave him.

Love? Perhaps. Desire? Doubtless.

But too, negatively, the fear of middle age. He dreaded it. It meant patent lotions for the hair and patent medicines for the liver. It meant dowagers in purple velvet at dinner, and a rise both in his weight and his handicap at golf. It spelled flannel underwear and hot springs and stodginess and respectability—not by preference but by *force majeure*.

And youth meant romance.

Romance—why!—he had missed it all through life; had sneered at it; had buried it beneath the stony drag and smother of business, ambition, self-consciousness, fear of his own and his friends' ridicule. His had been the common school logic in which all the truths stand behind one another, neatly marshaled and labeled. Flotsam—that's what he had been—flotsam on the tide of other people's opinions and prejudices.

Romance! He needed it; wanted it. Why not, he said to himself, why not? There had been the woman's eyes, with the suggestion in them of infinite dreams, infinite sweetness, infinite thrills.

Why not—why not? He had been a fool to jump down Nadj Omar's throat. The dragoman was all right; a little too familiar perhaps with his mixture of English slang and Arab proverbs, but loyal and shrewd. He would know a way. Why—he had even suggested that for a few hundred francs he might . . .



"At times," said the head eunuch.
"memory is a hangman's noose."

So Burton fell asleep, to be wakened by Nadj Omar who came with the breakfast tray and smiling words:

"Ripping day, Sidi! You dream of Janina, eh?"

Burton sat up. Morning lay through the room with a brocaded mantle of rose and silver.

"Oh!"—he yawned. "Janina——" He rubbed his eyes.

"Damn pretty, Sidi!"

"I'll say she is." The American sipped his coffee.

"Her husband is old," continued the other. "Also weak. Also trusting. Also a fool."

And, master psychologist, he let the matter drop until that evening when, the snake charmer having come, performed and left, Burton once more watched the neighboring roof top. Janina was sitting cross-legged on a pillow. She did not look up. She twanged her guitar, and again the flame of desire burned through Burton's soul and set his heart to beating fearfully, hammering against his ribs, leaving him breathless, without volition, without resistance.

The dragoman stepped to his side.

"The lady Janina likes your face—right-o!" he said with calm directness.

"How do you know?"

"The Kisslar Agassi told me—the head eunuch. No end clever chap—my word! Once he lost a she-camel and four years later knew her colt by its foot."

Burton laughed.

"It is now nine o'clock," the other went on.

"Well?"

"Si Mohammed's other two wives are very old and very fat. They are asleep. They hide their leaky tongues in their snore." He lighted a cigarette. "The Kisslar Agassi is at the back door—waiting——"

"But—how——"

For answer the dragoman hummed a current Tugurt bazaar song:

"Noosiq yah alli man andeq kho
achqiq,
Khoq achqiq hooah ed-douro—"

which he translated into:

"I tell thee, O thou who hast a
real brother,
Thy real brother is the dollar!"

"How much?" asked Burton.

"Two hundred francs—perhaps a little more afterwards, Sidi."

Burton felt slightly disgusted, felt tempted to draw back. But he shook his head. Romance—it was waiting for him; and after all, he thought, it was no better or worse than tipping the headwaiter in New York restaurant and sending him across the waxed floor to woman dining alone, with a woe scribbled on a visiting card.

"All right," he said.

He followed the dragoman down stairs, through the garden, to the back door of Si Mohammed's house. The Kisslar Agassi was waiting. There was talk in guttural, explosive Arabic, the clasp of money, and the eunuch's pudgy hand grasping Burton's and dragging him across the threshold.

"Come, yah Sidi. Be careful."

Then a rapid crossing of darkened rooms, a mounting of darkened stairs, a rustle of curtains, heavy odor of musk and attar roses, somewhere the sound of sleeper snoring rumblingly, and, gishly, a final word:

"I shall watch, Sidi."

And Burton found himself on roof top of Si Mohammed's house. Janina rose and came up to him, the moonlight glinting down her black tresses, gleaming with

(Continued on page 101)

By P. G. Wodehouse

*If a Laugh Isn't
Becoming to Your
Style of Beauty*

*Don't
Read
This
Story*

*Illustrations by
T. D. Skidmore*

"Hullo-ullo-ullo!" said
the guv'nor as the child
reached us. "Do you
want a lift?"

Bertie Changes His Mind

IT HAS happened so frequently in the past few years that young fellows starting in my profession have come to me for a word of advice, that I've found it convenient now to condense my system into a brief formula. Resource and Tact—that is my motto. Tact, of course, has always been with me a *sine qua non*; while as for resource, I think I may say that I have usually contrived to show a certain modicum of what I might call finesse in handling those little contretemps which inevitably arise from time to time in the daily life of a gentleman's personal gentleman. I am reminded, just by way of an instance, of the episode of the School for Young Ladies down Brighton way. Now there was a case. The very moment I observed the small child waving to us in the road, I said to myself . . . But perhaps it will be more satisfactory to relate the affair from the beginning. And I think it may be said to have commenced one evening at the moment when I brought the guv'nor his whisky and syphon and he burst out at me with such remarkable petulance.

Kind of moody the guv'nor had been for some days. Not at all his usual bright self. I had put it down to reaction from a slight attack of influenza which he'd been having; and of course I took no notice, just performing my duties as usual, until this evening which I'm talking about, when I brought him his whisky and syphon as was customary and he burst out at me.

"Oh, dash it, Jeeves!" he said, sort of overwrought. "I wish at least you'd put it on another table for a change."

"Sir?" I said.

"Every night, hang it all!" proceeded the guv'nor, "you come in at exactly the same old time with the same old tray and put it on the same dashed old table. I'm fed up, I tell you. It's the bally monotony of it that makes it all seem so frightfully bally."

I confess that his words filled me with a certain apprehension. I had heard gentlemen in whose employment I've been talk in very much the same way before, and it had almost invariably meant that they were contemplating matrimony. It disturbed me, therefore, I'm free to admit, when Mr. Wooster spoke in this fashion. I had no desire to sever a connection so pleasant

in every respect as his and mine had been, and my experience is that when a wife comes in at the front door the valet of bachelor days goes out at the back.

"It's not your fault, of course," went on the guv'nor, calming down a trifle. "I'm not blaming you. But by Jove, I mean, you must acknowledge, I mean to say . . . I've been thinking pretty deeply these last few days, Jeeves, and I've come to the conclusion mine is an empty life. I'm lonely, Jeeves."

"You have a great many friends, sir," I pointed out.

"What's the good of friends?"

"Emerson says a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature, sir."

"Well, you can tell Emerson from me next time you see him that he's an ass."

"Very good, sir."

"What I want—Jeeves, have you seen that play called I-forget-its-dashed-name?"

"No, sir."

"It's on at the what-d-you-call-it. I went last night. The hero's a chap who's buzzing along, you know, quite merry and bright, and suddenly a kid turns up and says she's his daughter. Left over from act one, you know—absolutely the first he'd heard of it. Well of course there's a bit of a fuss and they say to him 'What ho?' and he says 'Well, what about it?' and they say 'Well, what about it?' and he says 'Oh, all right, then, if that's the way you feel!' and he takes the kid and goes off with her, out into the world together, you know. Well, what I'm driving at, Jeeves, is that I envied that chappie. Most awfully jolly little girl, you know, clinging to him trustingly and what not. Something to look after, if you know what I mean. Jeeves, I wish I had a daughter. I wonder what the procedure is?"

"Marriage is, I believe, considered the preliminary step, sir."

"No, I mean about adopting a kid. You can adopt kids, you know, Jeeves. I've seen it in the papers, often. 'So-and-so, adopted daughter of Tiddleypush.' It can be done all right. But what I want to know is how you start about it."

"The process, I should imagine, would be highly complicated and laborious, sir. It would cut into your spare time."

This seemed to check him for a while. Then he brightened up.

"Well, I'll tell you what I could do, then. My sister will be back from India next week with her three little girls. I'll give up this flat and take a house and have them all to live with me. By Jove, Jeeves, I think that's rather a scheme, what? Prattle of childish voices, eh? Little feet pattering hither and thither, yes?"

I concealed my perturbation. The scheme the *guy*'nor was toying with meant the finish of our cozy bachelor establishment if it came off; and no doubt some men in my place would at this juncture have voiced their disapproval and probably got the sack for it, the *guy*'nor being in what you might call an edgy mood. I avoided this *tracasserie*.

"If you will pardon my saying so, sir," I suggested tactfully, "I think you are not quite yourself after your influenza. If I might express the opinion, what you require is a few days by the sea. Brighton is very handy, sir."

"Are you suggesting that I'm talking through my hat?"

"By no means, sir. I merely advocate a short stay at Brighton as a physical recuperative."

The *guy*'nor thought it over.

"Well, I'm not sure you're not right. I *am* feeling more or less of an onion. You might shove a few things in a suitcase and drive me down in the car tomorrow."

"Very good, sir."

"And when we get back I'll be in the pink and ready to tackle this pattering feet wheeze."

"Exactly, sir."

Well, it was a respite and I welcomed it. But I began to see that a crisis had arisen which would require adroit handling. Rarely had I observed the *guy*'nor more set on a thing. Indeed, I could recall no such exhibition of determination on his part since the time when he had insisted, against my obvious disapproval, on wearing purple socks. However, I had coped successfully with that outbreak and I was by no means unsanguine that I should eventually be able to bring the present affair to a happy issue. Employers are like horses. They want managing. Some of us have the knack of managing them, some haven't. I, I am happy to say, have no cause for complaint.

For myself, I found our stay at Brighton highly enjoyable and should have been willing to extend it; but the *guy*'nor, still restless, had had enough by the end of a couple of days, and on the third afternoon he instructed me to pack up and bring the car round to the hotel. We started back along the London road at about five of a fine summer's day, and had traveled perhaps two miles when this incident of the waving young lady occurred, to which I have alluded above. I trod on the brake and brought the vehicle to a standstill.

"What," inquired the *guy*'nor, waking from a reverie, "is the big thought at the back of this, Jeeves?"

"I observed a young lady endeavoring to attract our attention with signals a little way down the road, sir," I explained. "She is now making her way toward us."

The *guy*'nor peered.

"I see her. I expect she wants a lift, Jeeves."

"That was the interpretation which I placed upon her actions, sir."

"A jolly looking kid," said the *guy*'nor. "I wonder what she's doing, biffing about the high road."

"She has the air to me, sir, of one who has been playing hookey from school, sir."

"Hullo-ullo-ullo!" said the *guy*'nor as the child reached us. "Do you want a lift?"

"Oh, I say, can you?" said the child with marked pleasure.

"Where do you want to go?"

"There's a turning to the left about a mile farther on. If you'll put me down there, I'll walk the rest of the way. I say, thanks awfully. I've got a nail in my shoe."

She climbed in at the back. A red-haired young person with a snub nose and an extremely large grin. Her age, I should

imagine, would be about twelve. She let down one of the spare seats and knelt on it to facilitate conversation.

"I'm going to get into a frightful row," she began. "Miss Tomlinson will be perfectly furious."

"No, really?" said the *guy*'nor.

"Per-fectly furious, my dear! It's a half holiday, you know, and I sneaked away to Brighton because I wanted to go on the pier and put pennies in the slot machines. I thought I could get back in time so that nobody would notice I'd gone, but I got this nail in my shoe and now there'll be a fearful row. Oh, well!" she said with a philosophy which, I confess, I admired, "it can't be helped."

The *guy*'nor was visibly perturbed. As I have indicated, he was at this time in a highly malleable frame of mind, tender hearted to a degree where the young of the female sex were concerned. Her sad case touched him deeply.

"Oh, I say, this is rather rotten!" he observed. "Isn't there anything to be done? I say, Jeeves, don't you think something could be done?"

"It was not my place to make the suggestion, sir," I replied, "but, as you yourself have brought the matter up, I fancy the trouble is susceptible of adjustment. I think it would be a legitimate subterfuge were you to inform the young lady's schoolmistress that you are an old friend of the young lady's father. In this case you could inform Miss Tomlinson that you had been passing the school and had seen the young lady at the gate and taken her for a drive. Miss Tomlinson's chagrin would no doubt in these circumstances be sensibly diminished if not altogether dispersed."

"Well, you *are* a sportsman!" observed the young person with great enthusiasm. And she proceeded to kiss me—in connection with which I have only to say that I was sorry she had just been devouring some sticky species of sweetmeat.

"Jeeves, you've hit it!" said the *guy*'nor. "A sound, even fruity scheme. I say, I suppose I'd better know your name and all that if I'm a friend of your father's."

My name's Peggy Mainwaring, thanks awfully," said the young person. "And my father's Professor Mainwaring. He's written a lot of books. You'll be expected to know that."

"Author of the well known series of philosophical treatises, sir," I said. "They have a great vogue, though, if the young lady will pardon my saying so, many of the Professor's opinions strike me personally as somewhat empirical. Shall I drive on to the school, sir?"

"Yes, carry on. I say, Jeeves, it's a rummy thing. Do you know, I've never been inside a girls' school in my life."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Ought to be a dashed interesting experience, Jeeves, what?"

"I fancy that you may find it so, sir," I said.

We drove on a matter of half a mile down a lane and, directed by the young person, I turned in at the gates of a house of imposing dimensions, bringing the car to a halt at the front door. The *guy*'nor and the child went in, and presently a parlormaid came out.

"You're to take the car round to the stables, please," she said.

"Ah! Then everything is satisfactory, eh? Where has the *guy*'nor got to?"

"Miss Peggy has taken him off to meet her friends. And cook says she hopes you'll step round to the kitchen later and have a cup of tea."

"Inform her that I shall be delighted. Before I take the car to the stables would it be possible for me to have a word with Miss Tomlinson?"

A moment later I was following her into the drawing room.

Handsome but strong minded—that was how I summed up Miss Tomlinson at first glance. In some ways she recalled to my mind the *guy*'nor's Aunt Agatha. She had the same penetrating gaze and that indefinable air of being reluctant to stand any nonsense.

"I fear I am possibly taking a liberty, madam," I began, "but I am hoping that you will allow me to say a word with respect to my employer. I fancy I am correct in supposing that Mr. Wooster did not tell you a great deal about himself?"

"He told me nothing about himself except that he was a friend of Professor Mainwaring."

"He did not inform you, then, that he was the Mr. Wooster?"

"The Mr. Wooster?"

"Bertram Wooster, madam."

I will say for the *guy*'nor that, mentally negligible though he



The gov'nor's is not one of those inscrutable faces which it is impossible to read. On the contrary . . .

no doubt is, he has a name that suggests almost infinite possibilities. He sounds like Someone—especially if you've just been told he's an intimate friend of Professor Mainwaring. You might not be able to say offhand whether he was Bertram Wooster the novelist or Bertram Wooster the founder of a new school of thought; but you would have an uneasy feeling that you were exposing your ignorance if you did not give the impression of familiarity with the name. Miss Tomlinson, as I had rather foreseen, nodded brightly.

"Oh, Bertram Wooster!" she said.

"He is an extremely retiring gentleman, madam, and would be the last to suggest it himself, but, knowing him as I do, I am sure that he would take it as a graceful compliment if you were to ask him to address the young ladies. He is an excellent extempore speaker."

"A very good idea!" said Miss Tomlinson decidedly. "I am very much obliged to you for suggesting it. I will certainly ask him to talk to the girls."

"And should he make a pretense—through modesty—of not wishing . . ."

"I shall insist!"

"Thank you, madam. I am obliged. You will not mention my share in the matter? Mr. Wooster might think that I had exceeded my duties."

I drove round to the stables and halted the car in the yard. As I got out, I looked at it somewhat intently. It was a good car and appeared to be in excellent condition, but somehow I seemed to feel that something was going to go wrong with it—something pretty serious—something that wouldn't be able to be put right again for at least a couple of hours.

One gets these presentiments . . .

It may have been some half hour later that the gov'nor came into the stable yard as I was leaning against the car and smoking a quiet cigarette.

"No, don't chuck it away, Jeeves," he said as I withdrew the



"Be bright," said Miss Tomlinson. "Bright and amusing. Come. The young people are waiting."

T.D.S.

cigarette from my mouth. "As a matter of fact, I've come to touch you for a smoke. Got one to spare?"

"Only gaspers, I fear, sir."

"They'll do," responded the gov'nor with no little eagerness. I observed that his manner was a trifle fatigued and his eye somewhat wild. "It's a rummy thing, Jeeves; I seem to have lost my cigarette case. Can't find it anywhere."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir. It is not in the car."

"No? Must have dropped it somewhere, then." He drew at his gasper with relish. "Jolly creatures, small girls, Jeeves," he remarked after a pause.

"Extremely so, sir."

"Of course I can imagine some fellows finding them a bit exhausting in—er—"

"*En masse*, sir?"

"That's the word. A bit exhausting *en masse*."

"I must confess, sir, that that is how they used to strike me. In my younger days, at the outset of my career, sir, I was at one time page boy in a school for young ladies."

"No, really? I never knew that before. I say, Jeeves—er—did the—er—dear little souls giggle much in your day?"

"Practically without cessation, sir."

"Makes a fellow feel a bit of an ass, what? I shouldn't wonder if they usedn't to stare at you from time to time, too, eh?"

"At the school where I was employed, sir, the young ladies had a regular

game which they used to play when a male visitor arrived. They would stare fixedly at him and giggle, and there was a small prize for the one who made him blush first."

"Oh no, I say, Jeeves, not really?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'd no idea small girls were such demons."

"More deadly than the male, sir."

The gov'nor passed a handkerchief over his brow.

"Well, we're going to have tea in a few minutes, Jeeves. I expect I shall feel better after tea."

"We will hope so, sir."

But I was by no means sanguine.

I had an agreeable tea in the kitchen. The buttered toast was good and the maids nice girls, though with little conversation. The parlormaid, who joined us towards the end of the meal after performing her duties in the school dining room, reported that the gov'nor was sticking it pluckily but seemed feverish. I went back to the stable yard, and I was just giving the car another look-over when the small Mainwaring child appeared.

"Oh, I say," she said, "will you give this to Mr. Wooster when you see him." She held out the gov'nor's cigarette case. "He must have dropped it somewhere. I say," she proceeded, "it's an awful lark. He's going to give a lecture to the school."

"Indeed, miss?"

"We love it when there are lectures. We sit and stare at the poor dears and try to make them dry up. There was a man last term who got hiccoughs. Oh, do you think Mr. Wooster will get hiccoughs?"

"We can but hope for the best, miss."

"It would be such a lark, wouldn't it!"

"Highly enjoyable, miss."

"Well, I must be getting back. I want to get a front seat." And she scampered off. An engaging child. Full of spirits.

She had hardly gone when there was an agitated noise, and round the corner came the gov'nor. Perturbed. Deeply so.

"Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"Start the car!"

"Sir?"

"I'm off!"

"Sir?"

The gov'nor danced a few steps.

"Don't stand there saying 'Sir?' I tell you I'm off. Bally off! There's not a moment to waste. The situation's desperate. Dash it, Jeeves, do you know what's happened? The Tomlinson female has just sprung it on me that I'm expected to make a speech to the girls! Got to stand up there in front of the whole dashed collection and talk! I can just see myself! Get that car going, Jeeves, dash it all. A little speed, a little speed!"

"Impossible, I fear, sir. The car is out of order."

The gov'nor gaped at me. Very glassily he gaped.

"Out of order!"

"Yes, sir. Something is wrong. Trivial, perhaps, but possibly a matter of some little time to repair." The gov'nor being one of those easy going young gentlemen who'll drive a car but never take the trouble to learn anything about its mechanism, I felt justified in becoming technical. "I think it is the differential gear, sir. Either that or the exhaust."

I'm fond of the guv'nor, and I admit I came very near to melting as I looked at his face. He was staring at me in a sort of dumb despair that would have touched anybody.

"Then I'm sunk! Or"—a slight gleam of hope flickered across his drawn features—"do you think I could sneak out and leg it across country, Jeeves?"

"Too late, I fear, sir." I indicated with a slight gesture the approaching figure of Miss Tomlinson, who was advancing with a serene determination in his immediate rear.

"Ah, there you are, Mr. Wooster."

The guv'nor smiled a sickly smile.

"Yes—er—here I am!"

"We are all waiting for you in the large schoolroom."

"But, I say, look here," said the guv'nor, "I—I don't know a bit what to talk about."

"Why, anything, Mr. Wooster. Anything that comes into your head. Be bright," said Miss Tomlinson. "Bright and amusing."

"Oh, bright and amusing?"

"Possibly tell them a few entertaining stories. But at the same time do not neglect the graver note. Remember that my girls are on the threshold of life and will be eager to hear something brave and helpful and stimulating—something which they can remember in after years. But of course you know the sort of thing, Mr. Wooster. Come. The young people are waiting."

I have spoken earlier of resource and the part it plays in the life of a gentleman's personal gentleman. It is a quality peculiarly necessary if one is to share in scenes not primarily designed for one's cooperation. So much that is interesting in life goes on apart behind closed doors that your gentleman's gentleman, if he is not to remain hopelessly behind the march of events, should exercise his wits in order to enable himself to be—if not a spectator—at least an auditor when there is anything of interest toward. I deprecate as both vulgar and infra dig the practice of listening at keyholes, but without lowering myself to that I have generally contrived to find a way.

In the present case it was simple. The large schoolroom was situated on the ground floor, with commodious French windows which, as the weather was clement, remained open throughout the proceedings. By stationing myself behind a pillar on the porch or veranda which adjoined the room, I was enabled to see and hear all. It was an experience which I should be sorry to have missed. The guv'nor indubitably excelled himself.

Mr. Wooster is a young gentleman with practically every desirable quality except one. I do not mean brains, for in an employer brains are not desirable. The quality to which I allude is hard to define, but perhaps I might call it the gift of dealing with the unusual situation. In the presence of the unusual, Mr. Wooster is too prone to smile weakly and allow his eyes to protrude. He lacks presence. I have often wished that I had the power to bestow upon him some of the *savoir faire* of a former employer of mine, Mr. Montague-Todd, the well known financier, now in the second year of his sentence. I have known men call upon Mr. Todd with the express intention of horse-whipping him and go away half an hour later laughing heartily and smoking one of his cigars.

To Mr. Todd it would have been play to speak a few impromptu words to a schoolroom full of young ladies in fact, before he had finished, he would probably have induced them to invest all their pocket money in one of his numerous companies, but to the guv'nor it was plainly an ordeal which had knocked all the stuffing out of him right from the start. He gave one look at the young ladies, who were all staring at him in an extremely unwinking manner, blinked and started to pick feebly at his coat sleeve. His aspect reminded me of that of a bashful young man who has been persuaded against his better judgment to go on the platform and assist a conjurer and is having rabbits and hard boiled eggs taken out of the top of his head.

The proceedings opened with a short but graceful speech of introduction from Miss Tomlinson.

"Girls, some of you have already met Mr. Wooster—Mr. Bertram Wooster—and you all, I hope, know him by reputation." Here the guv'nor gave a hideous, gurgling laugh and,

catching Miss Tomlinson's eye, turned vermilion. Miss Tomlinson resumed. "He has very kindly consented to say a few words to you before he leaves, and I am sure that you will all give him your very earnest attention. Now, please."

She gave a spacious gesture with her right hand as she said the last two words, and the guv'nor, under the impression that they were addressed to him, cleared his throat and began to say something. But it appeared that her remark was directed to the young ladies and was in the nature of a cue or signal, for she had no sooner spoken them than the whole school rose to its feet in a body and burst into a species of chant, of which I am glad to say I can remember the words, though the tune eludes me. The lyric ran as follows:

Many greetings to
you!

Many greetings to
you!

Many greetings,
dear stranger,

Many greetings,
Many greetings,

Many greetings to
you!

Many greetings to
you!

To you!

Considerable latitude of choice was given to the singers in the matter of key, and there was little of what I might call team work. Each child went on till she had reached the end, then stopped and waited for the

(Continued on
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"Jeeves," cried the guv'nor hoarsely,
"is that confounded car mended yet?"



Stories That Have Made Me LAUGH

EVERYBODY condemns the use of profanity, of course. Nevertheless it seems to be almost a necessity in some callings, for one has to admit that without it there could be precious little truck driving, still less sailing and no fishing at all. In any event, much depends upon the manner of its utterance. I have heard profanity used by ships'

officers with such gravity and clearness of enunciation that it seemed more in the nature of professional advice than profanity; and just how I am going to relate all this foreword to the following story which Charley Chaplin told me I don't know. However, here goes:

A lady entered a subway car in which every seat was occupied — by male passengers. She was the only standee, and although she glared around her not one male passenger so much as looked up from his paper. At last an extremely drunken man arose un-

steadily from his seat and raised his hat as impressively as the circumstances permitted.

"Take my seat, lady," he said.

The lady glared around once more and then sat down.

"Thank you, sir," she said. "You're a gentleman."

The drunken man acknowledged this compliment with an unsuppressed hiccough.

"You bet your blank blank life I am!" he declared proudly.

IN FRANCE some of the restaurants are named after the specialty of the house, such as Restaurant Boeuf à la Mode or Chapon Fin. No doubt this practice is intended to stimulate the potential customer's appetite with suggestions of what may be had inside the restaurant—steaming dishes of boeuf à la mode, or boeuf à la mode served cold in jelly—both of them excellent, especially with a small bottle of Chambertin or Pommard. (Great Scott! What am I saying?) In Chicago, however, the proprietor of one restaurant has gone the French one better. He names his restaurant:

THE GREASY VEST

and further advertises:

"When we say we smother 'em in onions, we SMOTHER 'em."

What visions of plenty arise! Generous portions of thick soup in Gargantuan tureens with spoons so large that it is impossible for the customer to prevent the overflow cascading down the front of his waistcoat. There will be of course on the bill of fare, prominently displayed, the name and address of a reliable dry cleaner, not as an advertisement but as a precaution, just as in some states a bottle of poison cannot

be sold without the antidote being printed on the label.

And all of this brings us in a roundabout way to the story of the late Timothy D. Sullivan, who took a tramp into a Bowery restaurant and treated him to his first square meal in months. He watched his guest eat six portions of beef stew, one after another, until at length the tramp sat back in his chair with every appearance of surfeit.

"Now how about a little dessert?" Tim said.

"What's dessert?" the tramp asked.

"Why, you see, you've had six plates of beef stew and now you ought to have something else to top it off," Tim replied. "That's what they call dessert. It sort of gives a finish to the meal."

"All right," the tramp said. "Give me another plate of beef stew."

MY ACQUAINTANCE with the Prince of Wales like yours is limited to the pictures of him in the brown illustrated Sunday supplements of the newspapers, but I should say offhand from the number and variety of regimental uniforms, hunting costumes, golf suits, morning coats and evening clothes in which he is arrayed Sunday after Sunday, that the excess baggage rates of his recent trip to India would have been more than sufficient to have paid the interest on England's foreign debt, with enough left over to have bought The Blue Boy for the National Gallery. I should also say offhand that all these portraits of him show what is apparently a well brought up lad of about seventeen or eighteen, although he must be at least twenty-seven.

At a recent American Legion Conference Colonel MacNider told a story about an army captain who was handicapped by the same youthful appearance as the Prince of Wales without the stupendous wardrobe with which to carry it off successfully.

He was passing one day in front of his hard-boiled company when a voice from the ranks called out:

"And a little child shall lead them."

The following day the youthful looking captain posted the following notice in his company's quarters:

And a little child shall lead them
On a twenty mile hike, on a damn big horse.

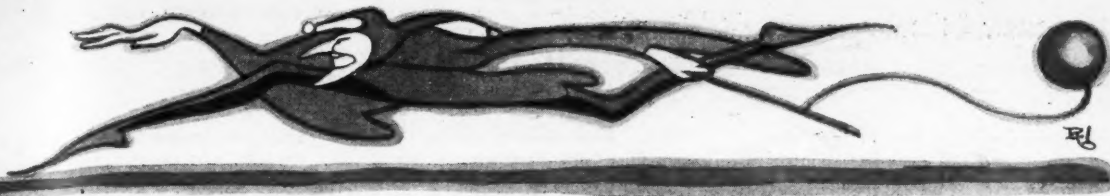
WHEN the motorcycle with the side car attachment was first introduced, it was known as a Wife Killer. The passenger received all the sensations of a barber shop facial electro-vibro-massage except that it was evenly applied all over his body. A rough roadbed and sudden curves were apt to result disastrously for the passenger. London Punch recently printed a picture of one of these motorcycles with the side car attachment. On the motorcycle is a man toggled out in all the accoutrements of motorcycling.

His eyes are fixed steadily on the road in front of him. The speed is tremendous. The side car, however, is empty.

"Look out, Alf," the motorcyclist says, his eyes still fixed on the road. "We are going over another bump."

IT IS popularly believed that, before the war, what the members of an American family scraped off their plates at the end of a meal would have fed three French families for a week; which is





GH by Montague Glass Author of "Potash and Perlmutter"

to be explained by the comment of the man who was told that Washington threw a silver dollar across the Delaware River.

"Money used to go much further in those days," the man said.

However, what I am leading up to—and doing it rather clumsily, I think—is about Mr. J. J. Colman, the well advertised manufacturer of mustard. He found himself seated next to a young lady who knew his advertisements but not Mr. Colman himself.

"So you are the Mr. Colman who makes all that money out of the dabs of mustard we put on the side of our plates," she said.

"You confound me with somebody else," Mr. Colman replied.

"I am the Mr. Colman who makes all that money out of the mustard you leave on the side of your plate."



A COLORED man was arraigned before a Southern magistrate on a petty larceny charge. Although he vehemently protested his innocence, the evidence was so strong against him that he was soon found guilty and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. As he was being led away, he began to mutter to himself, half aloud, and

the judge banged violently on the desk with his gavel.

"What was that you said?" he demanded of the prisoner.

"Ah didn't say nothin', Jedge," the darkey replied.

"Oh yes you did!" the judge insisted. "I heard you using most contemptuous language about this court—language that no decent man could repeat. Now, have you got anything to say before I commit you for a further term of six months?"

"Why, Jedge, Ah don't know what you all's talking about," the darkey declared. "After you sentenced me jes' now Ah wasn't talkin' at all. Ah was jes' prayin'."

"Praying!" the judge exclaimed.

"Why suttently, Jedge," the prisoner said. "Ah's an innocent man goin' to de hoosegow for somethin' Ah never did, Jedge, and all Ah said jes' now was: God am de jedge! God am de jedge!"

YOU know, of course, the story about the man who became a widower after forty years of married life.

"You must miss your wife very much," a friend said.

"Oh yes! I suppose so," the widower replied.

"You were very happy together, weren't you?" the friend insisted.

"Some people would say so," the widower half admitted.

"But she was a splendid woman in every way, wasn't she?" the friend continued.

"Oh, splendid! Splendid!" the widower agreed. "But I never liked her."

The story that I intended to tell, however, was that of the English butler who suddenly gave his employer a month's notice, after having held his position for twenty-five years.

"Why, Hickson," the employer said, "isn't everything perfectly satisfactory here?"

"Perfectly, sir, perfectly."

"Then what on earth is the matter?" the employer asked.

"Well, sir, I hardly like to say, sir," the butler replied.

"Nonsense, Hickson!" the employer exclaimed. "You've been with me twenty-five years, give me notice like this, and then say you have no reason!"

"Oh, I didn't say I had no reason, sir!" the butler declared.

"I have a reason, and a very good one, sir."

"Then I insist on knowing what it is," the employer said.

"Well, if you *must* know, sir," the butler announced at last, "the fact is that I'm sick of the very sight of you."



AS A New Yorker sojourning in California, I yield nothing to the most enthusiastic Los Angeles real estater in my love and admiration for the beauties—natural, artificial and I was about to say feminine—of California. Is this understood? Very well! Let us then discuss the Californian who made the trip around the world on the steamship Cleveland. He appointed himself press agent for the State of California and his fellow passengers soon began to feel that they were not so much world pilgrims engaged in a circumnavigation of the globe as members of a Southern California chamber of commerce who were off on a Boost California excursion.

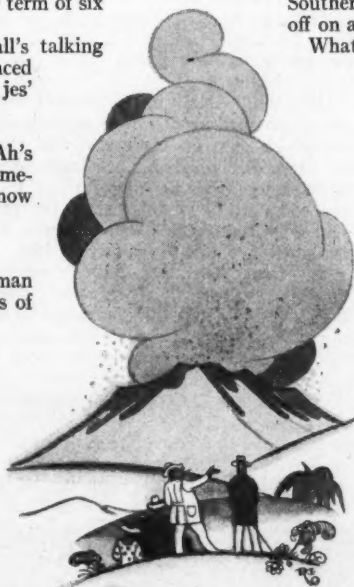
Whatever picturesque sight the Californian encountered in any of the countries he and his fellow passengers visited, he immediately compared it to a similar sight in California—always to the advantage of California and sometimes upon the principle of the Scots schoolmaster who was judge of a beauty contest and awarded the prize to his elderly ugly daughter—saying in excuse that a man must favor his own. At length the excursion on its return to America from the Orient landed at the Hawaiian Islands and made the trip to the crater of Kilauea.

"Well, sir," one of the Californian's fellow passengers said as they gazed upon that stupendous lake of fire, with its molten lava and terrifying jets of gas and vapor, "have you anything like this in the State of California?"

The Californian was crestfallen.

"I guess we haven't," he admitted gloomily. A moment later, however, he became much more cheerful.

"But," he declared triumphantly, "the Los Angeles fire department could put it out in ten minutes."



It Shall Be Done

(Continued from page 79)

"Skinner, my dear boy," Cappy shot at him, "you and Bill Peck are about of the same size. You hop in the office automobile and go to your home. There you will place in a suitcase and bring to me the following articles, to-wit: One suit of clothing, one pair dry woolen socks, one suit of underwear, one negligee shirt, one necktie, two handkerchiefs and an overcoat. On your way downtown again, buy a cheap golf cap."

"Why this raid on my wardrobe, Mr. Ricks?" Skinner ventured to inquire.

"Say, look here, Skinner. If Bill Peck saves your reputation with the lumbermen, you shouldn't object to lending him some dry clothing until he can buy some that fit him better. He's coming home on a trawler, soaking wet, cold and miserable. Now then, when you have brought the suitcase here, take the car and scurry around town until you have leased for six months a suite of three offices in some decent building, and when you have leased the offices, go to a second-hand office furniture house and lease two typewriter desks, two big flat topped desks, two good typewriters, chairs and a mimeograph machine. Have them installed tonight in the offices you are going to rent."

"Yes, sir. Anything else?"

"No. Get out of here and attend to business, Skinner, dear boy, and as you pass through tell the exchange operator to get my daughter on the telephone."

When Cappy's daughter Florry, now Mrs. Matt Peasley, answered, Cappy said: "Florry, my love—this is your aged parent speaking. Please send your chauffeur down to the office with a small flask of cooking brandy. I think I have some that was old when you were a baby. One of our men has fallen overboard and I have to revive him. That's a love."

He hung up and rang for Skinner's secretary. "Take radiogram," he ordered crisply. "Mrs. William E. Peck, aboard s. s. Golden State. Please consider yourself kissed. Won a thousand dollars from a hated competitor, betting that Bill would obey orders. It will be reposing to your credit with the Hawaiian National Bank when you arrive. Blow it. Will meet Bill off the harbor with dry clothing and cough medicine. Cappy Ricks." Now take another radiogram: 'Master, s. s. Golden State. Thanks for message. I own sufficient stock in steamship company that hires you to make them respect me at annual stockholders' meetings, which naturally makes me wish you had not subjected my man to cold bath. Hope I am feeling good natured by time you return. Alden P. Ricks.'

As the stenographer left the room Cappy winked at Redell. "Might as well throw a scare into that skipper," he declared. "Then he'll bring me in some very old Scotch on his return trip. Not that I ever drink enough of the dratted stuff to drown a housefly, but then a fellow might just as well be a little old devil while he can. And I haven't many years before me, Gus. I'm A. W. O. L. from Cypress Lawn Cemetery right now."

"Well, if you're a dead one, God help the living, Cappy! Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes. Root around among the newspaper offices this afternoon and see if you can hire me a publicity man who believes everything he writes. I'll pay a hundred a week. When you find him, put him to work instantly. I want a story cracked in both morning papers and again in the afternoon papers. We must educate the public immediately, Gus. Our solicitors must not have their time wasted educating their prospect into a thorough understanding of what he is asked to sign. Tell that publicity man to pull out the vox humana stop by the roots—roof taken from over the very heads of old ladies and infants—shattered dreams of a cheap bungalow, etc., etc. Hop to your job, Gus. When Skinner has rented the offices I'll have him insert in the Help Wanted columns an advertisement for solicitors and have them report for duty at eight o'clock tomorrow morning. Meanwhile I'll digest this unworthy Housing Act. You may inform your publicity man that I will be available for an interview at my home this evening."

He reached again for the telephone.

"Do you know, Gus," he complained, "that infernal fellow, Skinner, is getting to be quite a slacker on the job! I've been trying for years to retire, but I cannot. They run me ragged. Depend upon it, Gus, there's always work for idle hands to do around this shop—Hello, get me Crowley's Boat House . . . Hello, I want Tom Crowley . . . Hello, Tommy. Cappy Ricks speaking. Have the fastest launch in your fleet waiting for me at the float. I'll be down in half an hour."

He hung up and jabbed the press button.

Mr. Skinner's secretary entered. "Take office memorandum for Mr. Skinner." He dictated some crisp orders.

"Now, then, young lady," he continued, "I'm going to take a nap until Mr. Skinner returns with a suitcase. Have a taxi waiting downstairs to take me and the suit case to Crowley's Boat House. When my daughter's chauffeur enters with a package, hold it until Mr. Skinner arrives and then insert the package in the suitcase. Good by, Gus. Glad you called. Drop in frequently. Always come when you feel sportily inclined. That's all, young lady."

He leaned back in his swivel chair, swung his aged legs to the top of his desk, bowed his chin on his breast and closed his eyes; for until Mr. Skinner should return there was nothing further to do and forty winks would sustain the president emeritus of the Ricks interests, even though the cemetery yawned for him.

At three o'clock Mr. Skinner returned with the suitcase. At three-ten Cappy was on his way to sea in an express launch; at four-forty-five he was eight miles off the Golden Gate, transferring from the trawler a very cold and benumbed veteran of the late war. The cooking brandy warmed the cockles of Mr. Peck's brave heart and when he had changed into dry clothing he appeared none the worse.

"Well, Bill, my boy," Cappy began, "you started a riot with that wireless message of yours. That State Housing Act, with its cute little joker in Chapter 354, got by us, that's all."

"A lawyer friend of mine, knowing I

was in the lumber business, asked me quite casually how the Act was going to affect the shingle industry. He was interested to know why we had let the bill go to the Governor for his signature without protesting it. Well, he sent me a copy of the Act. Unfortunately it reached me on my wedding day—"

"No apologies, Bill, my boy. We're still in time"—and he proceeded to explain to Bill Peck every legal aspect of a referendum procedure. He also took care to inform him of the preliminary steps he had taken.

Mr. Peck was most earnest in his praise of Cappy's initiative. Time was, indeed, the essence of the contract.

"I suppose you have also arranged for the referendum blanks?" he asked.

Cappy's face went red.

"By the holy pink toed prophet! I never thought of that. Do we have to have a special blank?"

"Yes, sir. I've signed a couple of referendum petitions in my day. While the petition may be circulated in sections, nevertheless each sheet has numbered lines for each signature, and when all of the sheets have been signed they are pasted end to end in chronological order and wound up on a spool, I believe. The first sheet bears a printed preamble, stating the nature of the petition. We will have to procure these blanks from the office of the Secretary of State, in Sacramento, the State capital. Have we a line yard there?"

"Yes, Bill."

"Very well, then. We'll telephone your yard manager to get hold of the Secretary of State this evening, procure the necessary blanks and motor to San Francisco with them tonight. If he will do that I'll start our solicitors on the job bright and early."

"If he doesn't do it I'll fire him by wire. One of the things I could never forgive would be inability to find the Secretary of State after office hours. Have you any other idea on the subject, Bill?"

"Yes, sir, I have. When your radiogram reached me, it occurred to me instantly that you wanted me to take charge of some sort of a fight and win it for you. I thought you would start a referendum petition. My idea is to put a host of solicitors out in the principal cities—San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, Oakland, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. We'll not bother with the small towns or the conscientious county registrars of voters and county clerks. Some of the simple country lads in public office insist upon obeying the law literally, but the big town operators are too busy and are easier to reach—"

"I don't want you to talk to me about reaching a public servant, Bill. I don't want to know anything about your plan of operations. You are to put over this drive in your own way. Tomorrow morning Skinner will give you twenty-five thousand dollars in currency and you bring back all you do not use. You are working for me and I do not ask you to keep any books. All I want you to do is to kill that Act."

"It shall be done, sir," Bill Peck replied simply. "We'll ridicule it to death. I'll want your automobile and chauffeur for a week."

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Dance and play and everything.
For it is made the Campbell's way
Which means the best, as you will say!



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"You own 'em both, Bill."

"Then, sir, we understand each other and, unless you have some further instructions for me, I'll have another jolt of that brandy."

"I haven't any instructions for you, Bill. I never hire a man to do a hard job unless I'm pretty well convinced that the man I select is capable of doing the job. I'm telling you what to do, Bill, but not how to do it. If I have to do that, then the reason for your existence in my employ is no longer apparent to me."

Mr. Peck nodded. "The patent roofing crowd will let me know I've been in a fight," he murmured. "They will not permit a victory that is almost in sight to go by default. They'll high jack my solicitors and steal their signed petition sheets and buy them where they can't steal them. They will move heaven and earth to delay the filing of the petition until after midnight of the ninetieth day; then it will be too late to file it and it will cost the lumber industry a million dollars to induce the legislature to rescind the bill at the next session. Meanwhile, we would have lost the shingle trade—people would have gotten out of the habit of using shingles."

"Yes, more than a million. There are enough bandits in every legislature to hold up a great industry, and where the bidding might be regarded as developing briskly, the Lord knows where we'd land. In jail, probably, where many another enthusiast has landed merely because he forgot the law in his anxiety to win. You'll have to be extremely careful, Bill, not to mar your reputation by getting caught in something—ah—ahem! harumph-h-h!—shady."

"I have never tried to do anything shady, sir," Bill Peck replied smilingly, "but I have always thought that when I did, I would consider the squid."

"What do you mean—the squid?"

"Otherwise known as the devil fish. When he gets into tight quarters with the enemy, he exudes an inky liquid which darkens the water in which he is fighting. Thus his enemies are not able to see him, and under cover of his ink he makes his getaway!"

Cappy gazed long and earnestly at his lieutenant. "Bill," he declared, "I believe you have an idea!"

"I have sir," Bill replied, and lapsed into silence.

Arrived in San Francisco, Bill Peck went to a hotel while Cappy hurried home to a late dinner. During the meal J. Augustus Redell telephoned to inform him that an excellent press agent had been engaged and that he, Redell, had given this publicity expert a sizzling interview, as proxy for Cappy, and another equally sizzling on his own behalf. A little later Mr. Skinner telephoned to announce the execution of every order given him; whereupon Cappy trotted off to bed.

Exactly fifteen days passed before he saw Bill Peck again. On the morning of the ninety-first day following the signing of the State-Housing Act by the Governor, Peck strolled into Cappy's office. At the door he paused, came to attention and saluted his chief. "Ex-private Bill Peck reports that he has met the enemy and they are his'n," he announced.

"Then it's been done?"

"Sir, it had to be done! In conformity with your orders I have not bothered to keep any account of my expenditure. I

hate keeping books anyhow. Every dollar that I paid out in this campaign was done by voucher check; here are all the dead checks and here is my check for nine thousand two hundred and eighty-one dollars and ten cents, the amount remaining in my hands when I closed up shop yesterday. There are no outstanding bills."

Cappy gulped, reached for the bundle which Bill handed him and in return gave Mr. Peck transportation to Honolulu on the Matsonia, sailing at noon that day. "Your wife has arranged for transportation from Honolulu to Shanghai, Bill," he announced. "By the way, did you—ahem! harumph-h-h!—have any difficulty with the registrars or the county clerks?"

"Not the slightest, sir. You will remember that I borrowed your automobile and was gone for a week, while a capable assistant carried on the petition management. Well, during that week I sold to the editors of the newspapers in every city where we were circulating our petition, the idea that we were eternally right and the other fellow eternally wrong. Then I had these editors call up the registrars of voters or the county clerks, as the case might be, and tell these officials they hoped to have the utmost cooperation, to the end that the filing of the petition with the Secretary of State might not be delayed and the petition thus killed. Under a system of government where public positions are elective and not appointive, the friendship of a newspaper is not to be despised! Accordingly—"

"Bill," Cappy interrupted, "do you mean to tell me you didn't have to use any money?"

"Not a cent. If I had I would not have used a voucher check. Voucher checks can be traced. I found several county clerks who were so strongly against the Act that they went out of their way to help kill it. I arranged to have my solicitors report in to a central office in each city at five o'clock daily, and turn in the sheets they had had filled with signatures during the day. These sheets were then taken to the county clerk's office, where a couple of deputies remained on duty to receive them. Of course the county auditors would never have approved a bill for overtime to these decent fellows, and there was no reason on earth why they should work overtime just to please me. Consequently every time they verified a bunch of signatures they received ten dollars to cover their overtime and the cost of dinner at a restaurant. They worked until midnight every night, and got the job through for me; at ten minutes of twelve last night the referendum petition, with every signature legally verified, was filed with the Secretary of State, and as a consequence the State Housing Act is dead until next November."

"Did you meet with any—ahem! harumph-h-h!—opposition from the enemy?"

"They raided me day and night, sir. They bought off the weak brothers and sisters of solicitors almost as fast as I engaged them; those they couldn't buy off they threatened and forced to quit, and those who would not be bluffed were, in many cases, held at the point of a gun and their lists taken from them. My office was searched nightly, and I was followed twice and searched. I counter-attacked by hiring more solicitors than they could get rid of; they couldn't keep track of my new territory. It was a dirty battle and I expected to find myself

short of the requisite number of signatures on the last day."

Cappy fidgeted. "Were you, Bill? As one bandit to another—were you?"

"No, sir, but I would have been if I hadn't remembered the squid! You will recall, sir, that some time ago a referendum petition was started against the Alien Poll Tax Law, but before the sponsors of the referendum had time to file their petition, the Supreme Court of the State declared the Alien Poll Tax Law unconstitutional, which decision automatically killed the referendum petition. Well, after the battle on the Housing Act referendum petition started and I began to doubt my ability to carry the day without sufficient reserves, I resorted to strategy. I dug up the proponents of the Alien Poll Tax referendum and discovered that a Japanese publicity man had that defunct petition on hand still. I bought it from him for a hundred dollars."

"Yes," Cappy murmured musingly. "Now that you mention it, I recall how exercised the Japanese population of this State became over that Alien Poll Tax Law. Come to think of it, they started the referendum petition."

"Exactly. Well, all things are for sale by a Jap, and I bought it."

Cappy sat straight up and peered at Bill Peck over the rims of his spectacles. "Bill," he said sadly, "I'm sorry you found it necessary to resort to work like that. When you filled out your shortage with the sheets from this defunct petition, you placed citizens in the position of having their signatures attached to our petition, but without their knowledge. I believe that's very, very unethical and—ahem! harumph-h-h!—illegal."

"Oh, say not so, Mr. Ricks. Anything I could have put over on that roofing crowd would have been legal, because they barred no holds. But I didn't do that. My idea was to equip my solicitors with sheets from this old petition and instruct them to carry them in their side coat pockets, but to carry the genuine sheets in their inside coat pockets. Then, when the dips who harassed my solicitors delivered the goods, they would be delivering shopworn goods—"

"Ah, yes. You squid!"

"Well, sir, I never had an opportunity to do that. They must have had somebody shadowing me, because when I drove up to my office with this defunct petition in the tonneau and, assisted by half a dozen uniformed Pinkerton men, carried the list up to my office, that fact must have been reported to the commanding general of the opposing forces. It seemed to them that the jig was up and but one more trump remained to be played."

"Buy you off, eh, Bill?"

Bill Peck nodded. "The emissary arrived within half an hour. I had my smoke screen spread out on a table, looking it over, when my stenographer brought in his card. He said his business was strictly private and personal and when my stenographer told me that I wasted no time in having her show him in. I was born, sir, with a large bump of suspicion. The instant he entered the room, I saw by the look of alert interest in his glance as it rested on my defunct Alien Poll Tax referendum petition that he was my meat."

"Well, Mr. Ricks, he didn't waste any time sparring but clinched immediately."



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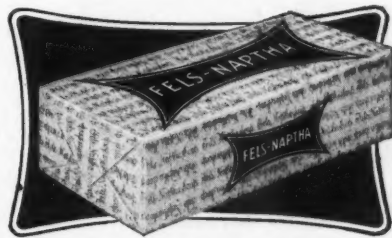
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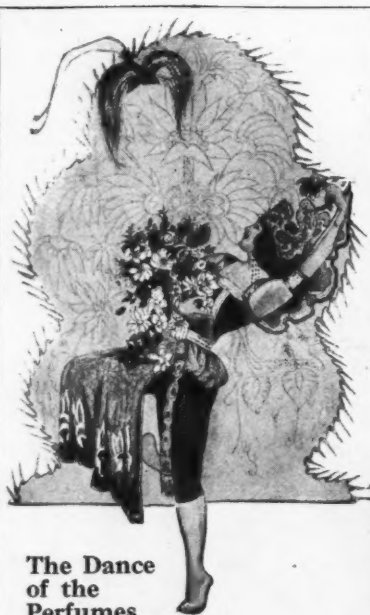
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"How long, do you suppose, Mr. Peck," he began, "it will take you, even at your present remunerative salary, to save sufficient money from this sort of work to insure you against want and misery in your old age?"

"I told him I was so young and healthy I hadn't given the subject any consideration, and added that I had no time for life insurance agents. I showed him the door and invited him to run along.

"I am not a life insurance agent," said he. "I'm the fellow in charge of the campaign you've been bucking for the past ten days."

"Oh," I replied, "that's a horse of another color. Spread your hand and spread it quickly. I'm a busy man."

"You've been a heap busier than I gave you credit for," he answered and nodded toward my defunct petition. "You burglar," he added. "You must work nights."

"Well, you forced me to hustle," I replied. "Thank you very much. If you hadn't, I might have taken my job less seriously and so would not have won out. As matters stand this bright spring morning, I have but twenty-two hundred more signatures to procure and I have three days in which to procure them."

"That was a lie, of course," Cappy interjected.

"No, sir. It was excusable fiction. The twenty-two hundred signatures I referred to were another section of my smoke screen and my Japanese friend had promised to have them sent up from Fresno within three days."

"What did he say, Bill? What did the dirty crook say to that?"

"He said, sir: 'Mr. Peck, you walk with a limp and what's left of your left wing is neither useful nor ornamental. You're handicapped for the battle of life. Now, your principals who, of course, constitute the membership of the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association, realized when they gave you charge of this fight that they were asking you to lead a forlorn hope. Nothing in the world could have been more forlorn. They know how hard I have made the going for you, and if you should lose out after your gallant fight not a scintilla of blame could possibly attach to you for your defeat.'

"I agreed with him that he had sized up the situation perfectly.

"Suppose you sell me that list," he suggested.

"That list on the table?" I queried.

"That list," he replied.

"I went to the window and looked out for a long time and thought it over. I put up a marvelous portrayal of the temptation of St. Anthony. Finally I faced him and said: 'Well, what is there in it for me?'

"Five thousand, Mr. Peck."

"Small change. It's worth twenty-five thousand for me to win this fight."

"Then I am empowered to offer you twenty-five thousand."

"You've bought something, my friend. Bring me fifty bills worth five hundred dollars each and I'll sell you fifteen thousand signatures. You understand I can't let you have them all. I've got to keep some for seed; I mustn't let myself be whipped too badly, and for the sake of appearances the fight must go to a finish. All I ask is that you call off your gang and let me work in peace for the next three days."

"I love to do business with a sensible

man," he replied and left the office at once. An hour later he was back with the money—brand new, crisp bills, all of which I examined through a microscope for possible markings. I pretended to be very careful—as careful as a wise crook would be. Finding none, I carefully counted out sheets containing fifteen thousand signatures and piled them neatly on the floor; he opened the door leading to the hall, called in a couple of his henchmen, had them remove the sheets, which were tied in bundles, bade me a pleasant good morning and faded away like the Arab. He kept his word and my solicitors were not again molested; I finished the campaign with a thousand signatures to spare and I'm awfully glad I'm going away on the Matsonia today, because the rude awakening will come to my late opponents when they read tomorrow morning's newspapers. If I should linger around this town another day what's left of my old carcass would be found, quite lifeless, up an alley. Here are the twenty-five thousand dollars I was paid for that list. I feel no qualms about it. He merely offered to buy my list, and I sold it to him. I didn't guarantee the title and he asked no questions, but took things for granted."

And Bill Peck tossed on Cappy Ricks's desk the fruit of his joyous adventuring. Cappy handed it back to him.

"I don't want this boodle, Bill," he declared. "You earned it fairly and honestly. Better give it to Mrs. Bill or buy some good bonds with it." He rang for Mr. Skinner.

"Skinner, my dear boy," he said when that functionary entered, "Bill Peck has saved the day for you and from now until election day the campaign against that infernal Housing Act is in charge of our publicity expert. Add up these dead checks. They represent the cost of the referendum campaign. Call a meeting of the Pacific Coast Lumber Manufacturers' Association and levy an assessment to reimburse me for my personal outlay made on behalf of the industry. Credit my account with this check of Bill's. It represents the money he didn't spend."

Mr. Skinner gathered up the evidence, shook hands heartily with Bill Peck and retired to his lair. Cappy sat looking at Bill Peck, while Bill Peck glanced at his watch and considered all the things he had to do before boarding the steamer for Honolulu. When he looked up, he surprised tears in Ricks's eyes.

"You'll have to forgive my weakness, Bill," Cappy gulped. "I'm susceptible to heart trouble, and every time I meet a youthful Cock Robin like you it revives my faith in human nature. At the same time, however, I am reminded that the Ricks' name dies with me and I—I—"

He rose, a little shakily, and took the stump of Bill Peck's left arm in his hands. "Leave the twenty-five thousand with me, Bill," he suggested, "and I'll make it gro for you and—and—when I retire I'll—add something to it; then, if you lose the other arm, you'll not be ground under the heel of the world. Bill, you go-getting young scoundrel—good by. I'll have Skinner work out an equitable bonus proposition in addition to your salary and you—you'll let the Far Eastern trade know you've arrived, won't you?"

"Sir," said Bill Peck solemnly, "it shall be done."



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LISTERINE
—the safe
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The Tale The Drum Told

(Continued from page 100)

diamond points in the somber orbit of her eyes. He heard his own voice stammering, ludicrous:

"You—you speak English?"

"A little—and a little French——"

"And I know about two words of Arabic."

She laughed.

"I shall teach you more," she said.

"Listen. Repeat after me: *Aqarbi h'ulana, anna schauff Janina barka, maqueh fathma lashor!*"

"What does it mean?"

"Repeat!" she insisted; and word for word, clumsily, haltingly, his lips echoed the strange sounds.

"Please tell me what it means."

"It means: I swear by Allah that I shall see only Janina, and no other woman!"

Then he kissed her.

He never knew how and when he parted from her. There was just a vague memory of the Kisslar Agassi looming up with warning words to hurry because day was near, a quick descent and crossing of rooms where morning was beginning to shoot in with a ghostly wedge of white, a dash across the garden.

At noon he woke up. There was in his soul the knowledge of something sweet and strange that had taken possession of him, heart and body, and somehow a sense of immense sadness; there was in his mouth the sweetness of wild honey, with a bitter after taste to prick the tongue and set the nerves to longing; and again that night he saw her.

Earlier in the evening the snake charmer had come. He had dismissed him curtly.

The Kisslar Agassi took him to the roof top. She came up to him with the magic of her touch.

"Yah amri!" she said in her low, throaty voice. "O my life!"

He saw her almost every night, except on those rare occasions when Nadj Omar brought word that Si Mohammed's other two wives were on the roof; and so the days passed into weeks. They had little to talk about. At times, of course, he tried to speak to her, to ask her questions about herself. But she seldom opened her lips except to kiss him or whisper words of love.

"Tell me of what you think, dear," he would ask.

"Yah amri—O my life!" she would reply. "Yah aini—O my soul!"

Then a flood of passionate words, in Arabic, in quaint French, in the little English which she knew; and after a while he gave up asking her questions. She was right, he said to himself. There was no truth but that of the senses, God given. Such was now the single thought which dominated him.

Occasionally Mahdi Ibrahim came and squatted on the roof top and beat his drum—tok-tak-tok—forcing the snakes to dance drunkenly. But as a rule Pitts Burton dismissed him, impatiently, curtly. For he had begun—quite unreasonably, he owned up to himself—to dislike the snake charmer's hawkish, sardonic face. He wondered if the man knew. If he did, he did not let on. Only once he made a certain cryptic allusion.

"If Allah proposes the destruction of an

ant, He allows wings to grow upon her!" he said one evening, apropos of nothing, as from the neighboring house drifted up the wailing of Janina's guitar.

By this time the year had swooned into the sharp, glaring summer of North Africa, with myriads of bundles of vegetation transformed in a day into fully expanded leaves and riotous, blazing flowers, and dead in another day; with the birds opening their beaks in a painful effort to gasp for air; with a splintering, jaundiced heat that veiled the levels; and the very desert a carpet of bloom. All day long Burton sat behind closed shutters, coming out only in the evening and sitting at Janina's feet, looking dreamily at the rainbow twinkle of her diamond nose stud, listening dreamily to her soft words:

"I love you, yah aini!"

"And I love you, small Janina!"

"Why do you love me, yah amri?"

"Oh—just because——"

"And I love you for the same reason—O my life—my soul—O eyes of my soul!"

Another week passed and summer was over. The desert came into its own again, with chilly night breezes which swept the yellow sands into shifting, carved waves, which clothed the rock waste with a fitful, scraggly, fantastic tangle of tamarack and drinn and dwarf acacia.

Every day Pitts Burton rode his little blue-mottled stallion out into the desert. He left Nadj Omar at home, preferring to be alone with the great peace and the enormous, vaulted silences of the Sahara, with no sign of human habitation except, occasionally, a camel rider looming on the horizon, a ragged Bedouin boy driving his goats toward brackish water and green food, or a similar bit of desert flotsam. The strength of the yellow lands came to him with a mighty sweep, a feeling of triumphant elation, a falling away of the useless burdens of life, the useless thoughts, the useless worries and ambitions. It seemed to him that he was being purged of his past—his too human, too complex past. This new life had come to him with a sort of effortless, elemental, cosmic power. His days, immensely simple, seemed charged to the brim with an overwhelming loveliness, a radiant, stainless happiness and cleanliness; and there were the nights. There was Janina. He loved her, and she loved him. Why did he love her? Why did she love him? What did it matter? What did anything matter?

When, with the sun below the horizon and the sky a frosted magic of purple and silver, he returned from the desert, he spurred his stallion to a furious gallop in the last few miles. He wanted to see Janina, to hold her in his arms, to look into her black eyes, to kiss her red lips.

He loved her. She loved him.

And then one evening, as he crossed the garden and gave the prearranged signal to the back door—two short knocks followed by a long, low drumming—the Kisslar Agassi appeared on the threshold and motioned him away.

"Oh—are Si Mohammed's other wives on the roof top?"

"No, Sidi."

"Then—why? Is Janina sick?"

"She is dead, Sidi!" And the Kisslar

The Land of Unborn Babies

IN Maeterlinck's Play—

"The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land—all misty blue—where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, fleecy clouds—not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a luxurious home—cannot find awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivalling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is so born—

the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation—the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation be *weak*, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies—

die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them. Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are counted failures—all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks—the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The call is being heard—

by the schools and colleges that are establishing classes in homemaking and motherhood; by public nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

By Congress that has passed the Mothers and Babies Act, under which health boards in every State will be called upon to give information to expectant mothers.

All this is merely a beginning—

The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation—healthy babies—each of whom must have its rightful heritage—An Even Chance—a healthy body.

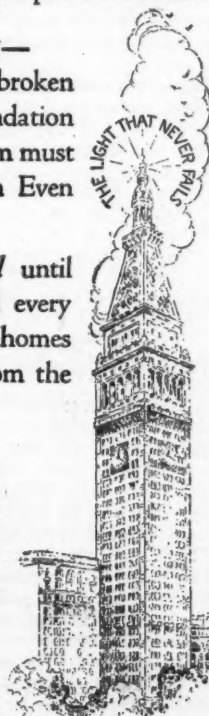
The call will not be answered until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has been working years for improvement in home conditions and surroundings and rejoices in having helped thereby to reduce materially the death rate of babies and of mothers in childbirth. During this period the death rate from infectious diseases of children has been reduced 37%. The total death rate has been reduced 31.9%.

The work of this Company has been of such vital importance to its policyholders and the public, that it is publishing the results with the hope of showing to everyone, everywhere, that there is nothing more important than protecting the people of our land from preventable diseases and unnecessary death. In 1921 the Metropolitan distributed 25,000,000 booklets

dealing with the most important phases of health and disease. It will be glad to furnish on request, booklets telling the mother how to prepare for the baby; how to keep the home sanitary; how to protect her children against contagious diseases—how to make the family healthier and happier.

HALEY FISKE, President



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Agassi closed the door in Burton's face.

In the next few seconds, that passed all scale of time, Burton lived through a series of emotions too vivid for remembrance of gesture, of action, of thought. He did feel. But it was as if he felt it in another man's body, a stranger's. This stranger gave a strangled cry; he passed through certain absurd physical details—a foot that was "asleep," a hat that fell on the ground, a mosquito that bit savagely and was savagely crushed, shaky legs that crossed the garden with short, broken steps, a body that stumbled through the hall and dropped into a chair; and then out of the whirlwind and the tumult a figure came and looked down upon him, with words softly, pitifully spoken.

"I ran after you to tell you. You did not hear me, Sidi."

"Is it—true—Nadj Omar?"

"Yes, Sidi."

"You—oh!" Burton sat up. "You lie—you lie! You are crazy—" Then he read the truth in the other's eyes. An ashen pallor spread to his very lips. His voice shook: "Oh God!"

"It came suddenly this afternoon," said the dragoman, forgetting the English slang of which he was so proud, speaking gently as he might to a child. "A fever. Then death. Come, my master!" He forced Burton to rise. "A woman is a woman, and fate is fate. Who can escape what is written on the forehead? *Bismillah irrahman errahmin!*" he mumbled piously as he saw that Burton was tottering, about to fall. "Take my arm. Sit on the roof. It is cool and sweet there, and I will bring you a glass of fig wine—iced, as you like it."

Burton hardly heard. Unresisting, he accompanied Nadj Omar to the roof top.

He sat down and stared into the west with stony eyes. A chill wind sobbed from the desert. It rattled dismally in the palms and blew the sand in conical whirls. A sad, sleepy night crept over the roofs of Tugurt with black fingers. From a puddle, where a camel had wallowed, rose an evil odor. He had the confused sensation of pain that wrapped about his soul as with the curling sting of a whiplash.

Dead. How? Why?

Perhaps—the suspicion came suddenly—Si Mohammed had found out, had . . .

No, no—came the second thought—it was on him, the man, that the husband's revenge would have fallen first.

Death. There was the fact.

"*El ouad—destiny!*" whispered Nadj Omar, who had come up with a glass of fig wine.

Dead. There was the fact. His life shook upon its foundations. Now that he had lost her, his heart was like a house without any light where his thoughts wandered about, lonely children afraid of the dark. So he sat there all that night until the mists of morning rose and coiled. The mists of the desert! The mists in his own heart! They echoed this day to the tolling of the death gongs that came from the house of Si Mohammed el-Busiri, to the sobbing of the tomtoms, the wailing of the negresses. The next day he sat there and the next, knitting his riven soul to hold the pain in his breast. He ate mechanically what the dragoman put before him. He saw the burial cortège leave the house of Si Mohammed, and his

heart's remembrance followed the tiny body in the big coffin; followed it, followed it back to the evening when he had first heard her lilting song—"yah benti, yah benti!"

Darkness stalked over his soul. Grief was about him like an iron wall from which there was no escape. He spent evening after evening on the roof top, staring at the place where once had been his paradise.

Speech, action, thought, all seemed to him alike useless and vain, not worth the effort of hand or brain. Go back to America? And to what purpose? There was always in his heart the fact of Janina's death. Why had she died? How?

"Fever!" the dragoman told him, often, patiently. "Just a fever, Sidi."

So the short winter passed, and December brought the beginning of the Saharan spring with soft winds and blue nights and golden days and the melody of the young year, like a slow sob of melting harmonies. And one evening Mahdi Ibrahim, whom he had not seen since before Janina's death, came on the roof top with his basket.

"Snakes, yah Sidi?" he asked. "Shall I make them dance for you?"

Pitts Burton shrugged his shoulders.

"All right—" It made no difference. Nothing made any difference.

Mahdi Ibrahim squatted down. His left hand disappeared in the burnouse, came out with the drum. It commenced swinging, left, right, left, like a pendulum, as he beat it with gentle, dry taps.

Tok-tak! spoke the drum. Tok-tok-tak!—with a hiccupping, syncopated rhythm. Tok-tak-tok!—insistently, while the snake charmer stared at the basket with dreamy immobility. Tok-tak-tok!

And presently a flat, wicked head appeared from beneath the top of the basket; a second; a third. The snakes plopped down. They began to dance, swaying, circling, gyrating, following the pendulum of the drum.

Tok-tak-tok!

Desolate in an empty world of grief, Burton listened and stared, with eyes too hot for tears, yet with a coldness of ice upon his very heart.

Tok-tak-tok!

The memory came back to him, through the low roll of the drum, of Janina's love song:

"Yah benti, yah benti,
Akh idjibleq erradjel . . ."

He heard the embroidery of fantastic, chromatic arabesques, the abandon of eerie, minor harmonies:

"Yah benti, yah benti . . ."

He heard the voice rising higher and higher to a clear, bell-like note, with an infinite, throbbing joy of the senses, naked and unashamed: "Akh idjibleq . . ."

Tok!—said the drum. He heard its rhythm within the rhythm of Janina's voice; heard the vibrating tok-tak-tok within the edges of Janina's wailing cadences. The two sounds blended; they joined hands above the snakes' flat, glistening eyes, and a bleak terror invaded the hidden corners of Burton's heart as the beating of the drum seemed to cease, as from the drum itself came Janina's song, sobbing, unearthly:

"Yah aini, yah benti,
Akh idjibleq erradjel . . ."

He thought of her, her crimson lips,

her black eyes, the twinkling diamond nose stud. He stared. Then, suddenly, he screamed. He rose to his feet, stumbling, tottering, his hands outstretched.

"The drum!" he cried. "Give it to me!"

"Hush—for the love of the All-Merciful!" came Mahdi Ibrahim's whisper, warning, yet in it a lilting accent of elation. "Death is on the roof top, yah Sidi!" as one of the snakes flopped down, nervous, frightened out of its drunken rhythm.

"The drum! Give it to me!" repeated Burton in a high, cracked voice.

He jerked forward. He saw the male snake move, glide, directly beneath his feet, heard the hiss distinctly; and even in that moment of stark, enormous horror, horror too great to be grasped, horror that swept over and beyond the barriers of fear, he still heard the song come wailingly from the inside of the drum, calling him, luring him on:

"Yah benti, yah benti . . ."

He tore it from the other's hand. He looked at it. It was of a dull, mottled yellow, no larger than a child's head. Then he began shivering all over as if in an ague. Cold sweat ran down his face as he saw that it was a human skull, the eye sockets and ear holes and nose openings closed with minutely fitted pieces of ivory, a skin stretched tightly across the place where the mouth had been, and, fastened by a silver wire to the left nasal bone, a diamond that twinkled evilly.

And in after years, when the memory of the thing came back to him, in the midst of a gay dinner party, or driving his ball from the first tee of the Sleepy Hollow links, or perhaps during a walk up Fifth Avenue, he could never explain, not even to himself, what happened during the next few seconds. It was like one of those incredible incidents which loom out of the dark without beginning or end.

There was just the snake charmer's warning cry, "Look out, Sidi!" changing rapidly into a bitter laugh of triumph, a sibilant, cutting: "Hayah! If Allah proposes the destruction of an ant, He allows wings to grow upon her!"—another voice, the dragoman's, "Quick!"—the sharp bark of a shot. Suddenly his knees seemed to give. The roof top heaved like the bow of a ship. The drum in his hand swung to and fro in a blazing yellow pendulum. He felt a dull jar as he fell on his knees and rolled over.

When he came to he found himself on his bed, in his own room. He lay still for a moment. Then he opened his eyes. Through the semi-darkness he saw a white-robed figure standing above him. He recognized Nadj Omar's vulpine features, heard the man's voice:

"No harm done, Sidi. I came—shot the snake just in time. No end jolly lucky for you—my word! Wait. I shall bring you a glass of fig wine."

The dragoman left, and Burton stretched himself in utter lassitude. His hand came in contact with something cool and smooth. He lifted it up. It was the drum. Shudderingly his knuckles brushed across the place where the mouth had been, trembling over the tightly spanned skin.

"Yah aini!" he seemed to hear. "Yah aini—O my soul!"—as with the ebbing of a far, high spring tide.

Watch future issues of COSMOPOLITAN for more of the masterly tales of Achmed Abdullah

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful

*What a Mother Can Do To
Keep Her Child's Hair Healthy
—Fine, Soft and Silky—Bright,
Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant*



THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and through-

out the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is

perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

Makes Your Hair Beautiful



WATKINS
MULSIFIED
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The Best Loved Book of This Well Loved Writer

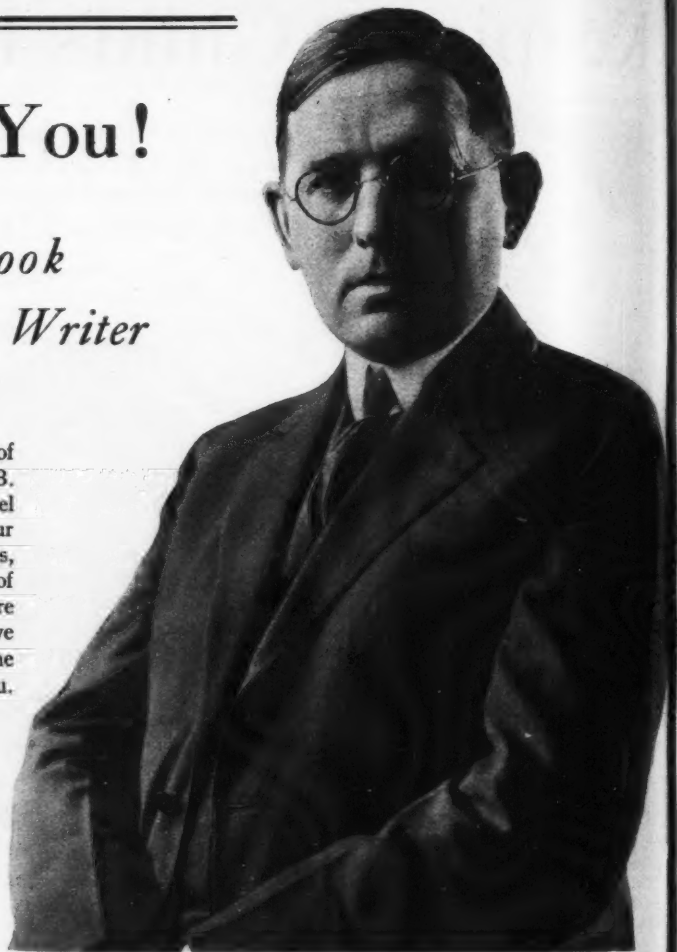
WE want you to have a copy of "Kindred of the Dust" by Peter B. Kyne, because it is the sort of novel that all of us should read to broaden our sympathies and our outlook on life. Besides, the story itself brings you so much of Romance, such an irresistible atmosphere of life lived gloriously in the open, that we want you to have it especially for the pleasure the reading of it will bring you.

This Great Novel Without Charge

Kindred of the Dust *By Peter B. Kyne*



THIS is the story of a man's faith in the woman he loves, and of a woman who is not afraid to test that love. There are three persons in the novel whose lives you will never forget—NAN BRENT, the outcast girl of the Sawdust Pile, who has the courage to give up the man she loves when marriage with her would dim his brilliant future; DONALD McKAYE, the young Laird of Tyee, whose loyalty to the woman he loves is greater than his clan loyalty; and HECTOR McKAYE, the old Laird of Tyee, as square and lovable an old tyrant as ever bound up all his hopes in a son, and accordingly tried to dictate how that son should live.



He's a wonderfully fine fellow, this Peter B. Kyne, with an Irishman's quick wit and a Californian's passionate love of home. To a rare degree his whimsical personality pervades this splendid novel of his.

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Broken Barriers

(Continued from page 94)

"I'm not smoking?" Miss Reynolds smiled. "Well, Mrs. Trenton cured me of that; she left me bored with the whole business of being an emancipated woman! I've got the idea that the house I propose can set a standard of morals and manners—something that will be good for the whole community. But there mustn't be a lot of restrictions; I want the girls who live there to use it as though it were their own home. I have every confidence that they'll make a happy household."

"It's perfectly wonderful!" cried Grace. "And it's just like you!"

"Humph! It's perfectly selfish on my part; I expect to have a lot of fun getting it started. There'll be a garden, and tennis courts; and they must have a dance once a week. Maybe the girls will let me dig in the garden now and then."

"Oh, they'll adore you!" Grace cried. "Well, I don't mean to bother them."

There are such houses in New York and Chicago, and I'm going to visit them and get all the practical ideas I can before I say anything about it. I need someone to help collect data and look after the thousand and one details of planning. We'll call it a secretaryship. Now, Grace,"—and Miss Reynolds beamed on her—"will you help me?"

"Why, Miss Reynolds!"

"There's no one I'd rather have, Grace. In fact, my dear child, you put the whole idea in my head by things you've dropped from time to time about the problems of young business girls."

"But—after what I've told you—"

"My dear, it's *knowing* that makes me all the more eager to have you help! It's only people who have made mistakes and suffered that really understand. And we've got to have some heart in our club! So we'll call it settled and go to New York two weeks from today and begin our work."

II

GRACE learned from her father that there had been no developments as to the motor since Kemp's death; he didn't know where he stood, but Trenton had been encouraging as to the outcome. The reorganization made necessary by the absorption of the Cummings concern was causing the delay, Durland thought.

"Trenton's a busy man these days, but he's spent several evenings with me at the shop. He's been mighty fine to me. It's a little hard to wait—I've done a lot of waiting in my time."

"You dear! We've got to believe the patient waiter gets the biggest tip—that's our slogan!"

She tapped him lightly on the shoulder as she spoke, keeping time to her words. He didn't know that his praise of Trenton had warmed her heart. The fact that he saw Trenton and no doubt would continue to meet him frequently gave her father a new interest in her eyes.

Grace saw Miss Reynolds every few days, and was finding relief and happiness in the prospect of her new work. Irene expressed the greatest satisfaction when Grace said that she was leaving Shipley's. "It's more in your line, Grace. And I certainly hand it to Little Old Ready

BUILT FOR HARD WORK



The Pace Maker must be made of sturdy stuff. By its ability for work, EVERSARP sets the pace and holds its leadership. Hour after hour, day after day, its lead is driven to a constant sharpness, writing tens of thousands of words, smoothly and steadily. A minute for reloading and the work goes on.

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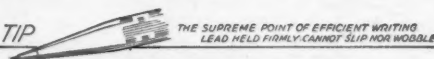
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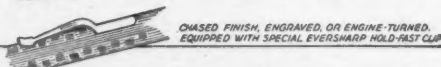
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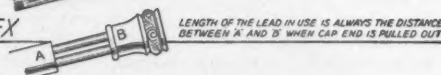
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AUTOMATIC LEAD INDEX



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BETWEEN 'A' AND 'B' WHEN CAP END IS PULLED OUT

HOLDS 6 TO 12 LEADS



SOLD COMPLETELY LOADED. EXTRA LEAD IN
THE RED-TIPPED BOX, IS* EVERYWHERE

HANDY ERASER UNDER THE CAP



NEW ERASER, FREE WITH
EVERY BOX OF EVERSHARP LEADS

SCIENTIFICALLY BALANCED



FOR SMOOTH AND
TIRELESS WRITING

Money for having the sense to appreciate you. *Quelque femme*, I'd say. By the way, have you seen John lately?"

"Not since Tommy died."

"Well, there's another of the saints!" said Irene. "He's pretending now he doesn't know we were on a wild party that night and that he saved our reputations. He won't talk about it; so don't try to thank him. Tommy's estate is going through Sanders's office and John's no end busy. He's getting acquainted with Ward—funny how things work out! But if John has any idea about you and Ward he never lets on."

"He's probably done some thinking," Grace replied soberly. "John isn't stupid."

"He's my idea of a prince, if you ask me! He's making a big hit with my family; mother thinks he's the grandest young man who ever came up the pike."

III

Roy came home for a week-end but only after his mother had written him repeatedly urging a visit. He had really been at work—Mrs. Durland had this from the dean of the law school—but his enthusiasm for the profession his mother had chosen for him was still at low ebb. He wanted to find work on a newspaper; he wanted to go West; anything was preferable to setting up as a lawyer in an office of his own. It was disclosed that Mrs. Durland had arranged to mortgage the house to raise money with which to establish him. But it was the definite announcement of her purpose to bring Roy's wife home immediately after commencement that precipitated a crisis in Ethel's relations with her family.

The baby would be born in August and Mrs. Durland contended that the family dignity would suffer far less if Roy announced his marriage when he left the university and joined his wife in his father's house at Indianapolis.

Ethel was outraged by the plan. She would not live under the same roof with that creature; and she availed herself of the opportunity to tell Roy what she thought of him. He had always been petted and indulged, and this was the result!

"I never thought you'd really do it, mother," Ethel's voice rose shrilly. "I didn't think you'd be cruel enough to visit this shame on me. I've told Osgood the whole story. I felt that was the only honorable thing to do and he's been splendid about it. We've been engaged since Easter and he's ready to marry me at any time. I've had all I can stand! Osgood has an offer in Cincinnati and we can be married tomorrow and I can leave this house of shame."

Stephen Durland raised his head and coughed. Roy announced that he was going downtown. The front door slammed and Mrs. Durland burst into tears.

"You don't think—you don't think Ethel means she's going?"

"I certainly hope she means it," said Grace wearily. "Osgood's not a bad fellow and maybe he can beat some sense into her!"

IV

GRACE had never been in New York before and Miss Reynolds gave her every

opportunity to see the sights. The investigation of devices for housing business women Miss Reynolds pursued with her usual thoroughness. She accepted no invitations in which Grace could not be included, with the result that they dined or had luncheon in half a dozen private houses, and were entertained in fashionable refectories and at exclusive clubs.

"You're so good to me!" Grace said one night when they reached their hotel after a dinner at the house of an old friend of Miss Reynolds's. "But sometimes—sometimes, Cousin Beulah, when your friends are so kind and treat me so beautifully I can't help thinking that if they knew about me—"

"My dear Grace, this busy world's a lot kinder than it gets credit for being! Come here and let me look at you a minute. You are finding yourself? Don't feel that the world would condemn you even if the world knew. We're all more tolerant than we used to be."

They had visited a community house on the East Side one morning and were driving to Washington Square for luncheon.

"We're a bit early for our engagement," Miss Reynolds remarked as they reached Broadway. "We've got half an hour to look at Trinity."

They entered the church and sat down in a pew near the door. A service was in progress and Grace at once fixed her attention on the chancel.

The minister's voice reciting the office, the sense of age communicated by the walls of the edifice, all had their effect on her. She felt singularly alone. The heartache that had troubled her little since she left home again became acute. Here was peace, but it was a peace that mocked rather than calmed the spirit . . .

" . . . We humbly beseech thee for all sorts and conditions of men . . . "

The mournful cadence of the prayer only increased her loneliness. She was like a child who, watching night descend in a strange place, is overcome by a stifling nostalgia. Her throat ached with inexpressible emotions and her heart fluttered like a wild bird in her breast.

She knew she wanted Trenton; nothing else mattered; no one could ever fill his place . . . She bowed her head and her lips trembled.

A man walked hesitatingly down the aisle and slipped into a pew in front of her. Apparently he was one of the many who were seeking relief from the world's turmoil. She remained motionless, staring. It was unbelievable that it could be Trenton and yet beyond question it was he.

His coming was like an answer to prayer. When he was ill, he had written:

"One day at twilight . . . I thought of you so intently that I brought you into the room . . . "

She remembered that he had once told her that his New York office was near Trinity. Perhaps it was his habit to drop in as he passed.

Miss Reynolds, turning the pages of a prayer book, evidently had not noticed him. Presently she glanced at her watch and nodded that it was time to go. As they paused in the entry to look at the bronze doors Grace decided not to tell her friend that Trenton was in the church; but suddenly he stood beside them.

"This is surely more than a coincidence," he said, smiling gravely as he shook hands.

"I pass here every day, but I hadn't been in before for years. But today—"

They walked together to the gate, Grace silent, Miss Reynolds and Trenton discussing the weather to cover their embarrassment. Grace, still awed by his appearance, thought he looked careworn.

"I have a taxi here somewhere," Miss Reynolds was glancing about uncertainly when the machine drew in at the curb.

"Are you staying in town long?" Trenton asked as he opened the cab door.

"Only a few days," Miss Reynolds replied guardedly. "Grace and I are here on a little business. I wonder—"

Without finishing the sentence she stepped into the car and gave the Washington Square address. Trenton, rousing as he realized they were about to leave, bent forward and took Grace's hand.

"It's so good to see you!" he said steadily. "I'm going West tonight. Mrs. Trenton's been very ill; she's in a sanatorium in Connecticut." Then, aware that he couldn't detain them longer: "Miss Reynolds, I'm sure you and Miss Durland will take good care of each other!"

"Good by," said Grace faintly and watched him disappear in the crowd.

"I was going to ask him to come and dine with us," said Miss Reynolds when the car was in motion, "but I changed my mind and now I wish I could change it again!"

"I'm glad you didn't," Grace answered. "It would have been a mistake."

"Well, perhaps," said Miss Reynolds; and Trenton was not referred to again.

But all the rest of the day Grace lived upon the memory of his look, his voice. He was still in a world she knew; any turn of the long road might bring him in sight again.

V

A WEEK in Chicago followed a fortnight in New York and Grace had filled a large portfolio with notes and pamphlets bearing upon Miss Reynolds's projected home for business girls. Her mother's letters had kept her informed of family affairs and she was prepared to find Ethel gone and Roy's wife established in the house.

For Sadie, the new member of the family, Grace formed an immediate liking. The girl was so anxious to be friendly and to do her share of the domestic labor and so appreciative of kindness that she brought a new element of cheer into the household.

Grace found that her position as secretary to Miss Reynolds was far from being a sinecure. She was present at all the conferences with the architect who had now been engaged, and when the announcement of the new club for business girls could no longer be deferred it fell to Grace's lot to answer the letters that poured in upon Miss Reynolds.

One day in June Grace went to Judge Sanders's office on an errand for Miss Reynolds. It was merely a matter of leaving an abstract of title for examination but as she was explaining what was wanted to the office girl John Moore came out of one of the inner rooms.

"Caught in the act!" he exclaimed. "I've just been hankering to see you. Can't you give me a few minutes, right now?"

She was in a hurry but when he earnestly protested that he really had business with

A BUSINESS COUPE OF STEEL

Dodge Brothers offer to the business public of America an entirely new principle in Coupe body construction.

From framework to window mouldings the body is built of steel. It is the first all-steel closed car ever marketed. This design anticipates every possible requirement of commercial travel. It insures unusual quietness—unusual grace—unusual stamina. It has made it possible to give the Coupe that same lustrous baked-on enamel finish for which Dodge Brothers open cars have long been famous.

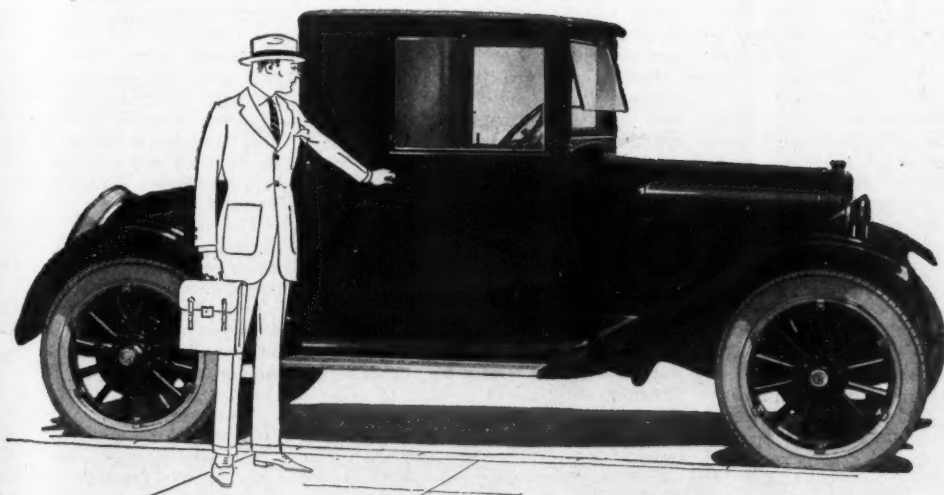
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Built inside and out to withstand the wear and tear of everyday use, it retains the same lightness and beauty of line which you are accustomed to look for in Dodge Brothers cars.

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DODGE BROTHERS



her she followed him into a room whose door was inscribed "Mr. Moore."

"That looks terribly important, John," she said, indicating the lettering. "Onward and upward!"

"Well," he said when they were seated, "Mr. Kemp's death has thrown a lot of business into the office and some of it that doesn't require much brain power they leave to me. Mr. Trenton just left a few minutes ago. He came in to see if I'd go down into Knox County to inventory a coal mine Kemp owned. I'm getting a lot of little jobs like that."

She smiled, as he wanted her to, at his boyish pride in his work. She derived a deep pleasure from the thought that Trenton had just been there. Trenton would appreciate John's fine qualities; they would properly value each other's qualities and talents.

"Maybe you don't know," John went on, "and maybe I oughtn't to tell; but right here on my desk are the papers for your father to sign away his rights in his motor patent and his formula for that non-breakable spark plug porcelain you probably know about. Your father's coming in tomorrow to sign up. Mr. Trenton has left a check here for advance royalties that will pay the Durland grocery bill for some time to come!"

"John, do you mean it! I'd been afraid Mr. Kemp's death would end all that."

"Trenton's the whole cheese in that business now and he knows what he's doing. He says those two things are bound to earn your father a lot of money."

"Father certainly deserves any success that may come to him. I'm so glad for him and mother. And just when things at home don't look particularly bright!"

"Roy? Well—that boy has no more business in the law than I'd have in a millinery shop. I sneaked him up here last Sunday and had Mr. Trenton take a look at him. You know Roy's a smart, likable chap, with a friendly way of meeting people and I thought maybe there might be a job somewhere in the Kemp organization that he'd fit into."

"I don't know," began Grace dubiously.

"Oh, Roy jumped at the idea! Mr. Trenton's taken a fancy to him; in fact they liked each other immensely. Well, the upshot of the interview is that Roy's going to get his sheepskin and then go right into Kemp's factory for six months to get an idea of the business and then transfer to the sales department."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Grace. "Why John, that's glorious! You don't know how relieved I am!"

"You're not half as relieved as Roy is to dodge the law," John chuckled. "He wanted me to ask you to spring the news on his mother."

"John, I'll do it tonight—and thank you; oh, thank you for everything!"

VI

STEPHEN DURLAND had money in bank and was reasonably sure of a good income for the remainder of his life. The Kemp publicity department had given wide advertisement to his discoveries, and several technical journals had asked for photographs of the inventor, the taking of which Grace supervised. He continued to appear dazed by his good fortune and Grace, for years familiar with

his moods, was mystified by his conduct.

One evening when they were alone on the veranda she asked a question about affairs at the factory, really in the hope that he would speak of Trenton. When he had answered perfunctorily that everything was running smoothly and that they would be ready to put the new motor on the market in six months he remarked that Trenton was away a good deal.

"His wife's sick and down East somewhere. I guess he's had a lot to worry him. When he's in town he works hard."

"Mr. Trenton's certainly been a good friend to you, daddy. But of course he wouldn't have taken your patents if they hadn't been all they promised to be."

Durland turned his head to make sure they were not overheard and said in a low tone:

"I'd never have got those things right, Grace. That evening you came out to the shop with those people Trenton stayed all night and straightened me out on points that were too much for me. He worked with me a good many nights to get things right. He oughtn't to give me the credit."

"Now, daddy, that's just like you! Of course they're all your ideas! But it was fine of Mr. Trenton to help you round them out."

"It was more than that, Grace," Durland stolidly persisted.

This, then, was the cause of her father's preoccupation and the embarrassment with which he had been hearing himself praised. It was Trenton's genius, not his, that had perfected the motor. Something sweet and wistful like the scents of the summer night crept into her heart. She was happy, supremely happy, in the thought that Trenton had done this—given her father the benefit of his skill—and for her! But her father's confession moved her greatly. The light from the window fell upon his hand which seemed to symbolize failure as it hung inert from the arm of his chair.

"Oh, lots of inventors must accept help from experts when they've got as far as they can by themselves!"

Durland shook his head impatiently.

"I couldn't have done it!" he said huskily. "I don't understand even now how he got the results he did!"

"Oh, pshaw!" she exclaimed with a happy little laugh. "No man would ever be so generous of his talents as all that; men are not built that way!"

But she knew that it was true, and that it was because Trenton loved her that he had saved her father from another and crushing failure.

VII

GRACE and Trenton were holding strictly to their agreement not to see each other; but through Irene, who got her information from John, she was able to keep track of Trenton's movements. Once, as she waited for the traffic to break at Washington and Meridian Streets, Trenton passed in a car. Craig was driving and Trenton, absorbed in a sheaf of papers, didn't lift his head. He was so near for a fleeting second that she could have touched him. This, then, was to be the way of it, their paths steadily diverging; or if they met it would be as strangers who had ceased to have any message for each other.

Sadie's baby was born in August and

Roy manifested an unexpected degree of paternal pride in his offspring. The summer wore on to September. Now and then as she surveyed herself in the mirror it seemed to Grace that she was growing old and that behind her lay a long life time, crowded with experience. She felt herself losing touch with the world. Miss Reynolds, with all her kindness, was exacting. Grace saw no young people and her amusements were few. Irene, who watched her with a keenly critical eye, remarked frequently upon her good looks, declaring that she was growing handsomer all the time.

Unless all signs failed Irene and John were deeply in love with each other—the old story of the attraction of apparently irreconcilable natures.

"I've told John everything—all about Tommy, of course, to give him a chance to escape," Irene confided. "But I didn't jar him a bit. That man's faith would make a good woman of Jezebel. John's already got some little jobs—secretaryships of corporations that Judge Sanders threw his way. He thinks we can be married early next year and I'm perusing the real estate ads. I've got enough money to make a payment on a bungalow as far from Shipley's as a nickel will carry me and there'll be a cow and a few choice hens. Back to the grass, dearie! That's our battle cry."

"Oh, it's just marvelous!" cried Grace. "You and John are bound to reach the high places. You've got just the qualities John needs to help him get on. When he goes into politics after a while you'll be a big asset."

"I think I *might* like a few years in Washington," Irene replied meditatively. "I've already joined up with a woman's political club to learn how to fool 'em all the time."

VIII

IN THE middle of September Miss Reynolds proposed to Grace that they go to Colorado to look at the mountains. She insisted that Grace had earned a vacation.

They established themselves in a hotel that commanded a view of a great valley with snowy summits beyond and Grace tramped and rode and won a measurable serenity of spirit. Miss Reynolds may have thought that amid new scenes the girl would forget Trenton, but the look that came into Grace's eyes at times discouraged the idea. Then one evening as they sat in the hotel office reading their mail Miss Reynolds laid a Denver newspaper on Grace's knee and quietly pointed to a headline: "Death of Mary Graham Trenton."

The end had come suddenly in the sanatorium where Mrs. Trenton had been under treatment. Her husband, the dispatch stated, was with her when she died.

"She was ill when she was at my house," remarked Miss Reynolds. "She was frightfully nervous and seemed to be constantly forcing herself. I never saw such tired eyes!"

"I'm sorry," Grace murmured faintly. "I didn't know—I had no idea—"

She was numbed, bewildered by the news. She had thought that Mrs. Trenton was feigning illness to arouse her husband's pity; perhaps in the hope of revivifying his love. It had never occurred to her that she might die.

Tire Competition ~ Good, Bad and Indifferent

THE average American was raised on the idea that the more people who competed for his trade the better off he was.

Like many good ideas, it has several sides.

They all show themselves clearly in the tire business.

There are tires which prefer to compete largely on a price basis. Believing that the public is more interested in the dollars and cents they pay than in the worth of what they get.

On the other hand, U. S. Royal Cords believe differently.

And car-owners who use Royal Cords have a plus feeling which they get both from actual experience, and because they realize the integrity of the manufacturer.

People don't think of Royal Cords as high-priced tires. They think of them as better tires.

In the man who knows what a good, faithful product the Royal Cord is, the

tire that makes price its main argument, hardly arouses more than a little curiosity.

So which is better?

A tire that thinks a man has no judgment beyond his pocket-book?

Or a tire like the U. S. Royal Cord — which credits the public with the instinct for quality, and the sense to find out true economy?

Prices on United States Passenger Car Tires and Tubes, effective May 8th, are not subject to war-tax, the war-tax having been included.

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As soon as possible Grace excused herself and went to her room, where she flung herself on the bed and lay for long in the dark, pondering. In spite of her emphatic request that he would not write she had hoped constantly to hear from him; and his silence she had interpreted as meaning that he had found it easy to forget. She now attributed his silence to the remorse that had probably assailed him when he found that Mrs. Trenton was hopelessly ill.

IX

GRACE had been home a week when she received a letter from Trenton, written in Pittsburgh. He was closing up his home; looking after the settlement of Mrs. Trenton's estate. She had bequeathed her considerable property to the societies for social reform in which she had been interested. He hoped to be in Indianapolis shortly, he wrote, and continued:

"My thoughts in these past weeks have not been happy ones; but I must turn now to the future. In my dark hours I have groped toward you, felt the need of your leading-hand. I love you. That is the one great fact in the world. Whatever I have left to me of life is yours; and it is now my right to give it . . . It was my fate, not my fault that I learned to love you. Nothing can change that. Let me begin over again and prove my love for you—win you as it is a woman's right to be won, in the world's eyes. I want you to bear my name; belong to me truly, help me to find and keep the path of happiness."

She did not understand herself as the days passed and she felt no impulse to reply. She loved him still—there was no question of that—but she tortured herself with the idea that he had written only from a chivalrous sense of obligation. Trenton was free; but she too was free; and marriage was an uncertain quantity. She encouraged in herself the belief that to marry him would be only to invite unhappiness. While she was still debating with herself, she learned from Irene that Trenton was again in town.

The new club for business girls, which Miss Reynolds had decided to name Friendship House, was in process of furnishing and was to be opened on Thanksgiving Day.

"The girls can make their own rules," said Miss Reynolds. "But I'm going to have one little rule printed and put in every room and worked into all the doormats—just two words—Be Kind! If we'd all live up to that this would be a lot more comfortable world for everybody."

Being so constantly at Miss Reynolds's Grace had heard the Bob Cummings' mentioned frequently. The merger had obliterated the name from the industrial life of the city; the senior Cummings had gone West to live with his older son and Miss Reynolds had spoken frequently of the plight in which the collapse of the family fortunes had left Bob. Evelyn came in one morning to see Grace.

"We've sold our house. It was mine, you know. And I've got about a thousand a year. So I'm turning Bob loose at his music. He's already got a job as organist in Doctor Ridgely's church and he's going to teach and do some lecturing."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Grace warmly. "And I know that Bob will be perfectly

happy. I've wanted to tell you how sorry I am about the—the business troubles."

"Well, our difficulties have brought Bob and me closer together, and our chances of happiness are brighter than on our wedding day; really they are! I'm saying this to you because you know Bob so well. And I think you'll understand."

Grace was not sure that she did understand and when Evelyn left she meditated for a long time upon the year's changes. She had so jauntily gone out to meet the world, risking her happiness in her confidence that she was capable of directing her own destiny; but life was not so easy! Life was an inexorable schoolmaster who set very hard problems indeed!

X

IRENE, pretending to be jealous of Miss Reynolds, declared that there was no reason why Grace, in becoming a philanthropist, should forget her old friends. This was on an afternoon when Grace, in Shipley's, to pick up some odds and ends for Friendship House, looked in on the ready to wear floor for a word with Irene. She accepted an invitation to accompany Irene and John to a movie that night.

"John will have to work for an hour or so but we can get in for the second show. You just come up to Judge Sanders's office about eight and we can have an old-fashioned heart to heart talk till John's ready. You never take me into your confidence any more."

"I don't have any confidences; but if I had you wouldn't escape!"

"You're not seeing Ward, I suppose?" Irene asked carelessly.

"No," Grace replied with badly feigned indifference. "I haven't seen him. I have no intention of seeing him again."

"I suppose it's all over," said Irene, stifling a yawn.

"Yes, it's all over," Grace replied a little testily.

"Strange, but Ward just can't get that idea! Of course he's had a lot to do and think about and he'd never force himself on you."

"No; he wouldn't do that."

"Ward's a free man," said Irene dreamily. "He'll probably marry again."

"Irene! It was silly for me to be as crazy about him as I was. That freedom I used to talk about was all rubbish. We can't do as we please in this world—you and I both learned that! And after—well—after all that happened I could never marry Ward. And it would be a mistake for him to marry me—a girl who—"

"Grace Durland," interrupted Irene with lofty scorn, "you are talking like an idiot. You're insulting yourself and you're insulting Ward. I know a few things! He wrote to you, and he telephoned you at Miss Reynolds's twice and asked to see you and you refused. Don't let Miss Beulah Reynolds intimidate you! She took you to Colorado hoping you'd forget."

"Miss Reynolds is perfectly fine!" Grace flared. "She's never said a word against Ward!"

"No, she wouldn't need to say it! She's just trying to keep you away from him. I'm not knocking Beulah—she's all right; but when there's a man in the world who really and truly loves you and is eating his heart out just for a sight of you, you can't just stick your nose in the air and pretend you don't know he's alive."

Grace had been proud of her strength in denying Trenton the interview for which he had asked; but she left Irene with an unquiet heart. Trenton was lonely. It might be that she was unjust in not accepting his letter as the honest expression of his love and good will. She knew that she was guilty of dishonesty in trying to persuade herself that the nature of their past association made their marriage impossible. It was an untenable position and she despised herself for her inconsistency.

She looked forward eagerly to the promised talk with Irene—Irene was always consoling—and after supper she hurried downtown and was shot upward in the tall office building. She found Irene and John sitting opposite each other at a large flat-top desk. Irene was helping John to compare descriptions of property but she would be free in a moment. John showed Grace into the big library.

The dingy volumes on the shelves impressed her with a sense of the continuity of law through all the ages. She glanced idly at the titles. Torts, Contracts, Wills, Injunctions—there must, in this world, be order, rule, law! Life, nobly considered, was impossible without law. It was the height of folly that she had ever fancied herself a rebel, confident of her right to do as she pleased. She had made her mistakes; in the future she meant to walk circumspectly in the eyes of all men. She envied Irene her happiness with John; as for herself, love had brought her nothing but sorrow and heartache.

Her speculations were interrupted by the rustle of papers in the adjoining room. The door was half ajar and glancing in she saw a man seated at a desk, busily scanning formidable looking documents and affixing his signature.

Absorbed in his work, he was evidently unaware that he was observed. Her heart beat wildly as she watched him. She stifled a desire to call to him; checked an impulse to run to him. Irene had played a trick upon her in thus bringing her so near to Trenton! Her face burned; she would escape somehow. He might think she had suggested this to Irene. As she watched him he lifted his head with a sigh threw himself wearily back in his chair, and stared at the wall. No—she would not speak to him; never again would she speak to him! Panic-stricken, she turned and began cautiously tiptoeing toward the hall door with no thought but to leave the place at once. But, the door gained, her heart beat suffocatingly; she could not go; she did love him; and to run away—

She stole into the room without disturbing his reverie and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"I couldn't go—I couldn't leave you—" Then she was on her knees beside him, looking up into his startled eyes.

He raised her to her feet, tenderly, reverently, gazing eagerly into her face.

"How did you know!" he cried his eyes alight.

"I didn't know; it just happened! I saw you—and I couldn't run away!"

"Oh, say that again! I've missed you so! You can't know how I've missed and needed you!"

"Do you—do you love me," she asked softly, "as you used to think you did?"

"Oh, more—more than all the world!"

THE END

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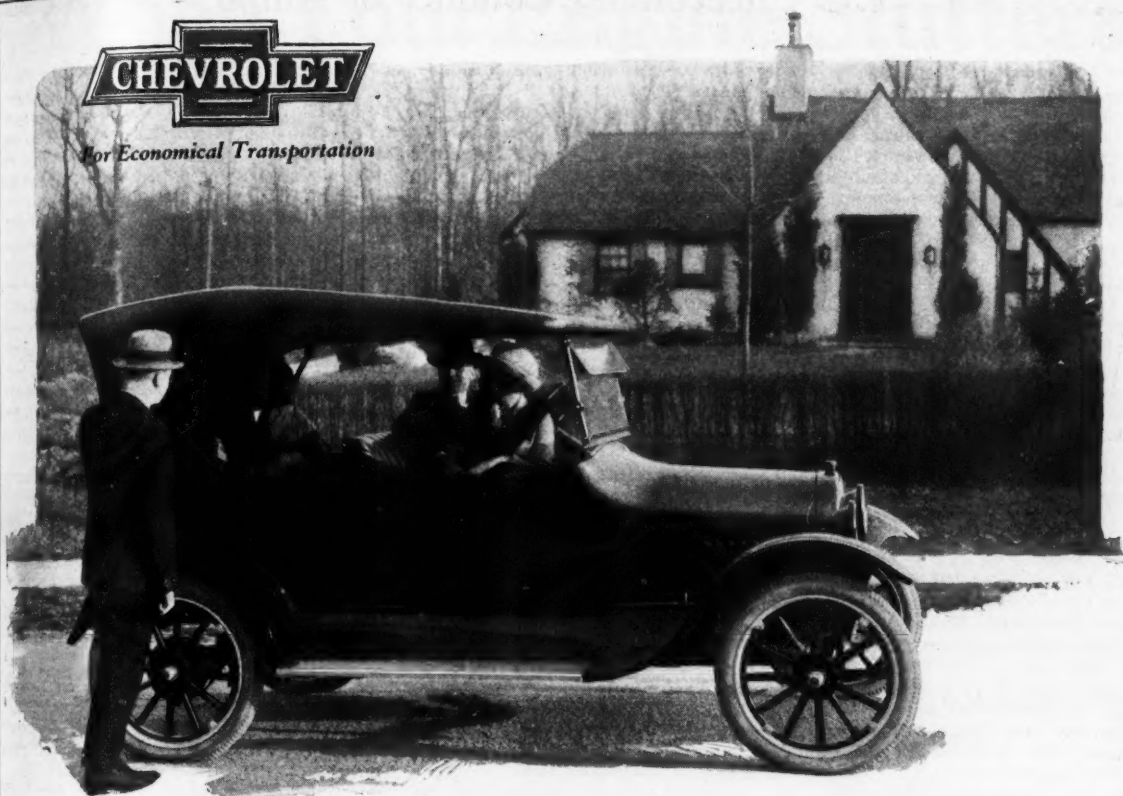
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The Unbecoming Conduct of Annie

(Continued from page 41)

And suddenly at that Annie's tears came, and her lip shook, and she caught his coat lapels and brought her strained face close to his as she said heart-brokenly:

"Oh, Joe, I don't know how I'm going to tell them—they don't like him anyway—and I never knew until tonight. He's been married before—he's been divorced!"

"And didn't he never tell ye?" demanded Joe, one arm about her, quite shocked out of his own emotion by this news.

"Oh, Joe, would I go with him if he had!"

"The dir-rty—" But Joe changed his phrase. His voice softened and dropped and he substituted mildly, "Maybe he's a Prodstunt and doesn't know how it would hurt ye!"

It was the hardest speech he had ever made; but he had his reward. Annie clung to him as she answered:

"Oh, Joe, of course he didn't! He—he's too good to have meant to deceive me. Come—come on in with me, Joe, and help me to tell them!"

To be needed by her in this intimate hour! Joe's heart swelled with ecstasy. He was behind her, big and protecting, as she faced them all; Jim reading the paper to his mother at the kitchen table, Mary supposedly studying Euclid, Josie wiping dishes and Mrs. Callahan supreme at the dishpan. He heard her voice—Annie's usually controlled and clear voice—break into bitter crying as she began:

"Ma—ma, I think I'm going to die—my heart's breaking . . ."

She was on her mother's breast; everyone in the kitchen was in tears.

Annie did not die, nor did she cry quite all night although she said—and honestly believed—that she did. She fell asleep at about three o'clock, and her mother let her sleep in the morning, and her brother and sisters tiptoed about in an agony of caution through the hot, early hours.

She came downstairs, pale and listless, at eleven, and all through that day and the next and the next there were bitter bursts of tears; sometimes she wanted to abuse Irv and their mildest excuses for him infuriated her; and sometimes she raged because they had all hated him from the first, she said, and were glad it had all come to an end. In other moods she forbade all mention of the matter again, and sometimes, in the twisting pain of her heart, she would torture her mother with dark hints that she might marry the man she loved anyway.

"You'll not do what's wrong," Mrs. Callahan would say heavily, in exquisite uneasiness.

"What's wrong about it? The law allows it—"

But Annie was usually ashamed, sooner or later, of this madness, and would strangle her weeping mother with penitent arms and press her own wet cheeks against the beloved face.

Gaily unconscious letters continued to come from Irv; Annie burned them. She had launched in his wake one terrific epistle of fury and reproach, but she did not have the satisfaction of knowing that he had received it. His mail followed him here, awaited him there, was subject to all

sorts of maddening misdirections and delays everywhere.

Joe was wonderful in this crisis. He had a sort of boyish, awed respect for her grief that was infinitely comforting. This passion of revealed love in a woman of his chaste and reserved race was almost terrifying to Joe. He never dreamed of combating it or questioning it. It was as if Annie were marked with a fatal malady; set apart from his simple hopes and affairs.

Robbed of the love making element that had always distressed her in him, Annie found Joe an ideal companion. He never besieged her for responses now, never embarrassed her with a lowered voice and a sudden descent into courtship. She even laughed sometimes with Joe, for he was as simple as he was straightforward and earnest, and his occasional touches of brogue—Joe was not American born—always amused her.

"We stopped to put water in the car at a troth, didn't we, Joe?" Annie would say on a hot night when the young people had returned from a country run in Jim's disgraceful old car.

"Well, I never said troth, then!" Joe would return, grinning widely.

"What else would you say but troth?" their mother might demand roundly.

"Annie says it is"—Joe would make a frightful word of it—"throth!" he might bring out triumphantly.

And the giddy younger girls and Jim would laugh until the tears came, and Annie would reluctantly laugh too; a sound more delicious to her mother's ears than any other in the world.

So two weeks—three weeks—went by; and Mrs. Callahan began to say to the younger members of the family that Joe and Annie would make up their minds quicker this way than if that blaygyard of a Small had never come the ger'l's way at all. Annie never spoke of him now; she was a little graver, a little older than the old Annie, that was all. And once she said in strict confidence to Josie—who could hardly wait until Annie and Joe were fairly out of the house that evening to repeat it to the others—that she felt horribly ashamed of the whole matter, that "it did not seem fair—to—well, to any other man who might care for her some day, or might have been in love with her all the time for that matter!"

Then there came the matter of Ed Curley's house. Ed was Joe's older brother who was to be married to a small Irish cousin before she fairly stepped off the boat at Ellis Island this October. So it was decided among the interested Callahans that a little house should be found for Norah and Ed and furnished for the bride "against she'd be coming."

And the details of this business were left almost entirely to Joe and Annie. The others all assisted on Sundays or in the late afternoons, but it was Annie and Joe who found the four room cottage and selected the brown paper and the rosy paper and the linoleum for the kitchen; Ed only an humbly admiring onlooker who paid all bills. Annie and Joe debated over towels and sheets and got a man to spade up the garden and planted a rose beside the kitchen door.

And here Annie saw the man in a new light. She had always taken Joe Curley rather for granted; like many a wiser man, Joe was not wise in his love making, and his clumsy overtures and obvious adoration had always rather angered and shamed than pleased her.

But now Joe was natural and at ease; driving nails, measuring surfaces, facetious with delivery boys, equal to any emergency. He and Annie had more than one meal on the clean little pine kitchen table; she discovered that Joe could broil chops and knew a good deal about gas stoves. And then one afternoon Pete Haley, foreman of the works, stopped to give Joe a message; would Joe see to it? It was important. Pete wouldn't feel free to go on vacation unless Joe would take charge.

"You're a wonder!" Pete said simply, departing after a low-voiced conference; and Annie was proud and even a little pleased that Pete had obviously drawn his own conclusions as to the destined occupants of the new house. She began to send shy glances at Joe's bigness and cleanness and sturdy handsomeness; looks that were at once proud, proprietary and loving.

On a Saturday afternoon in October they were all in the Callahan back yard, Jim cleaning his car, Josie on the steps sewing, Mrs. Callahan coming and going in and out of kitchen and porch, Mary, Annie and Joe Curley raking leaves and cleaning the premises generally.

Presently a man came along the side passage from the street and stood staring at them and smiling broadly. It was Irving Small.

All at once everybody saw him, and consternation fell upon the hilarious group. Annie dropped her rake and went slowly toward her mother, and Mrs. Callahan turned stern eyes upon the intruder and tightened a big arm about Annie. Mary and Josie stared in open-eyed excitement. Joe scowled and went on with slow, automatic passes of his leaf broom. Only Jim rallied and came from behind his car with a puzzled smile.

"Well, say—hello, folks!" said Irv, somewhat at a loss.

"Well, it's you, Mr. Small!" Mrs. Callahan observed unencouragingly.

"Sure it's me!" The visitor looked about the silently appraising group, bewildered and a little affronted. "Didn't you get my letters, Annie?" he demanded.

"Yes, I got them," Annie said in a strained little mincing voice, raising her chin. The awkwardness of the encounter deepened and widened like a tangible wall. Annie looked down in utter confusion.

"We're burning the leaves!" exclaimed Mary in a bright, social voice.

"Say, what is all this!" said Irv in a suddenly angry tone and with red spots in his cheeks. "This is a swell kind of a welcome! I wrote Annie from Montreal—"

"And I didn't read the letter!" said Annie.

Irv stared at her, plainly stupefied during a long silence. Then her mother rose to the occasion.

"My ger'l is a Catholic, Mr. Small," she said firmly and not unkindly, "and you should know well that she can have no

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dealings with a man that has a living wife! You made love to the ger'l and you wint out of your way that she should set her heart on you—"

"Say, what is this—a joke?" demanded Irv in rude interruption. "Let me in on this. Who says I had a wife?"

Annie's flushed, unhappy, nervous face paled with real horror.

"Bernard Rehan did—he told me so himself!" she said, breathless and anxious.

"Said I was a bigamist, hey?" asked Irv with a quiet and ugly smile. "Well," he added deliberately, "here's where he gets his face pasted in for a liar! I never had a wife and I ain't as crazy now to get one as I was—"

"No, but lissen—but lissen—" Annie besought him eagerly. "He *did* say so, Irv. And it nearly killed me! Didn't it, ma—didn't it, Josie? Didn't I carry on something awful? He said that Mr. Cutter at the office knew you, and that he had been a friend of yours when you were divorced—"

"Cutter was divorced—that's what he said!" Irving interrupted again shrewdly. "Sure Cutter was divorced," he added more confidently as Annie, realizing that she might thus have misconstrued Bernard's remarks, leaned back against her mother with a sort of vertigo. "Well, I must say you're a fine one for any man to have for his girl!" he taunted her bitterly. "I go off on my job and you begin to run around the neighborhood starting bigamy stories about me—"

Annie began to cry bitterly and turned to the unfailing refuge of her twenty-one years, her mother's broad shoulders. But Mrs. Callahan held her off and her tone was stern.

"Well, Annie—these are fine doings—" she reproached her amazedly.

"You could have found out, Annie—" Josie added, with vivacious disapproval. "Or you could have at least read his letters!" Mary drawled.

"By golly, this is the deuce, Annie!" Jim contributed in honest, brotherly rebuke. "It's not Irv's fault if you didn't get Bernard straight, and it's—it's the deuce to have him come here—with his plans all made—expecting—"

"I'd have had a chicken in the pot and maybe a little tasteen of something to drink for um," Mrs. Callahan added, in hospitable concern. "This is no welcome for the poor lad, and him comin' straight to his ger'l—"

"All my plans made—everything in line for a January wedding," Irv said airily with a sort of hard philosophical enjoyment of the girl's consternation and shame. "Told my boss I was going to be married, made arrangements at the bank for only a thousand dollars for the honeymoon! That's all. Stopped in Montreal and picked out a ring—only set me back two hundred and forty bucks—that was all. Well, I guess I'm not needed here—"

"Stay and have a taste of supper wid us," Mrs. Callahan urged him hastily. "I'm ashamed of that ger'l's boldness and badness to ye—"

"Oh no, thank you, Mrs. Callahan," said Irv, who realized that he was carrying off this painful matter exceedingly well and who would soften on no terms. He raised his derby splendidly, grinned significantly at pretty Josie as one who

performs a prearranged part, and walked leisurely and elegantly away.

There was a ghastly silence in the backyard as Jim returned to his motor, looked surprisedly at the chamois skin in his hand and began to rub a dingy mudguard.

"That's a fine job, and I hope you're proud of yourself, miss!" he observed with a dark look at his oldest sister.

"I hope you enjoy losing a two hundred dollar solitaire!" Mary put in cuttingly.

"I think that was something terrible, Annie!" Josie said in tender and pained reproach. At that Annie's high held chin came lower and her lip shook, and when her mother added gravely, "There's many would give a girl a good whipping for the like of this nonsense, hurrtin' and shammin' a good man that follied her all the way from Canada to see would she marry him!" her self-control broke down entirely and the trembling and ecstatic Joe had her in his arms at last, with the dear little head he loved pressed for refuge against his shoulder.

"They're all against you, darlin'," Joe said huskily over and over, "but never mind, you done what was right if you don't love him!"

"I don't love anybody!" sobbed Annie hysterically. "And I never will marry him or anybody else! You all hated him and you were all quick enough telling me, a month ago, that he never would make me happy or any woman happy! And now you're all on his side and you hate me and you think I've disgraced you all! I don't want any dinner, ma," she added passionately, "and I can't go to the movies as I said I would, Joe," she went on to the man from whose arms she was disengaging herself. "I'm going upstairs—and I don't want anyone to speak to me—"

"We don't have to go to the movies," Joe said tenderly. "We'll take a little walk and maybe go in to see Ed and Norah!"

"I wouldn't have me worst enemy marry a man she didn't love!" Mrs. Callahan said mildly after a pause.

"I only meant that—I didn't mean anything, Ann," murmured Josie.

Mary was crying with sympathy; Jim looked after his sobbing sister with troubled eyes as she flashed into the house. It was to be noted, however, that she snatched her clean shirtwaist as she ran past the ironing horse on the porch.

"Give her five minutes that she'll be crying in, Jim," said Mrs. Callahan cautiously, "and then you go up and talk to her—you could always talk Annie round even when you were the little ladeen! She'll be all right," she added comfortably. "And if you want the truth that's in it, I'm not sorry to have that one take his departure—he had a mean eye on him, and he spoke very wild with the anger he had! Stay to supper, Joe," she finished, putting her arm in his mother-fashion as they turned toward the house. "We'll all be talkin' until all hours, and sure you're almost one of the family—already."

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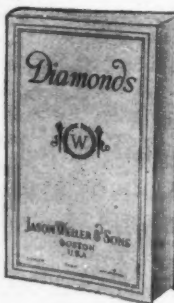
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Two Gentlemen and Verona

(Continued from page 64)

is two men and a woman. Say—Adam had a cinch. Had they been one more guy in the Garden of Eden, he wouldst of had to step for that apple and that's a fact!

The nights K. O. Higgins wasn't fightin', De Lysle took him around to all the swell actors' clubs—the Calves, the Monks and the etc. Ticked silly to mingle with guys which was tin Buddhas to him, K. O. lived in a tuxedo after six p. m. and one night when the boys all did a little clownin' at one of the clubs, why De Lysle got K. O. to sing a song. Higgins packs a nifty glycerine tenor and when he had done his stuff the gang makes him take six bows, half a dozen of 'em tellin' him he should cultivate his voice. That was the final event which drove one perfectly good heavyweight cuckoo.

K. O. Higgins's time is now bein' spent boundin' around Fifth Avenue givin' the natives a treat all mornin' and hangin' around the actors' clubs at night. I sign the big tomato up to swap wallops with Young McKeever and I got to comb Gotham to find K. O. I fin'ly snared him in the Calves' Club, playin' billiards—not pool—with the Great De Lysle and Guy Malvain, one of the biggest leadin' men on Broadway. I called my visible means of support to one side.

"Put your cue in the rack, K. O.," I says—it was nearly midnight. "You got to begin hittin' the hay early from now on. We fight Young McKeever in ten days at Jersey City and you need lots of readin'."

"You got plenty nerve, comin' in here and bustin' up a gent's billiard game!" snarls this ex-motorman of mine. "And I don't know whether I'll go over to Jersey and cuff this McKeever or not! I'm sick of bein' a pug—where's that goin' to get me? I don't care if I never pull on another glove! I got my graft all picked out."

"What are you figurin' on doin' if you retire from the ring—openin' a doctor's office?" I says with a sarcastical sneer.

"I'm goin' to be a actor!" says K. O. Higgins, pullin' down the vest of his tuxedo. "I can sing the life out of any song ever wrote and I tell a cruel story. If I can get Verona Chamberlain to frame a vaudeville act with me—well, I'm set, that's all!"

O sole mia!

In a hour, I managed to get K. O. Higgins out of the actors' lair and back to his hotel. In another hour I have got him agreed to go through with the Young McKeever fight.

A week before K. O. is supposed to crawl through the ropes with Young McKeever, it happened. It was the girl, of course. K. O. Higgins was nervous and irritable like he always was on the brinks of a combat, and then again his failure to make any headway with Verona had steamed him up to a point where he's got to be handled like nitro-glycerine. In a prima donna that wouldst be called temperament, but K. O. Higgins bein' a second rate leather pusher it was, of course, simply temper. K. O. was in a ugly mood for a fact, and he begins to take it out on the Great De Lysle whilst they're doin' some light sparrin'. He rode this baby past all human endurance and comin' out of a clear sky like it done made it worse,

because, you know, they'd been the same as pals for weeks. K. O. wouldst make some sneerin' crack to Cutey, as he called the female impersonator, and then he'd follow that up with a stiff punch—some of which the greatly improved De Lysle blocked and some of which he didn't; but one thing is sure, he couldn't block any of K. O.'s sarcastical remarks. Still, outside of a deathly paleness, the Great De Lysle kept his head, smilin' things off till K. O. begins to kid him about Verona. Then whilst they're clinched on the ropes, De Lysle says in a cold, hard voice:

"We'll leave the lady out of it, Higgins!"

"Be yourself, you big false alarm!" snarls K. O., wrenchin' away from him. "You'll have to leave her out of it because I'm goin' to take her away from you, get me? She wants a man, not a—"

De Lysle's right shoots straight out and socks on K. O.'s mouth. When the glove come away a thin red trickle followed it.

K. O. Higgins rubs the back of his glove across his mouth and looks at the red on it with eyes which is now just slits.

"Unless you're as yellow as a crate of grapefruit, you'll take off that headgear and nose guard!" says K. O. slowly to the white-faced De Lysle.

The Great De Lysle tore the protection from his handsome features so quick that he busted the straps. K. O. Higgins licks his lips.

"Come on, you big stiff—like it!" he snarls and the panic is on!

I knew what was in K. O. Higgins's cuckoo mind the minute he hooked a terrible left to De Lysle's face. Higgins was out to cut De Lysle to pieces, to ruin his lovely features beyond repair! The left hook raised a lump over De Lysle's right eye, but the fightin' female impersonator evened matters by sinkin' his own left into the fat over K. O.'s belt—a smash that didn't do K. O. a bit of good. Oh, this De Lysle was no longer a cake eater! He knew what it was all about now and when he hit K. O. it meant somethin', don't think it didn't! Again K. O. ripped both hands to the face and this time he opened a nasty cut over De Lysle's other eye, which bled freely right up to the sensational finish. De Lysle missed a well meant uppercut and K. O.'s murderous return bounced him off the ropes. Followin' him up, K. O. coolly measured the reelin' form in front of him and deliberately broke De Lysle's classical nose with a wicked straight left. Then K. O. stepped back, gazed at the ruin and laughed. At this point I come out of my trance and jumped into the ring to stop it. A mighty arm grabbed me and flung me back through the ropes. The arm belonged to the Great De Lysle.

Then began a battle which lasted just four minutes, but they was six wars and a race riot crowded into that! Twice this De Lysle gamester hit the floor, bouncin' up again like a rubber ball and the last time he come up his face is little more than red pulp. With only one eye available, he ties into K. O. Higgins, missin' most of his tries but shakin' K. O. from stem to stern when he did connect. A look of almost comical wonderment begins to spread across K. O.'s face as the battered

De Lysle shows no signs of quittin' or even bein' knocked stiff. K. O. is puffin' like a porpoise and his arms is weary from makin' a carmine jelly out of what was once the most beautiful male face in the wide wide world. The fun is waxin' fast and furious when like a flash of lightnin' on a clear day, De Lysle drops K. O. with a barbarous right swing to the head. K. O. rolls over, gets up and De Lysle slammed him to the mat a second time with a vicious left hook to the point of the chin. Again K. O. struggles to his feet, lookin' around at me wildly for advice.

"Dive into a clinch!" I roars.

The Great De Lysle shakes the wet hair out of his eyes and smiles a bloody smile.

"He'll dive, old chap," he pants. "Watch him!"

K. O. Higgins swung a weak right which De Lysle avoided with ease. Then the female impersonator, now impersonatin' somethin' entirely different, smashed his right to the body and immediately hooked the same glove flush to the jaw—a punch K. O. Higgins had painstakin'ly taught him. K. O. Higgins fell with a terrific crash, knocked for a Chinese milk can, his face buried to the hilt in the canvas! He was out for ten minutes.

Whilst they're desperately workin' over slumberin' K. O. Higgins, the Great De Lysle climbed groggily out of the ring and stumbles up to the big mirror at the end of the gym. One slant at what was once his fortune—his face—and he slumps down in a chair, buryin' his head in his gloves. That one look at his busted nose, puffed lips and slashed cheeks has showed him he's through forever as "The Great De Lysle!" Tough, hey?

Supported by a couple of handlers, K. O. Higgins staggers up to De Lysle and holds out a shakin' glove.

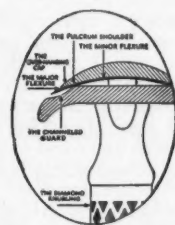
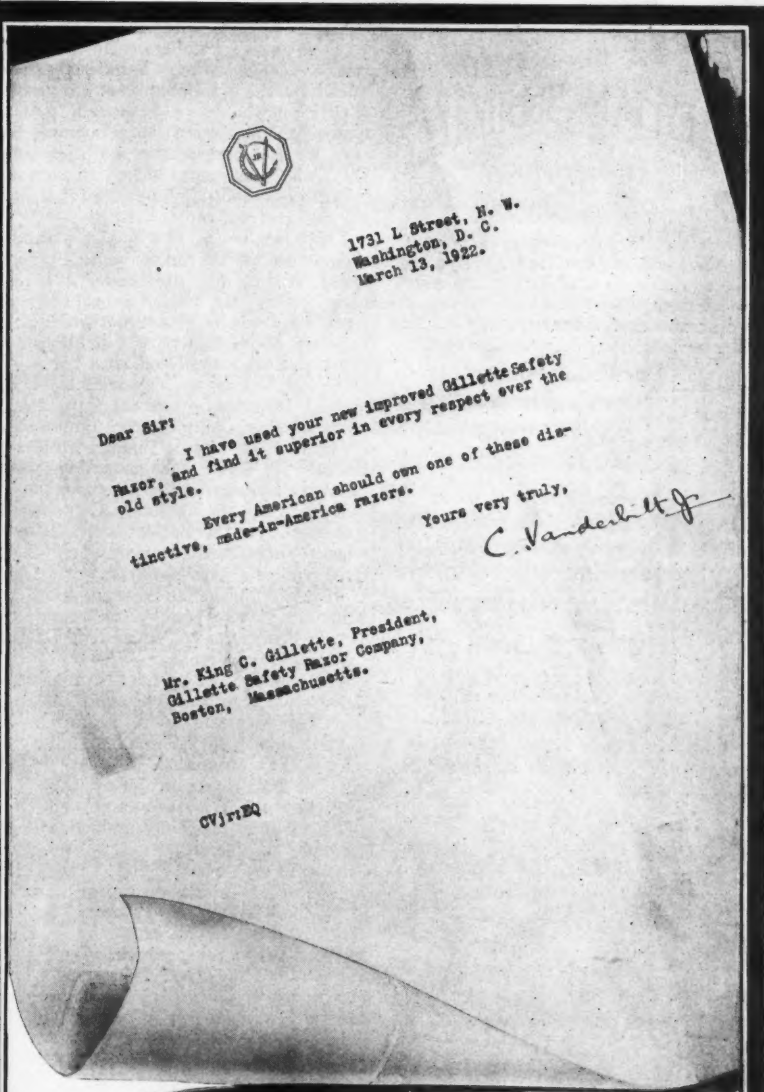
"You're the gamest guy which ever rubbed shoe in rosin and twice the man that I am!" says K. O. hoarsely. "I'm sorry I ruined your pan, but what of that? With a bit more experience you can take any man in the world, Cutey! You just about wound me up as a box fighter here today—just about wound me up! I got one busted rib that I know of and then they's prob'ly some more damage, the way I feel. I can't fight McKeever and—"

"But Cutey can!" I butts in with a yell, shakin' De Lysle's shoulder, "Look here—you're all through as a female impersonator, you know that. But as a scrapper you're the elephant's trunk! You're the first guy to stop K. O. Higgins and he's stepped with 'em all. You got nearly a week to get right—your face will be O. K. in a couple of days—I'll get experts on it right now. You ain't hurt apart from that and—well, they's sixty-five hundred fish in it for you if you fight this McKeever and McKeever's a pushover alongside of K. O. here. What d'ye say?"

The Great De Lysle sighs heavily. Then he gets up and shakes K. O.'s hand.

"Get that rib set, old man, before complications set in," he says. He gets another flash at himself in the mirror, winces and turns to me. "I'll box this fellow McKeever!" he says, calmly enough. "Get me a taxicab and call Dr. Kline, Columbus 89654. Tell him I've—ah—had an accident and I'm coming right up!"

Well, the Great De Lysle, now "Dynamite De Lysle," spends the next week at



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Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Saratoga Springs with what used to be K. O. Higgins's handlers. He ain't gone two days when Verona Chamberlain comes around to the gym lookin' for him, havin' tried everywhere else. She tells me Pat Ginsberg has got their bookin's all laid out for next season and the Great De Lysle must come down to sign the contracts. Woof, I think to myself, *wait till she sees this baby's face!*

I stall her, but K. O. Higgins is standin' there with all the adhesive tape in the world around his ribs under his form fittin' coat. He tells Verona that the Great De Lysle may never return, but not to worry about that part of it because he can frame up a swell act, with her at the piano and him singin'. Verona looks him up and down coldly and takes the air. I don't see her again till the night of the Dynamite De Lysle-Young McKeever fracas. De Lysle has come down from Saratoga Springs in the afternoon and is parked in a hotel at Jersey City. I was just goin' over there about half past seven when Verona calls me up. She's all excited and she says she has a wire from De Lysle tellin' her to meet me and I will bring her over to Jersey City where he is.

"He—he wants you to see him?" I says. "Yes," says Verona. "Why?"

"Oh, nothin'!" I says. "Nothin' at all. Eh—would you mind bringin' that wire from him with you? I'd like to read it!"

"Of course," says Verona, and her voice sounds a bit puzzled. "What do you suppose he's doing in Jersey City? He must be going to break in a new act."

I keep from laughin' out loud with the greatest of difficulty.

"That's it exactly!" I says. "He's goin' to break in a new act, for a fact."

"Well, I suppose I'd better bring my music," says Verona.

"You better bring yourself plenty smellin' salts!" I says, and hung up.

She shows up with Pat Ginsberg and both of 'em is on needles and pins. They bombard me with questions. I told 'em they would see for themselves and then I shut up like a bashful clam.

We get over to the land of Jersey City and take a taxi to the Bellevue A. C. The mob outside would make it look like they was nobody at Manila Bay but Dewey and a boy friend.

"Why, this here's a fight club!" says Ginsberg. "What are we doin' here?"

My answer was to lead the both of 'em around to the dressin' room of Dynamite De Lysle. I rap heartily on the door and a deep bass voice says, "Come in!"

Sweet papa, I wish you could of saw the faces of Verona Chamberlain and Pat Ginsberg when I opened that door! Warm canine! After the first horrified gasp, Verona sinks chalk-faced into a chair I hurried to get for her. Ginsberg was lightin' a cigar and he sticks the match in his mouth and throws the perfect on the floor!

"Good evening," says De Lysle.

He's sittin' on a stool with a faded red bathrobe throwed over him and two husky dingies in their undershirts is massagin' him. The once beauteous female impersonator's pan is a sight to behold! Court plaster and cotton on the cut over his eye presented to him by K. O. Higgins, one lip puffed and

split and his Ex-roman nose flattened on the wreck of his face—all gifts from the same source. De Lysle seems to be gettin' quite a kick out of the effect on Verona and the stupefied Ginsberg.

"Merciful heaven!" chokes Verona, findin' her breath at last. "What have you done to your face?"

"And I just booked him at five thousand a week for two years on the United Circuit!" wails Ginsberg.

De Lysle grins.

"I don't believe I'll miss the five thousand a week," he says. "I'm going to get sixty-five hundred for this bout and my manager assures me that's only the beginning, if I win it! I—"

"Oh, but your poor face!" cries Verona. "What on earth ever made you do a thing like this?"

"You!" says De Lysle quietly. "If you will go outside and see the—ah—performance this evening, I think I will remove any doubts you have had—and mentioned—as to my courage!"

"Oh, I didn't mean it, I didn't mean it!" says Verona and her beautiful eyes is wet. "If I had thought for an instant that you would do anything like this, I never—"

"Outside!" I butts in gruffly. "C'mon, I'll get you them seats—you're gettin' my battler nervous!"

Well, Dynamite De Lysle stopped Young McKeever with a right hook to the heart a minute and a half after the bell rung for the first round. The only time McKeever laid a glove on him was when they shook hands before the rumpus.

Back in the dressin' room is a radiant Verona Chamberlain and a ragin' Pat Ginsberg.

"I—I wish you success in your new profession," stammers Verona shyly, her eyes shinin'. "I—oh, it was wonderfu! Why, lots of the men around us said you'd be a champion some day and—I—Mr. Ginsberg is going to try and book me as a single if—"

The ex-female impersonator walks over and throws a husky arm around her. "Mr. Ginsberg will have nothing to do with it, Verona," he says, like they's nobody else there. "We're going to do a double for life!"

"Oh!" breathes Verona and buries her beautiful head in the crook of his arm.

I met K. O. Higgins a couple of months later in Times Square, all dressed up like a Xmas tree.

"Listen!" I says. "If you got your sense back, I can get you a fight—"

"Don't make me laugh!" says K. O. Higgins. "I'm sittin' pretty! I go on the road with a quartette next week over the Young Circuit—I do a piece of hoofin', too. My agent tells me I'm a cinch for a Big Time single or a production next year. What a sap Verona Chamberlain was to pass me up, hey? I could of made that Jane! I see this De Lysle stopped a boloney in Philly last week. I knew that guy would turn out to be a cheap pug. He was no actor, you got to be born a actor—like I was! Well, so long, I got to be at a tailor's at two o'clock. Come down to the Calves' Club some day and have—eh—luncheon with me!"

Well, as Nero used to tell the martyrs, it's all fun!

In "The 4th Musketeer"—September COSMOPOLITAN—H. C. Witwer springs one of the best and most chuckleful of his yarns.

Two of Them

(Continued from page 87)

impatiently. "Many will gain by what I purpose to do and no one will lose."

Ellabel stopped him with a gesture, swaying weakly as she made it.

"What's the matter?" he demanded in concern. Then he caught her to prevent her falling to the floor.

Even as it happened Ellabel's mind stood off and derided her for the thrill that came to her at that moment. That she should feel any emotion to have a man put his arms around her for the practical purpose of preventing her from bumping her head on the furniture was utterly ridiculous. This feeling that he had for her was pity only, pity and instinctive impulse to save a bystander a fall.

The realization that here was her chance to prevent a great wrong caused her to encircle his neck feebly with her arms and whisper, "I couldn't let you go."

"Why—my God—" Elmer was an ordinarily resourceful man but the unexpected transformation of his office mouse left him inarticulate. "Do you mean to say that I am anything to you?"

Ellabel had made her supreme effort. There was no more boldness left in her. She was in the grip of a red shame and she could only hide her face on his shoulder as she nodded her head.

For the first time in all the years that he had been associated with her Elmer Hoyt was conscious of the femininity of his right-hand assistant, realized that she was a soft, pliant creature of intriguing curves rather than a mere machine which responded when he pressed a certain button. Contrary to traditional ideas men are subject to the primitive emotions even in the last moments of their lives and when under the stress of major excitements. Is not the last breakfast of the condemned a standard item in the write-up of an execution?

Elmer lifted the girl in his powerful arms and kissed away her tears.

When she left the office he laughingly made her a present of the cause of her terror and promised to call at her boarding house to take her to dinner in an hour. "We'll start over again," he assured her. "I'll make the grade somehow. I guess I needed a woman to buck me up."

Ellabel spent the happiest hour of her life making herself pretty for him. That foolish gray wisp of a frock that she had bought with her entire salary two months ago was at last to have a justification for its existence. What matter if it did reveal all of her satin texture back and you could see through it in some lights—she was to be with the man she loved, to whom she would give all of herself at his slightest request. And the sheerest pair of stockings she had. She kissed them before she put them on—you see Ellabel had never dressed for the one man before—and she wondered if he would notice the trim grace of her slim ankles in them. Thoroughbred ankles, they were, and she hoped that she might live up to them and be one of those rare thoroughbreds who had been eulogized by Tim Doyle on that far forgotten day in Mr. Hoyt's office. She wore her prettiest dancing slippers too. Not that she expected to dance but you never could tell what might happen on a holiday like this.



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What did occur was that she spent the most miserable evening of her existence. It wouldn't have been so bad if she hadn't expected so much.

The moment he arrived she knew that the rainbow had faded, that she had allowed her heart to rise on golden wings that had melted and failed her.

He tried to be gay and tender but she knew that something had changed between them since he had kissed her good by. What woman wouldn't know, especially if she had been waiting all her life for this one occasion?

She could not respond to his perfunctory discussion of the plans for their future. That she was in them so far as his mind was concerned she did not doubt, but she sensed sickeningly that somehow his heart had vanished from her grasp just since that afternoon. He had made a bargain with her and would live up to it, would pay her for having stopped him in the midst of a foolish act, but the spirit of the game had departed. She had suddenly become a duty—even before she was married to him.

He had kissed her good-night—just once—and had gone away.

She had lain awake the rest of the night before she guessed how the blow had struck her. That telegram!

He had not read it until after she had left the office that afternoon.

That fateful telegram that she had merely regarded as a slim excuse to rap on his door.

IV

As a resting point in travels that had extended all the way around the world, Vera paused in Santa Barbara. Tim Doyle had met her, characteristically without explanation, at the steamship dock in San Francisco and had motored her down to the more restful, even if more inhospitable, resort on the American Bay of Naples. Vera was glad to be taken in charge by someone.

"With those mountains in back of me and that overpowering sunset sea in front I feel as if I were the tiniest mite in the most tremendous cheese that was ever made." Then she laughed at the unpoetical finish of her simile. "Tim, you're really very nice to have brought me to this place. It was just what I needed and so are you."

"I hoped that," he replied soberly. "I wondered if you wouldn't be ready to take me on."

"You mean 'for better or worse' and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes."

He did not press the question and she did not answer it immediately—probably he had not expected her to.

"You know the way I am fond of you, don't you, Tim?" she asked finally.

"You mean, just as you always have been?" He held, his voice steady.

"Yes."

He sighed. "Well, that is enough. I can hope that some day it will change but if it doesn't—"

"Then I think I'll marry you. It would seem good to belong to somebody—in the flesh."

She hadn't meant to add that. He

guessed, anyway, that she still felt the indissoluble tie that had bound her to her husband. It hurt to have her mind reverting to the broken ties even if they were not mentioned in so many words; still Tim had gained a great goal before which his heart had stood in fear and trembling. A little at a time was as much as he dared ask. The first step was won.

Or he thought it was until after breakfast the next morning when the mail clerk handed him a note which had been left in his box. Of course it was from her and contained a small clipping from a Los Angeles morning paper. It was a part of an article boosting conditions on the West Coast as compared with those in the East and it listed the failure of a few prominent New York concerns. Among them was the Hoyt Piano Company, underlined.

Beside that the note said simply: "I can't let the poor old dear go to the wall without offering to help. I'm taking the Santa Fé out of Los Angeles. Will let you know developments later. Some of my love is yours, just as it always has been."

Tim Doyle folded up the note tenderly. Then he read it once more and slowly tore it up.

V

ELLABEL found the telegram the next morning. It wasn't entirely feminine curiosity that prompted her to get there early and search for it. She felt that she had a right to know what had hit her—she needed that knowledge as a guide to future conduct.

It was in the drawer of his desk, locked of course, but she had always had a key. She read it without compunction.

Any part or all of that half million is yours to buy off creditors and keep the old shop going. Am on my way East to make the arrangements. V.

It was dated Santa Barbara, California, the day before.

So that was it! The woman Mr. Doyle had designated as a thoroughbred was living up to his description. Ellabel had to admit that even in the flare of resentment that flashed over her because the other woman had interfered in a problem that was now hers and which she was competent to handle without help.

The ex-Mrs. Hoyt couldn't know that, Ellabel conceded. The impulse which had prompted the telegram was his generosity, coming as it did from one who had nothing to gain from his success and everything to lose by her offer.

Ellabel put the telegram back carefully in the desk and locked the drawer. But her problem she carried back to her own lonely coop out in the main office. For some reason it seemed lonelier than ever.

Her mind was not finally made up until he came into the office himself along about ten o'clock. Even then, late though it was, he seemed to come reluctantly as if it were an unwelcome duty. Under the circumstances he should have approached the problem of reconstruction gaily. But he was haggard, worn, unhappy.

He had quite passed her desk with a perfunctory and customary "Good morning" when he seemed to remember that the situation had changed since the

morning before and he came back and leaned over her desk as if to kiss her.

She drew back. The time had come. The inevitable decision had been forced upon her. She knew the answer, her duty.

"You mustn't," she told him.

"Why not?" he asked, incredulous.

"I—I—I've changed my mind," she faltered. How hard it was to say those words! "I'm not going to marry you."

"Say, what's happened?" He looked at her suspiciously, a faint glimmering of the truth dawning in his eyes.

"Must I tell you?" she pleaded.

"You must."

"Last night," she began slowly, "when you were alone in your office and I guessed what you were going to do I finally decided that if you thought I cared you might change your mind. But I haven't slept all night"—that much was true anyway—"and I don't believe I can go on with it. I'm miserable about it all but I just can't." She broke down and sobbed. That part was true too. And convincing.

"There, there," he said, patting her shoulder in strictly noncommittal fashion. "I understand and I won't force you to stick to your promise." She couldn't see the new light of hope that came into his eyes but she could guess and so she deliberately kept her face buried on her arms. She didn't want to see.

VI

ELLABEL did do one dreadfully foolish thing but she could not have helped it even if the fate of the world had depended upon her not doing it.

She went to the station the day that Vera's train arrived from the West.

Not to meet her. Heavens, no!

But just to hide in a corridor near the exit gates where Vera would come through. There was a question or two that she had to have answered. She felt that she was entitled to know whether or not her sacrifice had been in vain.

Elmer Hoyt was there, had arrived even before Ellabel, and seemed nervous, impatient. A prizefighter or a race horse before their supreme tests are like that.

The train came in, the gates opened, passengers began streaming through. Elmer stood firmly in mid-current dividing the flow on either side of him.

The crowd grew less, and then she came.

The porter who was carrying her bags looked around to see if she were following, and he, too, saw what Ellabel saw.

The tiny, trim woman of the world, with gray, thoughtful eyes, stopped uncertainly at the gate, arrested not so much by the bulk of the man before her as by his steadfast, devouring stare and the uncertain trembling of his lips.

The woman made the first move—just the merest suggestion of an opening of her arms—and the man did all the rest.

The porter, hardened though he was by the conventional ending of journeys, grinned sympathetically.

But Ellabel turned away with her hand involuntarily pressing her heart. It's hard to be a heroine even if you know that what you have done would win the applause of a man named Tim Doyle if he ever found out about it.

Another of the delightfully entertaining and worth while stories of Frank R. Adams will appear in September COSMOPOLITAN—at all newsstands August 10.

Cosmopolitan for August, 1922

The Tramp

(Continued from page 47)

She hated Sunday. Everyone had a home—someone—even a husband.

When she was dressed she jammed her saucy green tam over her curls.

Across the hall there was a sudden burst of laughter. A clatter of hospitable plates. A child's shrill, delighted voice.

Ninon took off the green tam and flung it on the sofa.

"Oh well!" she said, "I guess I'm not hungry anyway."

III

ODDLY enough, afterwards, in the slightest night when sleep avoided him as though he were a thing unclean, and in the day hours that would not pass, it was Ninon as she stood in the door of the little white house who always came to Pete.

Ninon, in a plain black dress almost down to her ankles, and a silly bit of white apron edged with lace.

Ninon with glad, sweet eyes and tender, waiting lips and small hands, marred by many burns and tiny needle pricks.

And when the memory became a thing almost beyond bearing, and he tried to summon up the bizarre, impudent, flaming Ninon of Hollywood nights, he could never quite make her real.

But now, as he strode up the path in the stimulating starlight of a November evening, he felt only that rush of expectant joy that she had taught him.

She was waiting for him, framed in the doorway. And Ninon's welcome was a thing of lifted breast and shining eyes.

"Tired, my darling?" she asked, and her little hands were busy to take his paper and his cap, to lead him into the warm bright room and fuss about his coat.

He never quite knew how she managed it. Always there was some little surprise present waiting for him when he came to the white house. Tonight it was new and shining slippers and they made a great matter of trying them on.

Still, work had been scarce at the studios during the slump. He knew sacrifice must lie behind these things. She would never take money from him.

"No, I want to give you something every day that I see you," she said one night when he protested. "I—Pete, I am making little offerings to the gods. I am afraid of the gods they make for us in this world. Every woman is afraid. We walk softly in happiness—we make little sacrifices—that the gods may accept them and not ask greater ones. Oh! my dear love, a woman after all can only love one man—enough to want a home, children. So her happiness is a very frail thing, for it has just one source. It isn't safe outside the garden, Pete. It isn't. Sometimes beautiful flowers grow outside the wall, dear, but—they are always weeds."

Even now, after all these months, the little white house continued to be a revelation to Pete.

It was a very small white house.

Once, indeed, it had been a barn.

A big living room with a cement floor and a red brick fireplace. A tiny kitchen. Upstairs, a bare, whitewashed bedroom and bath.

Not much of a house, to be sure, but of it, somehow, driven by the dreams that



Teeth You Envy

Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively

combat it. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

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were now never absent from her eyes, Ninon had made a home.

No one would ever know what it had cost, that tiny place where Pete so carelessly absorbed ease and peace and comfort. Nor dream of the joy that Ninon's tired feet and aching limbs and weary, shining eyes knew as she tramped the streets looking for things to fit her nest.

Of the bare white room above, with its narrow army cot and strips of matting, Pete knew nothing.

“Did you have dinner with your mother, dear?” she asked. She had already shut the kitchen door to keep out the smell of chops. Until he telephoned she had expected him to dinner. But she didn't want him to know that.

He nodded. “Come kiss me, baby.”

She went to him, trembling. Sweet. Afraid. Cuddling up beside him on the sofa as a child curls up to sleep. The deeps in her eyes grew from joy to content as she watched the happy little flames rollicking in her grate.

At that moment the chief joy in Ninon's life was the fact that a carpenter friend had sent her a load of wood from the studio where she worked most often.

Pete, of course, was perpetually broke. The salary of an assistant director is one not frequently mentioned. Pete was working with a big, successful director. Some day, if the break came right, he would have a company of his own with the same firm. It was invaluable training. But like all training, expensive. Pete knew it was the path many great men had trod before him and he was ambitious—terribly ambitious. He loved success. The things it brought of deference, praise, applause, electric lights.

Some day that would all be his—if he didn't lose his head.

In the meantime Pete had extravagant ideas. Cafés, taxis, first nights, parties, cost money. To Ninon, the world without had lost its savor.

Pete loved to see her shine; loved to watch her conquer a roomful of people; loved her notoriety, her popularity and the incense to his own vanity his complete possession of her gave him.

And yet—they nearly always quarreled when they went out. Bitter, unkind, unpleasant quarrels, such as only two people who love each other passionately and are not sure of the future can know. He loved her small success, but like most men he resented it. And he showed his mastery, his superiority, by small barbed insults, by reminders of the things that, after all, she was. It was not deliberate. It was no more than Ninon expected. Men were like that.

Alone, they were happiest.

To the thousand allurements that had been part of her equipment, this woman of his had added a soft feminine sweetness that he knew was his unshared. This woman who gave herself to him with an abandon that pain could not have halted, with a joy that sorrow could never smother, was a creation of his own. Sprung into being with his kiss.

Of the dreams that surrounded him—of the fact that he had come to be a symbol of all the things that Ninon's lonesome, struggling heart desired—he could know nothing.

Snuggling beside him, Ninon murmured: “Do you know, Pete, this is my

dream home. It's the only real home I've ever known.”

Again a silence that had no need to be broken fell between them.

Ninon was thinking of the home from which she had come and, for the first time in years, of her mother, without bitterness. After all, that small, crowded, ugly, discordant Middle Western house had been a home—a family.

Pete was turning over in his mind a conversation he had had with his own mother that morning at breakfast. Pete had never discovered that his mother's great sweetness was the veil for her tremendous stubbornness, her intense determination. She was the sort of woman who would have cut off her hand for her own offspring, but who never dreamed that she had a duty to any other woman's children.

“Kent,” she said—that was Pete's real name—“mother doesn't like to interfere in your affairs, dear. But Kent—dear—this girl. Your sister is concerned and your father—well, dear, you know how upset your father gets, and that's hard on me. Mother doesn't want to force your confidence, dear. But we've heard such very odd things about her. Could you explain the situation a little?”

“Tell sis not to get on her ear,” Pete remarked, “or dad either. I'm not going to make any mistakes. I can take care of myself.”

“I know, dear”—Mrs. Winton's tone drooped—“but—what are your relations to her? Do you—are—are you going to marry her?”

Pete laughed, a bitter, short laugh. “Don't be silly, moms. I don't believe in marriage. Especially for a man that wants a professional career. Ninon knows that.”

“My dear, are you quite sure—this girl understands?” she begged. “There won't be any scandal? On your sister's account. Young Lenstrum is so attentive and they are—very exclusive.”

Pete jumped up hastily. “Let's not talk about it any more,” he said, shame conquering his voice. “There'll be no scandal. Ninon doesn't expect me to marry her and—she's the finest in the world, that kid.”

It was quite true, he reflected, as Ninon's warm palm measured itself against his, that he had told her, jokingly, often, that he never expected to marry.

Still, his conscience gnawed him.

The little white house hurt him, on nights like this. It was so cosy. There was something in Ninon's eyes that shone out at him, infinitely wistful, infinitely trusting.

After all, he really didn't believe what his boss, du Vallon, had tried to tell him only yesterday—that this change was only a new sensation to Ninon, that a tramp was always a tramp.

But he did not reckon that the song of hope had drowned every other voice in the world for Ninon.

Ninon fighting with every pitiful, deadly weapon in her power for happiness. And the fire of her love melting the sword in her hand.

In Ninon's secret heart, hope burned very brightly. Pete was falling more and more into the habits of her little white house. He came to her now for companionship, laughter, for advice even. He

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talked to her of his work, and Ninon, wise from her long experience in the game, turned her cunning to aid him.

The dream home for which she had come to live, the little dream children with Pete's eyes and sunny hair, came nearer every day. Sometimes she could almost touch them.

So, tonight, she played the cards that more and more seemed to her the winning ones. There within the four safe walls of her home, the fragrance of her skin and the scent of her hair rising about him like ether, she wove the webs of new enchantments.

At last he said, "Sing to me, Ninon." Therefore, because she had been very bright and happy and full of little jokes all evening, she sang him a small song that was often in her heart, an echo of San Francisco's ancient Chinatown which she had picked up from a girl who had once lived in its shadows.

"Towsey mongalay, my dear,
You'll leave me some day, I fear,
Sailing far across the sea
To blue eyes girl in Melicee.
If you stay, me love you true.
If you leave me—how can do?
Me no cly—me only say—
Towsey mongalay.

"It means—towsey mongalay—it means good by, good luck," she said softly. "I wonder if I shall be able to say it—good by, good luck—if you ever leave me. Now don't laugh; I'm going to sing you a lullaby I made up myself."

When the rose plush of her voice died, the boy on the couch suddenly got up and went to her, kneeling beside her in the dim light.

"I love you, Ninon," he said. "I do love you, my little darling sweetheart girl. Oh, Ninon—I wish I was big enough—I wish I was fine enough! I'm a weak, selfish, common—pig. You're worth forty of me—"

Ninon tasted the beating of her own heart in the silence. The star light in her soul blinded her eyes.

"Some day—dear—" she said very softly, as though she feared to wake a slumbering child in the house, a dream baby born of the summer east wind and the dew on the morning honeysuckle, safely born after travail and suffering.

"Some day—maybe—Ninon," said Pete, against the warm sweetness of her bosom. That night, when Pete had gone and the darkness hid her from all the world, Ninon knelt beside the narrow white cot in the bare room. For the first time in her life she tried to pray.

But the tumult of her heart drowned her words. Only tears were offered to wash clean the altar of her heart.

For Ninon thought she had won.

IV

THERE was a chuckle in her throat, almost a purr. In her eyes, laughter ran riot.

No one in Hollywood had ever seen Ninon dance as she danced about the tiny Christmas tree that stood on a red crêpe paper box before the fireplace. She danced about the tree, her gorgeous curls flying, her eyes like black diamonds, her scarlet lips matching the holly berries

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that hung in perky, beribboned wreaths upon the walls.

A child straying in might have mistaken her for the spirit of Christmas.

From the tree to the kitchen she danced, and once she burned her lips to an even deeper scarlet when she kissed the absurd drumsticks of the small turkey she drew from the oven to baste.

From behind the piano she brought a stack of bundles.

Ninon chuckled over each one as she tucked them into the fragrant limbs of the tiny, saucy tree that winked with silver and scarlet and tinsel trimmings.

She chuckled over the enormous box, so carefully wrapped, that she knew hid many other boxes each one smaller in size than the other, until in the smallest box of all was a lovely, plain jade ring that Pete had long admired.

The clumsy one in newspaper, in layers and layers of newspapers, hid the tan velvet housecoat she had coveted for him for so long.

The six little parcels all done up so elaborately each held a pongee handkerchief, in which she had pulled threads for many weary, happy hours.

She kissed each one as she tucked it away.

It was a real Christmas. Last year she had spent Christmas alone, until night, when she got drunk at a big, stupid party at Art Sturgeon's because she was so miserable and lonely.

Next Christmas, maybe—

That reminded her of something and she flew upstairs, her feet scarcely touching the steps.

This time she actually laughed aloud as she tacked up the silly white baby stocking above the fireplace. Inside she stuffed candy, a rattle on which a funny face was painted and a penny doll.

When she heard a knock at the door she fairly leaped for joy. Her heart was open to the whole world. She hoped it was someone to whom she could show her Christmas tree.

Even when she saw the telegram her heart gave not the faintest signal of warning. She only throbbed more joyously to think that someone had remembered her.

She made the messenger boy come in and look at her tree. She gave him a pocketful of candy and an enormous slice of cake. As long as he lived, he never forgot her. She was like a living flame.

It was well she had snuggled down on the big couch to read her Christmas wire.

Because her heart stopped beating and above her head the black wings of the angel of despair hovered very low. Life itself seemed to sink away from her in that moment. Her eyes grew so dull she could hardly see the crucifix of her love.

Dully she dropped the yellow death sentence into the fire. Knelt with a horrible small cry to rescue even that from destruction.

But the flames had left her only a few words written in hell fire—Mother—Merry Christmas—Good by—Pete—that swiftly blackened and fell into cold gray ashes.

Slowly Ninon got to her feet. Stood looking leadenly at the merry, twinkling little Christmas tree as though she did not know what it was.

Then with steady fingers and blank face she began to strip the gleaming red balls, the sparkling white tinsel from its green branches.

It was not until she reached the tiny white baby angel she had hung so carefully at the top that her hands failed her. Her fingers closed madly on its gleaming white fat body, like a girl's dream of her first-born, and the frail thing ground to ashes in her palm.

And Ninon Gay did not even see the drops of blood that welled from her heart to dye its dust crimson.

V

NINON lighted another cigarette and blew out the match with a gay whistle.

"If you had any idea how wonderful I'd be," she said to the casting director, with the pertest smile, "you'd beg me to take the darned old part. The censors seem fed up with bathing beauties—and I am darn sick of trying to be funny. As a matter of fact, I'm the greatest undiscovered genius blushing unseen in Hollywood at this moment."

The casting director smiled at her, his wise, kindly smile that had softened many blows dealt from his big chair. Besides, he liked Ninon Gay.

"I'll tell you the truth, Ninon," he said. "I'd like to give it to you but—you look a little too—experienced, too hard. You won't photograph young and fresh enough for this ingénue any more. All your fun and charm doesn't register and—you're screening—sort of hard. I had Sample run that last bathing picture for me the other day. I wonder if it's your hair. Why don't you stop hennaing it—let it go back to its natural color?"

Ninon rose suddenly as though an unseen hand had plucked her from her chair. The smile she gave him was like a white flower flung on an open wound. But it was a smile, valiant, hopeless.

"Well—if you want to know—my hair happens to be snow-white now—"

The casting director was not easily surprised, but for a moment he could not see the trim, saucy little figure, though he was sure tears could not have blinded his eyes.

"Good heavens—child—when—how did that happen?"

From a cabaret set just outside the window a wild peal of jazz and laughter flooded the office.

"Oh, it's a little Christmas present I got last year," said Ninon, still smiling. "It's—it's the ghost of a happiness that was born dead, that's all. But—you have to go on just the same."

And she walked out, whistling through lips that were gray.

The funny yellow little Chinaman, sitting in the outer office waiting to be cast in an underworld feature, nodded pleasedly as he recognized the thin, trembling melody.

"Me no cly—me only say—
Towsey mongalay."

Another of Mrs. St. Johns' revealing and dramatic stories of life in Hollywood—"Starring Mrs. Tim Hale"—will appear in September COSMOPOLITAN.

Ponjola

(Continued from page 35)

blessings the veldt has to bestow. It's a good place for a fellow who has nothing to lose and everything to forget."

"A woman might be in such case," she said quietly.

"Yes, I suppose so, if she'd been in jail or murdered her husband or something of that sort. But a woman like you"—it was not false flattery with which he regarded her—"a woman like you couldn't possibly live on the veldt without a man to look after her. If you had a husband, of course—" He paused inquiringly, but she left that unanswered. He saw, however, that she wore no wedding ring.

"You don't really advise me to try it, then?" It was a will-o'-the-wisp fancy she was moodily pursuing—across the slimy mud and dark brown waters of the Seine. Once more he was arrested by the smiling despair of her eyes.

"No. I don't think I advise it," he said seriously. "Of course you could visit the towns. But actual living on the veldt would be impossible for a woman like you."

"I see."
"A trip to South Africa is a thing everyone ought to make and almost everyone does now. I expect you will too. If you do, you must come and stay at Wankelo with us. My wife would be awfully pleased to know you."

"How kind you are!" Wankelo—what an odd name! Where is that?"

"Up in the middle of Rhodesia."

"Is your wife there now?"

A shy, tender look came into his face.

"She is not my wife yet. We are going to be married when I get back. I'm returning sooner than I meant to because—well—now there's an instance of how in Africa trouble swoops down on you out of a clear sky. When I left Wankelo she was happy and safe with the only people she's got, her father and brother. I was to be six months away settling up some things and floating a gold mining company I am interested in. I haven't been home four months when I get news that her father and brother are both drowned while trying to cross a flooded river. And there she is—all alone! I'm leaving the mine to float itself and getting back as fast as I can." He stared before him moodily.

"Even at that it will be about a month before I can reach her."

"But she knows you are coming."

"Yes. But it's pretty rough on her, isn't it?"

"A terrible thing to happen," she agreed.

"Still, I should think you might be able to comfort a girl even in such trouble," she added reflectively. He shook his head.

"It is she who is full of strength and comfort. She's a slip of a girl, a slight, lovely thing, but she's made of rock. We've been through one or two dark places together. That's a test, isn't it?"

She nodded, and her violet eyes fastened on his. Perhaps it was the sadness he divined in her that made him speak of what he had never shared with anyone before except the one woman.

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were closing in round me. It was then, in the shadows, that I found her."

There was a musing silence.

"Then, when the leopard made such a mess of me, it was touch and go whether I'd be blind for life or not . . ."

"But through everything I could feel her beside me . . . there, in the darkness . . . Something made of rock . . . Something you could stake your life, your immortal soul on. Women are wonderful." He seemed lost in thought. "A man must have something to stake on, someone to swear by. Or else he is lost."

He told no more. They suddenly discovered that it was nearly ten o'clock and that they had outsat all the other people in the café.

A rather biting wind had blown away the storm and the sky was full of frosty stars. Away, three blocks up the boulevard where they had left it, the red car's head lamps glared at the passersby. The chauffeur stamped the pavement beside her.

"I hope you've had something to eat, Duval?"

"Yes, monsieur, thank you."

The man looked at the girl. "The Quai D'Orsay is it?" he asked.

"I have been thinking," she answered slowly. "It is late. I have decided not to keep that appointment tonight."

"Oh? Then you must let me drive you home."

"But it is just down the street."

"Never mind. We might as well drop you at your door," he urged. So she got in. At the door he rang the bell and they shook hands warmly.

"It has been a most delightful evening," he said, "and I shall never forget it. You've made me believe Europe isn't such a cynical old shop after all."

"And you've made me believe the world is not such a bad old place." She gazed at him intently. She was so tall that her violet eyes were almost on a level with his smiling sea-blue ones. "I feel as if I've been on a visit to the veldt."

His glance once more recognized her beauty and he shook his head, repeating: "You wouldn't do for the veldt."

"You consign me to the ghosts of Europe, then?" The door, manipulated from the lodge of the concierge, had opened behind her. "Good by."

"Good by," he called from the car. "And don't forget—if you ever come out you'll find me at Wankelo."

"Wankelo," sheechoed. "I won't forget."

Her studio was on the top floor. At every landing she stood still in the darkness and thought for a little while.

Her mind was full of a great plan.

At last she reached her door. The letters and packets still lay on the entrance table, and she took them up and carried them into the studio. Then when she had turned on the lights she went over to the mirror under the high window and switched on another light that was fixed on a level with her face. She looked at herself with the same intent, absorbed expression as she had looked at the man. But her gaze was searching, piercing. It was as though she were trying to see someone else there. At last she mockingly murmured to that reflected beauty of hers:

"Farewell, my friend—a long farewell."

But there was no sadness in the words, and her lips were touched with a gaiety they had not known for many months.

CHAPTER II

ABOUT a year later that well known old tub the Glenconnor Castle drew near her port of destination on the East Coast of Africa, to the hearty content of most of her passengers. The trip from home via Marseilles and Suez had taken about five weeks.

Rhodesia was booming along on top of a mining wave that would shortly turn into a breaker and go crash, and people were hurrying out happily to destruction. A group sat on deck in the hour before the first dinner bell. One was an American and one a stranger to the country, but the rest were Rhodesians.

Only Mrs. Hope was old in years, and she might have been no more than fifty, and good looking at that, if Africa, hard work and a widow's over large portion of worry had not set their devastating marks upon her. She was matron of a hospital, and the white military nursing veil she wore gave her the look of a rather humorous abbess. She knitted a sock busily, but not so busily as to be unable to keep an eye on Mrs. Loochia Luff scratching and spitting like a mangy kitten at young Desmond. Mrs. Hope did not like young Desmond to be maltreated because he reminded her of her son in Dublin, and of all young and gay yet rather wistful boys. Not that there was anything wistful about him just then. He had acquired the position of bank and was flourishing the dice box—the whole party being intent on seven-come-eleven, a scheme for acquiring an apéritif at someone else's expense. Young Desmond had a special way of beguiling the dice, sitting over the box crooning to the number he wanted and adjuring it to come forth.

"Come on now, Little Joe—Little Joe is the four and you must always whisper to him—come on now, my José. Don't stay knocking on the door—come right in."

He threw, and out popped Little Joe. The bank won.

"It's disgusting," said Mrs. Luff, and exchanged languorous glances with the American—consul of some sultry port down the coast—who was for the time being lord of her heart. Behind her back she was generally called Love-a-little Loochia. It must have been a Rhodesian who started it, for giving nicknames is another idiosyncrasy of that race apart. But she blamed young Desmond for it, and her revenge was to go about warning people that he was "lungy."

It might have been a brutal thing to do, for people have a way of sheering off you if you are "lungy," but young Desmond seemed peculiarly insensitive to the sayings of women and not to give a brass button whether anyone sheered off him or not. Also, though tall and slight, he did not look delicate, so no one believed Mrs. Luff and her revenge fell rather flat. She hated him for this too, and because he was good looking in an odd sort of way, and was not for her; at least she could not yet really believe that he was not for her, but she found it unpardonable that he always showed a marked preference for the society of Gaynor Lypiatt, whom she looked upon as her rival. Wherefore she used her forked tongue upon him at every opportunity. But under these attacks he remained cool. He would simply fix his eyes on her ankles, which were very bad

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"Come on now, Big Joe," he muttered in a menacing tone. "Big Joe is the eight and you must always insult him. Come on now, you blighter." He threw, and out popped Big Joe. The bank won.

"You learned that dice powwow in Mexico," drawled the consul in broad Americanese.

"Never mind where I learned it," imitated Desmond through his nose. "It does the trick."

"Dice are uncanny and so are cards," said Loochia. "They either like you or they don't. Eric simply can't lose at cards."

Mrs. Hope and Mrs. Berrington exchanged a glance. Apparently they knew all about Loochia's husband and his "luck" at cards.

"What a pity he is not here," said Mrs. Berrington innocently. Loochia shot her a barbed glance but it slid off harmlessly as most things did from that plump, jolly personage. And seven-come-eleven having resulted in the gross loss of five shillings and threepence to the consul, it was up to him to stand apéritifs all round.

Most Rhodesians drank in those good old days. Mrs. Lypiatt was exceptional in never taking anything. Young Desmond occasionally drank mixed vermouth and ordered one now. Being a Rhodesian only by intention so far, he had not yet developed the country's complaint. But they prophesied cheerful things for him.

"You'll be a hard case in six months' time," said Loochia. "Total abstainers are always the worst once they get going."

Desmond dispersed the smoke sufficiently for it to be seen that his gaze was fastened intently upon her ankles. She jumped up hastily, clutching her apéritif.

"Let's go and have our drinks in the music saloon," she said. Mrs. Berrington looked after her reflectively as she and two of the men left.

"Eric Luff may be lucky at cards, but in love—"

She finished her sentence with a sigh. Mrs. Hope's upper lip twitched a little, and Desmond gave his odd one note laugh.

When the rest had gone to dress for dinner Gaynor Lypiatt came and sat down next to Desmond. Neither spoke, for they knew each other well enough to sit in silence. Desmond had flung one flannelled arm above his head and his eyes were invisible except for a glint between the lids. Not very much got past those half closed eyes, though. This lazy young man was a close student of his fellow beings, though very few of them realized it. A tall, rather graceful youngster, built on fine lines, he was "not a boily boy" as Florence Berrington put it, but had a clear skin richly burnished by the sun. Even his well cut lips seemed sunburned and his pitch-black hair was slicked down on his head smooth as glass. The half closed eyes, if one could have seen them properly, might have been dark blue, and it seemed a pity he should spoil a not unattractive ensemble by wearing them screwed up as though nothing was worth looking at. Sometimes they actually appeared to squint with cynicism. The twist to his lips, too, making his mouth slant scornfully and pulling his features out of harmony, seemed out of place in one so young. The promise of a mustache showed in a faint dark line on his upper lip.

He had been taken aboard at Port Said, and a six months' trek in the desert prob-

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ably explained the sunburn. He himself never gave explanations. His favorite occupation appeared to be that of listening to other people's talk. He always wore loose, rather old but well cut clothes, and was a *déagé* sort of fellow, seeming to look upon life as an excellent basis for ironical reflection but otherwise as a rather tiresome affair. Yet he showed a certain preference for women's society, and some of them in turn showed a decided liking for him; Loochia Luff, for instance, as well as the one now at his side. Mrs. Lypiatt was young, lovely and sparkling, which is an alluring combination; but Desmond liked her because she was sweet and dignified as well as charming.

Gaynor Lypiatt and he had spent many hours side by side in the sunlight and the moonlight; nevertheless, they had not told each other much more than surface things. Behind their pleasant converse each held a deep reserve. She sometimes gave him food for speculation as to what other manner of woman was hidden away under the pretty, sociable exterior, but he did not seek to find her. He had a secret which he never intended anyone to penetrate, and he respected the condition in others.

"I expect there are enough romances and tragedies on this ship to fill all the libraries in London," he remarked, following this line of thought. Gaynor Lypiatt looked startled.

"I wonder."

"I am sure of it—if we could only get at them."

She receded a little into her chair and there was a silence. Far away on the sky line a faint greenish haze showed the coast of the land they were reaching next day, and Desmond indicated it with a wave of his cigarette.

"There's your Africa, 'out of which comes everything' according to Ovid—or was it Kipling?"

"I don't know about everything coming out of it; but everyone comes to it sooner or later; and in it anything may happen to anybody."

"What a cryptic statement!"

"It's a cryptic country," said Mrs. Lypiatt in her sweet, dolorous voice.

He looked at her thoughtfully. She had made the round voyage from the Cape to London and Marseilles and back again by Egypt to regain her health after a bad illness; and there was no doubting that the object had been achieved. Through the thin muslin of her gown her arms and shoulders showed beautifully firm, and her cheeks wore the warm bloom of a sun kissed peach. A sight to glad the vision of a waiting husband, to whom she had been married little more than a year. People said that she and Constant Lypiatt were a devoted couple. Then why should her eyes, that had been so gay all the voyage, now wear a haggard expression? And why, when everyone else grew cheerier day by day as the ship neared home, should her high spirits fade and her laughter fall silent?

The first dressing bell began to clang round the decks and she rose from her chair and left him. Almost immediately Loochia appeared from the music saloon, ostensibly to seek a lost powder puff.

"I hear you're going to recite at the concert tonight," said Desmond. "Will you do something for me?"

"I will do much for you," she said in a tone of curious excitement.

"Well, recite Heraclitus."

"Is that all?" She stood looking down at him through her eyelashes, a smile flickering on her lips. "Is that all?"

"Well, will you?" Desmond took no notice of her fantastic questions and glances but stared up calmly. She turned away with a not very musical laugh.

"Oh, I'll recite to you!" said she significantly and walked off.

"What's the matter with the woman?" muttered Desmond, stretching his long flanneled legs and staring at them; they were finished at each end by a white canvas boot of hefty size soled with red rubber. "That cocktail must have got into her head!" He sat smiling. "Oh Lord! if Rhodesia is going to be half as amusing as this voyage, I'm glad I'm still alive!"

It is not every young man traveling alone who can command the luxury of a state cabin to himself on a full ship. An ability to pay for your whims goes a long way in such matters, but there were other men with money on board and some had shown themselves quite willing to share Desmond's quarters. Their kindly offers were very firmly turned down.

"Thanks very much, but I didn't wait three weeks at Port Said for the pleasure of anyone's intimate society," he said pleasantly, and that was the end of it.

A pretty determined customer was young Desmond, and cool withal.

"You could never mistake him for anything but a gentleman," Florence Berrington inflexibly pronounced. Certainly he had, in spite of a slight slouch, a rather gallant way of carrying himself, and wore his head on his shoulders as though not afraid to look fate in the face.

Mrs. Lypiatt sat next to him at dinner, and he had never seen her look more charming. It seemed almost a pity she didn't take champagne every evening since it had so good an effect upon her spirits and appearance. *Tristesse* was gone from her eyes, and they were the burning blue of cornflowers on an August day. The Rhodesians were delighted with her, saying that their "old gay Gay of long ago" had come back to them, at which she became gayer than ever—the champagne corks popped and her rule of never drinking anything was lost to the breezes.

After dinner was the grand farewell concert—a great gathering of all the classes, first, second and third, on the main deck. Everyone smoked, talked and hilariously applauded each item on the program. Above them in the purple skies the stars glittered like diamonds.

Mrs. Luff had refused to give more than one recitation and it came almost at the end. She did not look at anybody, just stood there very pretty and demure, waiting for the buzz of conversation to die away. Desmond was sitting close to her, and he wondered if she would remember his request and give them Heraclitus. But when silence fell she began something quite different.

"The first gave me a necklace," she said very delicately. Desmond's eyebrows contracted sharply. Everyone else looked pleasantly anticipative.

"The first . . . gave me a necklace, a necklace of pearls worth a city of palaces with temples and treasures and slaves . . ."

"The second . . . wrote me verses. He said that my hair was black as the wings of

night . . . and my eyes bluer than the eyes of morning.

"The third . . . was so beautiful that his own mother could not embrace him without a blush . . . He laid his hands upon my knees . . . and his lips to my bare feet.

"Thou . . ."

The reciter paused and looked about her with languorous appealing eyes as if searching for someone. Desmond's face looked cold and cynical. The expression on other faces was polite but bewildered. Probably Desmond was the sole person besides the reciter who knew exactly what the poem was—a free translation of one of the Chansons de Bilitis, which in Pierre Louys's exquisite French is classically amorous in its tender melancholy, but which in English turned into something very different. The languorous green eyes seemed to search the audience for a moment; then they came to rest on Desmond.

"Thou . . . Thou hast made me no verses. Thou hast given me naught—for thou art poor. And thou art not beautiful. But . . . it is thou that I love."

She withdrew her gaze lingeringly from Desmond, having most indubitably fulfilled her promise to recite him something!


By the time the concert was over it was late, and people, in view of an early arrival at Beira, hurried to bed. But Desmond allowed himself to be persuaded to an hour's poker in the smoking room. Even after that he paced the deck a long while. Something in the thought of that strange land looming in the darkness stirred him to the depths. "The woman Africa," Kipling called it, but behind the dimness of the night the coast took more the aspect of a crouching beast. Which would it be to him—Woman or Beast? Would the Woman kiss him and give him consolation on her breast? Or was the Beast waiting to maul his heart in her bloody claws? Was it only the treachery and cruelty of Europe in different guise that he would find in still primitive Africa? He wondered, and wondering, hardened his soul against Beast and Woman alike. He would ask nothing of either, he thought, expect nothing and get nothing. That was best; then at least one owed nothing.

"Ye have no friend but resolution and—the briefest end," he quoted softly.

Still, it is hard to banish all sweet hope from the heart of youth, and there was this to be said—that somewhere in Rhodesia he had reason to believe a fine man and a wonderful woman were living together in the perfection of comradeship and love. And he wanted to see it. He might not share in it; fate had definitely forbidden that; but if he could just look upon it he would be content and go his ways thereafter judging life less harshly, with a revived faith in the promise she puts into the heart of every child—that somewhere is peace and beauty and the fulfilling of dreams.

Eight bells sounded midnight, and at last he turned to his cabin. As he closed its door behind him and felt for the electric switch, a sudden coldness crept into his veins. By some odd, almost feminine instinct he knew that he was not alone. There was a difference in the feel of the room. A faint, unaccustomed scent . . . Almost instantly he understood, for a woman's soft, warm fingers closed round his and a soft voice whispered:

"Desmond."



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His hand dropped and they stood there in the darkness touching one another, her fingers trembling and burning in his, her waiting face turned upwards. There was a long moment; then he spoke very low, almost whispering too.

"I suppose this is some sort of bet you've got on?"

"Kiss me," she whispered burning.

He gave his curious low laugh—a laugh of friendly amusement with a note of raillery in it.

"Most certainly I'll kiss you." Stooping, he snatched a fleeting kiss from her lips and with the same movement opened his door behind him and slipped out. She was left standing in the darkness while he gave a quick glance up and down the deck, then turned to her.

"Now hook it!" he said. "Fortunately there's no one about. But you shouldn't make such risky bets."

He drew her through the door and gently pushed her away into the shadows. But he knew that of Love-a-little Loochia he had made an enemy for life.

CHAPTER III

NEXT morning found them all hanging over the side of the ship and gazing at sand blighted Beira as if it had been a paradise of dreams instead of the usual tropical port—lines of white houses pitched on sandy beaches, with plenty of palms and gaudy blossoms to cover up its sores and sins.

The moment they cast anchor boatloads of people came swarming out.

"There's my Binkie!" cried Florence Berrington ecstatically, catching sight of her husband. Mrs. Lypiatt too was waving, and Desmond saw an alert looking man standing in a small steam launch with his eyes fixed on her.

"That's my husband," she said, but her voice was dull. Yesterday's bloom of well being had mysteriously disappeared. Her husband did not appear to be a demonstrative man, for they merely shook hands and strolled away together. But Desmond, smoking composedly, had seen the expression of the man's eyes light as he took in his wife from head to feet.

"A cold man with a passion! He is mad about her," was the observer's computation, but no opportunity for further impressions occurred. The Lypiatts went off together in the steam launch—a private affair belonging to a Portuguese big-wig.

"Just like Constant Lypiatt," Mrs. Luff remarked. "Never happy unless he can do things differently and make everyone else feel like common herd."

She had given Desmond one blade-like glance on meeting, but had not addressed a word to him.

Desmond went with the crowd on the ship's tug. They insisted upon it. He had been officially adopted as a Rhodesian and their gods had to be his gods, their wanderings his wanderings.

Beira's streets of shifting sands are more difficult to negotiate than the shifting sands of life, and, as all along the East Coast, the best accommodation is found in hotel verandas. Deep chairs with movable arms to roost the feet or rest the glass and every tumbler doing its duty. The Rhodesians installed themselves at The Queens. The mosquitoes started operating at once.

Only Mrs. Hope and young Desmond

were unattached and could watch the passing show with carefree eyes. It transpired that trains to Rhodesia were "hung up"—no one knew why or seemed to care. In that sun smitten land the password is "Don't worry—rest."

"This must be how lotus eaters feel!" Desmond thought, and idly watched two men among the first to greet the Rhodesians. They were hailed as Count von Blauhimmel and Champagne Sherry, but it was understood that these were not real names. Sherry, the younger of the two—neither could be termed an unfledged birdling—was a loose built, dark fellow with legs that flew about all over the place when he walked as if their owner were qualifying for locomotor ataxia. Whether the name was a tribute to this walk, the bottle slope of his shoulders or his taste in drinks, Desmond could not at once ascertain. The Count whose bright complexion also suggested a habit of looking upon the wine when it was scarlet, was a man of chic. His check breeches were of the latest cut, his gaiters and boots gleamed like burnished steel.

"He is really a German baron," Mrs. Hope murmured to Desmond, "but he likes to be considered French or English."

They were tossing for drinks, and the result being against the Count he shouted with an Oxford manner and only the faintest of German accents an order for drinks for everybody, adding, "when I can't buy a whisky and soda I shall blow my brains out." The two then proceeded to interview the barman.

"Are these Rhodesians?" inquired Desmond of Mrs. Hope.

"Yes indeed. True Rhodesians," she sighed.

"The real soft-nosed bullet," said Berrington. "Sherry is a mine owner but he hasn't sold any lately; he's only 'owning' them. I believe at present he's supposed to be minding Lundi Druro's farm. The Count is also manager for some hypothetical mine, but no one has ever seen him do anything except sell impossible horses at outrageous prices to young men fresh from home. The rest of his time he, too, spends on the farm."

"Surely one would call them farmers?" "No one is a farmer in Rhodesia," said Mrs. Berrington, "but everyone has a farm. When other helpers fail and comforts flee they retire to the farm."

"What do they do there?"

"Look after their microscopic herds of cattle; plan the buildings they are going to put up when they get some money; gaze at the mealie-crops which won't grow; potter round the homestead generally, using it as a base from which to make excursions to the nearest town on the pretext of business." Mrs. Hope, having said her say, closed her Irish mouth with a twitch that made you wonder if she was trying to keep in a laugh or a sob.

"So that's the way Empire is extended!" commented Desmond.

"And a very amusing life too—for those who like it," said Florence.

"It's the kind of life you will be living in a few months' time." Loochia addressed Desmond with a bright, cutting smile.

"D'you think so?"—politely. "But I hope to get a job if there are any going."

"Oh, plenty of jobs," said Berrington cheerfully. "If you really want one." He seemed surprised. "I'll introduce you to

the Count and Sherry. They're sure to put you on to something."

Desmond presently found the two mining adventurers talking to him like old friends.

He specially liked the twinkling eyes of Sherry which, in spite of their blood and amber setting, produced an impression of childlike ingenuousness. There was something pathetic, too, in the miscellaneous garments he wore, each seeming to have been made for a different person, as indeed they were, for he was a kleptomaniac of the first water.

"What you need first of all is a horse," said the Count firmly. "Then you can get about the country and look for a mine."

"No, no," interrupted Sherry. "Let him come out to the farm and rest." He gazed solicitously at young Desmond. "You don't look strong. Farming would suit you. D'you know anything about cattle? Or cooking?"

"Nothing more, I'm afraid, than recognizing a good horse or a good cook."

"Can you shoot?"

"I can put a bird. Don't know that I'd be much good at lions."

"Lions!" Everybody hooted with glee. "You will, my boy, you will," he was cynically assured. "When you've been here a month you'll tell us more about lions than we ever dreamed of."

"Are they so plentiful?"

"None been seen in our district for years," said the Count, "but that doesn't matter. You'll tell us about them just the same."

"Consider yourself engaged to come out and shoot for the pot on Lundi Druro's ranch," said Sheridan. "No salary attached, but a pleasant life. Is it a deal?"

Desmond hesitated.

"I rather wanted to trek about the veldt a bit and see something of mining life."

The mine manager lurking in Sherry instantly sprang forth.

"Ah! Of course if you're looking for a property I can put you on to something really good."

"I haven't any money to invest, you know," said Desmond pleasantly. "I just want to make some."

"Don't try any of Sherry's dud properties anyhow," warned Mrs. Berrington with her good tempered smile. "Don't try anything until you get a little experience of the country."

Ultimately the Count announced that if Desmond seriously wanted a job that combined "living on the veldt and seeing something of mining" he might be able to offer him a position shortly as secretary out at the Oof-Bird.

"Is that a new proposition?" asked Mrs. Luff sharply.

"Well, it's the old Pansy. Closed down some years ago, you'll remember, but Con Lypiatt and I believe there's something in it, and we've bought and rechristened it."

"Rechristening is unlucky."

"Poof!" retorted the Count. "We intend to make a fortune out of it."

Loochia curled her lip. "All properties are wonderful till the mill starts."

"Ah! but this is not like any other property," said the Count, who seemed to know what he knew.

It appeared to be settled that Desmond was engaged for secretarial duties at the Oof-Bird, where operations were to be started in a few weeks.

"I'm just having a rest down here meantime," explained the Count. "But Sherry and I go back tomorrow to Wankelo."

"Wankelo?" echoed Desmond.

"Yes, Wankelo is the center of a big mining district, and the Oof-Bird only about ten miles out."

"We're all Wankeloes," added Mrs. Berrington, "except Mrs. Hope, whose hospital is at Selukine."

"The Oof-Bird being just as near Selukine as Wankelo," remarked Mrs. Hope, "when you get fever, Mr. Desmond, you can come to me."

Desmond looked startled.

"But I don't intend to get fever!"

"Well, you'd better come and have a drink at once," said Sherry urgently.

"That's the only way to fight off fever."

"Thanks, I'm not thirsty."

The other men accepted the challenge and went forth bravely to do battle.

Desmond decided to seek his room. Having carefully closed himself in, he opened up his baggage and abstracted a pair of riding breeches, rather heavy boots and gaiters, a tweed sports coat with large pockets and a flannel shirt.

Whistling softly, he laid them ready for the next morning. Once during his occupations he murmured something to himself:

"Wankelo—h'm . . . Wankee-lo!" He smiled a rather melancholy smile.

As it was getting near dinner time he now attended to his toilette. With some black stuff out of a bottle he slicked his hair down a little more smoothly and with some brown stuff put a further supply of honest sunburn on his already considerably bronzed cheek. His satirical eyes were no longer half closed and sleepy but wide open, a sparkling sapphire blue. Finally he looked critically at his mouth.

"My mustache does not seem to be growing very well this evening," he murmured, and taking from his pocket a small, tin-enclosed pencil, he renewed the fine dark line upon his upper lip.

The whole party left for Rhodesia next day, and Desmond, finding the society of Sherry and the Count more entertaining than being scratched by the velvety claws of Loochia, threw in his lot with them. It was a forty-eight hours' journey, and there was time for everything, so he also sought out Mrs. Lypiatt—who had been snatched into a compartment by herself.

"I wonder Con Lypiatt didn't order a special," sneered Loochia.

It certainly looked as though his idea was to isolate Gaynor from her fellow passengers, whether merely because he was a jealous husband or, as the acute Loochia averred, because he liked to make the rest of the world feel inferior, Desmond had yet to discover. He was masterful, arrogant, and there was no mistake about his intelligence. It was all there. But that did not make you like him any the better.

He was a good looking man, small but with an air of strength; beautifully neat and fastidious. His hair lay sleek and shining as fair silk, on a rather large head, and his eyes were cold and colorless as water. With such eyes a man might have boundless power over persons of warmer and more emotional temperament. They gave Desmond rather an uncanny feeling.



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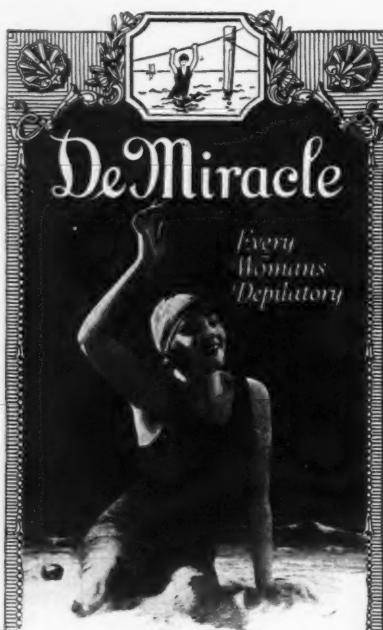
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"This is Mr. Desmond, Con. I told you how nice he was to me on board."

Lypiatt greeted him pleasantly and insisted on his coming into their carriage. They settled down to smoke.

"Coming to Rhodesia to look for a fortune?" There was something too narrowly examining in Lypiatt's glance for Desmond's comfort.

"No. Just to look round. Are there fortunes to be found here?" Desmond's tone was indifferent.

"In mining, yes—if you have the right kind of eyes."

"Mr. Desmond paints and writes," explained Mrs. Lypiatt.

"Oh!" Lypiatt smiled but a shade of contempt came into his eyes. "Mines won't be much in your line, then?"

"I'm told that's where I should look for material and color."

Lypiatt shrugged.

"People will tell you anything. Mining is a dull affair unless you have one great ambition—to make a pile and clear out."

This was a different Rhodesian to the others—and the first one Desmond had met who wanted to clear out. Certainly some of them looked as if they had stayed too long.

They sat talking for a while about the country. Desmond did not think it necessary to tell of his agreement to go to the Oof-Bird. He felt an inexplicable revulsion toward the man, and it was disappointing, for it would hardly be possible to see much of a woman whose husband you disliked intensely. A sudden pity for her was born, too. She reminded him of a soft, wistful creature caught in a trap with steel springs. How had she come to be trapped? The answer lay in these eyes of cold gray. Not many things were clear about Constant Lypiatt but of this you could be certain—what he wanted he wanted well, and got it. Desmond was glad to return to the simpler company of the Count and Sherry.

At every station one place never lacked patronage—the little bar in the corner of each refreshment room. Men dived from the train before it came to a standstill to get in first and join the hullabaloo of shouts and laughter.

After one such diversion Desmond found himself alone in the carriage with Sheridan, the others having made a forced entry elsewhere just as the train was steaming out. Sherry, full of whisky when he started the journey, had been getting fuller ever since; but the more he drank the soberer he seemed to become, the clearer in his speech, the wiser in his counsels. You couldn't help liking the fellow, Desmond found, even trusting him.

"Does every man in Rhodesia drink, Mr. Sheridan?" asked the boy somewhat wistfully.

"All the good men do," was the proud reply. "Yes. Every good man in Rhodesia can mop up the ponjola."

It was the first time young Desmond had heard the magic word.

"I can't quite accept that," he said. "I once met a Rhodesian in—in Europe—a fine fellow. He didn't—drink."

"Not in Europe, perhaps," said Sherry, wagging his head. "But as soon as he got back to Rhodesia he did."

"Rot! I'm sure he didn't. He was a man with ambition and a will—and a happy life before him with the girl he loved."

"Girls die sometimes," said Sherry solemnly. "Then what are you to do?"

"I don't fancy his girl died. He was the kind the gods smile on, and give to of their best."

"That never lasts," said Sherry, still solemn and oracular. "Gods suddenly get sick of smiling and bat you over the head. I know a case like that. My best friend. Had the prettiest girl in Rhodesia, and the best mine—everything he touched turned to money—gods smiling away to beat the band—everything in the garden lovely. Went away to fix up his affairs and his luck turned. Girl married another fellow, rinderpest broke out and killed all the cattle on his ranch, reef on his mine got lost and he and his partner spent thousands trying to find it again. Now he hasn't a pellet left. What else is there for him I'd like to know but ponjola?"

"A pretty rotten creed! There are a few other interests left in life, I should hope, besides girls and gold!"

"Depends," said the sapient Sherry, "on whether you have staked your all on the girl. Also whether you have cultivated a real veldt thirst."

"Those aren't reasons," said Desmond scornfully. "Though of course it's a sad case enough and I hope there are not many like it."

"None *exactly* like it, because there's no one exactly like Lundi Druro. He's the best fellow in the country. One of the finest specimens of English manhood you could wish to meet."

"He must be!" said Desmond, squinting ironically out of the window.

"The first time I saw him," continued the advocate of ponjola, "he came into the club with an untamed monkey in his arms and pitched it on to the billiard table. That put an end to the match all right."

"Stout fellow! I should think it would."

"There was a row," said Sherry lucidly, "but it was a good row, like all those Lundi starts—except when he laid a man out for dead at the Glendower. But that was quite a different affair. The row at the club ended up with the entrance of police, but we made them honorary members and sent them back to the camp drunk as owls."

"Capital!" murmured Desmond, still squinting.

"But that was in the 'good old hearty days,'" quoted Sherry with a sigh. "Police are a stodgy crowd now."

"What's become of your friend?"

"He's got another mine, of course. But I doubt if his luck will ever turn. It's his farm I'm managing."

"I thought his cattle were all dead?"

"So they are, but we'll get some more some day," said the optimist, and suddenly fell asleep with the smile of hope fixed on his face. Desmond stared out at the swiftly passing glory of the veldt, with its blues and greens and scarlets, its strange trees, sometimes growing alone, sometimes in battalions. And everywhere color. Color that sang in the silence.

The sun, sinking between two kopjes on the horizon, lay like a spiked and glittering warrior, throwing long lances of gold across the veldt, then suddenly disappeared. Presently a new scent obtruded itself, rather like musty sweet hay mingled with wild thyme, jasmine and water lilies open in pools; it had a touch of sourness in it yet seemed oddly fresh and invigorating.

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Desmond, without knowing it, was savoring the subtle odor of the "sand veldt" that once smelled stays as a torment in the memory forever after.

At dusk on the evening of the second day the train drew into Wankelo. Everyone seemed to have dozens of friends to meet them, and the English youngster unmet and unwelcomed might well have felt depressed and perhaps looked it, for Sherry, who had been at the baggage van, locomotor-ataxed up to him.

"You seem to be qualifying for the nobody-loves-us society Druro and I belong to," he grinned. "Haven't you any friends expecting you?"

"I haven't a friend in the world."

"Well, you got to come with me," said Sherry cheerfully. "I'll fix you up at my shanty on the common tonight, and tomorrow we'll go out to Druro's. I thought he might possibly have been here—"

"Thanks awfully, I'll be all right," began Desmond hurriedly, but Sherry was gazing around in preoccupied fashion. The train had moved on and the last of the merry crowd were passing out of the gates. Only one late comer had the platform to himself.

"Ah! Here he is!" cried Sherry joyously and Desmond fixed an expectant gaze upon the sauntering figure in loose gray clothes with an untidy hatless head.

"So this is the hero of the hard luck tale—the ponjola king," thought he, and his mouth slanted sideways, his face assuming its usual cynical expression. But suddenly all the gaiety went out of it and the satire seemed frozen on his lips. In the full glare of the station lamps he saw Lundi Druro's sea-blue eyes haggard and red rimmed, weary as if they never slept.

"This is young Desmond, Lundi," proclaimed Sherry. "I've asked him out to the farm."

Desmond nodded without speaking and Druro gave him a careless glance that yet contained some quality of penetration in its weariness.

"Haven't I met you before?" he asked brusquely, staring.

"No!" was the quick and equally brusque reply in a voice so oddly harsh that it was Sherry's turn to stare.

"Of course you couldn't have met him," he interposed. "He's only just out."

Druro shrugged.

"One hasn't lived in this cursed country always," he muttered. "My mistake, however." He turned away indifferently. He seemed indifferent to everything in heaven and earth. "Coming to the club to have a drink?"

"Ra-ther," responded Sherry fervently.

"Come on, young Desmond. My niggers will see to your kit."

Desmond's every instinct was to escape from these disreputable men; but something had shaken composure out of him. He was not his usual calm self. Perhaps that was why, entirely against his convictions, he found himself with them in the soft red dust streets of Wankelo. The twinkling lights of many homes shone around them; but they, walking abreast, seemed homeless adventurers—three lonely, unattached human beings.

The second absorbing instalment of "Ponjola" in September COSMOPOLITAN takes you deeper into the veldt with the three wanderers.

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His Children's Children

(Continued from page 58)

romance and without passion, believing him to be the best and truest of men, ignorant that she bored him or that her cackling laugh drove him nearly frantic. After the first three months of married life she had ceased to make any effort to render herself personally attractive to him, assuming that having consented to be his wife all that it was necessary for her to do to keep alive his interest was to eat her meals in his company. Actually her life was consecrated to bridge whist.

Yet when all is said and done, under the crust of pretense and conventionality the heart of this simple and well meaning woman yearned deeply to her children and was often torn by her inability to understand them.

She had returned for her purse—a necessary adjunct to her game—and having secured it she descended to the front hall where the butler, now reinforced by a tall young footman in white silk stockings, bowed her out with ceremony. Mrs. Kayne was a great stickler for form.

The young footman—Capper—who had served three years in Flanders and wore a silver plate in his skull from which he suffered constant headache, adjusted the lace over the door and then busied himself with the coats upon the rack to hide the fact that he was feeling very ill; for Mr. Jarmon was not a sympathetic man. He was firmly persuaded that the young footman drank.

Relieved of the momentary problem presented by Sheila and young Mr. Jones, Mrs. Kayne entered Mrs. Brice-Brewster's with a tranquil mind. She and that lady were kindred spirits, astonishingly alike in most particulars, as were the other six ladies of fashion there assembled.

Mrs. Kayne found the company engrossed in discussing the very subject last pressed upon her attention.

"We were just saying, Lizzie dear," said Mrs. Brice-Brewster, "that there seems to be absolutely no way to control children nowadays. They are simply running wild. Parents don't seem to have the slightest influence any longer. Take the Mothers' and Fathers' Guild, for example. We all joined it three years ago and we thought we could do something by concerted action. But what happened? None of the children would go to any of the plays the Guild recommended and in fact they all insisted on going to those it disapproved of."

"What do you expect?" asked Mrs. Percival Ray, who had a twenty year old daughter already divorced and hence adopted an aggrieved attitude for the purpose of showing that it was not her fault. "It's the whole world. The war has destroyed all our ideals—everything!"

"I don't think the plays matter so much—they're bound to see everything anyway," said Mrs. Kayne.

"Exactly," agreed another lady. "I don't think the plays matter. It's so hard to tell what they mean anyway."

"And novels!" added Mrs. Kayne. "They get it all in the novels—even the very best. Take 'The Scarlet Letter,' for instance, I mean the classic—by Hawthorne." She spoke as one bowing—or having bowed—to the inevitable.

"Anyhow I'm told that last party at the

Seasongoods' was a public scandal," continued Mrs. Brice-Brewster. "In the first place over a hundred boys came who hadn't been asked and most of them brought their flasks. Then they put the lights out and smashed half a dozen mirrors and a lot of the furniture; and after that they played hide and seek all over the house. And a lot of the girls egg the boys on. I don't mean that any of ours do, but daughters of people we know. I understand they say they don't get any fun dancing with a man unless he has had something to drink."

"Well, what are you going to do?" demanded a lady conspicuous for her earrings who was adroitly shuffling a new pack of cards. "You can't keep a girl at home and get her married."

"That's the whole trouble," answered Mrs. Brice-Brewster. "Of course, the nice girls—ours—don't do these things, but even they complain that unless they do the boys don't want to dance with them. You really can't blame a girl for wanting to be popular."

"It's the parents' fault," alleged a fat placid lady in green brocade who happened to be childless. "They should exert a little discipline. Girls like that who don't behave themselves ought to be spanked."

"Oh, my dear!" expostulated the lady who thought that the plays didn't matter. "That would only make them worse. I'm sure you don't really mean that!"

"Yes, I do!" returned the stout lady resolutely. "When I was a girl I know what would have happened to me if I'd disobeyed my mother!"

There was an embarrassed silence.

"Why, I think most of the young people are perfectly well meaning," said Mrs. Kayne. "After all they are only trying to have a good time. Some of them will always be a little wild of course—but that doesn't mean that there is anything wrong. And I want them to have a good time!" she added resolutely.

Mrs. Brice-Brewster rose and moved toward the bridge table.

"Well, shall we begin?" she asked as she cut for partners. Then as Mrs. Kayne hovered near her she turned with a smile and said encouragingly:

"Well, it's nice to feel that *our* girls are all right, isn't it, dear?"

Mrs. Kayne smiled affectionately.

"What do you think of all these movies?" she asked confidentially. "Are you sure they're all right? For girls to go alone to, with boys I mean?"

Mrs. Brice-Brewster gave her a slightly puzzled glance.

"Why," she answered, "I had my doubts at first. But when Frances told me that you let Sheila do it, I made no further objection. I suppose it's all right. After all they don't take what they see seriously."

At that precise moment Sheila and her escort, Mr. Chubby Jones, were sitting in the dark, side by side in two "divans" directly behind another boy and girl in close embrace. The atmosphere was heavy with nitrogen, cheap perfume and the acrid smell of human bodies. On the screen a girl was struggling in the

arms of a man whose face was distorted in a grin of sensual anticipation. The organ was crashing out the Liebestod.

"Pretty hot stuff!" sniggered the man of the world beside Sheila who, ignorant of the proper etiquette on such occasions, giggled awkwardly in reply—then shivered as she felt his fingers creep up under her sleeve and clasp her elbow. For an instant she doubted her senses. Feebly she tried to pull herself away. But he did not relax his grasp. They always pretended aversion at first.

Helpless—alone in this huge black prison—in a world apparently dedicated to lust—shrinking from the publicity incident to an open resistance—wanting her mother but realizing that she would not find her there if she went home—she submitted, her face and bosom flaming with the consciousness that she had led him on, aping a sophistication not really hers. Doubtless he supposed that it was for just this that she had come with him. Tears of shame and disgust scorched her eyes.

"What a nice arm you've got, Sheila!" she heard him say.

After all, perhaps that was what the movies were for. Was not "Onderdonck-ing," as it was called, known in the earlier Victorian era—even among certain high ecclesiastics?

CHAPTER IX

CHILDREN OF YESTERDAY

CLAUDIA KAYNE—Lady Harrowdale—had never been formally introduced but the social game had become an old story to her by the time the innovations of "cheek to cheek" dancing and the "shimmy" had added a momentary fillip to a war denuded society. So she was ready and waiting for Captain Sir Percy Harrowdale when his discriminating eye fell upon her at the dinner table of Mrs. Brice-Brewster, to whom he had letters.

Visionary child that she was—already bored with her surroundings—she would have been an easy victim under any circumstances, but Harrowdale's uniform and his air of supercilious, almost arrogant distinction so captured her imagination that she could not conceal her infatuation.

Sheila, the little school girl crouching on the landing and peering through the banisters, watched the course of her sister's romance with excited interest.

In one way the war had been of advantage to her and her contemporaries, for it had somewhat delayed the period of their social sophistication. But this enforced repression had resulted in an even greater exuberance when they got their chance.

Yet Sheila had retained her innocence of mind to an astonishing degree. She bobbed her hair, powdered her nose and dabbed rouge on her cheeks and lips, less from a conscious desire to attract the other sex than because it was the fashion.

Nevertheless she was subjected to a freedom of physical contact with the other sex which was not only vulgarizing but tended to familiarize her with sensuality.

Diana from her ten years' superiority stigmatized Sheila and her friends as a lot of little jackasses, but did not take their antics seriously.

While her own relations with the other sex had always been unconventional and easy going and while she was fully con-

scious of the attraction she excited, there was nothing of the flirt about her. She was clean minded, frank, a "good sport" who was not ashamed to show her liking for her men friends and enjoyed having them evidence their own for her. The majority of the men she met made love to her, but she took this as a matter of course and it left her cold. Curiously enough for one who radiated sex she had passed through life untouched by any real emotion until her encounter with Maitland the previous Saturday. Here was something new altogether.

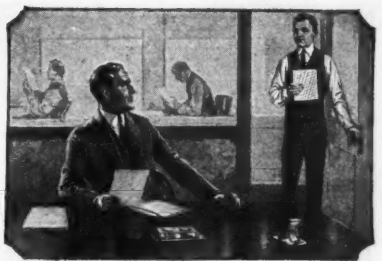
As she dressed for Sheila's ball she found herself wondering whether he would be there. He had insulted her the previous Saturday afternoon. She had almost struck him. His very apology for what he had done had been the more offensive because of its unconscious revelation of what he thought of her. Her cheeks burned at the knowledge that she had only emphasized his opinion of her by yielding to his embrace. She hated him! Why? She could no longer nonchalantly take the position that he was free to think what he liked about her. She cared and she knew that she cared. Yet she was too proud to move a finger or to utter a word to alter that false opinion. If he was too blind to see, too stupid to understand her true character—he was too blind and stupid for her to bother with.

Yet it was because Maitland knew himself to be neither blind nor stupid that the recollection of this strange girl so haunted and tormented him. It had been his first experience of passion, and that he had yielded to it at all filled him with self-reproach. He had been brought up to believe that any such yielding was a sin. He did not know that love, whether sacred or profane, flower or weed—often so designated merely according to which side of the hedgerow of convention it grows—sprouts from a single seed, that it may wither and grow rank and that out of passion may spring a blossom of spiritual beauty. Was it possible that she was, as Pepperill had opined, a "wrong 'un!" His instinct rebelled at the idea. Yet the evidence was there—his own arms, his own lips were witnesses to it.

Although things were in full swing when Maitland entered the Elysée he was conscious of an atmosphere of excitement not to be accounted for by the strong odor of whisky in the crowded coat room. Mrs. Kayne and her daughter still stood receiving on the upper landing. The girl's face was flushed, her dilated eyes shining, and it was clear that she was impatiently awaiting the moment when she should be at liberty to join the dancing throng.

That she did not recognize the tall youth who was coming up the stairs had no significance—she did not know a third of them—but she observed that he had a military air, and that he was on the whole, she thought, rather handsome—at any rate, quite nice looking. She had four categories in one of which she instantly classified every new male—perfectly stunning, rather handsome, quite nice looking, and simply awful. Then he smiled disarmingly and she put him back into the higher rating where he remained for nearly an hour before being reclassified.

Mrs. Kayne returned Lloyd's smile with the fixed gleam of a lighthouse and allowed him to press her hand. He was merely



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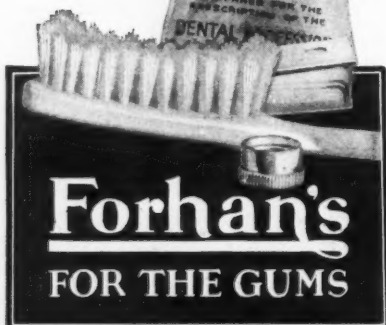
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the four hundred and fifty-first young man whose name had been vainly shouted at her against the din of the orchestra. She didn't know any of them herself.

As was customary with those who could stand the price, the whole affair had been left in the hands of Mrs. Bouguereau, one of the many "social secretaries" so called who, perhaps because the field of interior decoration was becoming exhausted, had gone into the business of organizing juvenile society and could guarantee to deliver an indefinite number of dancing young gentlemen like shorthorns on the hoof at what was in effect so much per head. That they were personally unknown to her or to her clients was a matter of indifference—since they usually, at least, belonged to families whose names were printed in the Social Register and hence were presumptively quite all right.

Under our system of avoiding responsibility by delegating our duties to others, whenever possible, the New York mother of today no longer introduces her daughter at the latter's debut to her friends but to a heterogeneous mob of juveniles patched up by the professional exploiter of society from the various "lists" supplied her by the debutantes. The girls jotted down such names as they could recall of any boys whom they had met, no matter under what circumstances, and when they could not remember a surname—if indeed they had ever known it—they used any available means of identification.

The lists furnished to Mrs. Bouguereau contained such accurate and pleasing aliases as "Rough" Bangs, "Slick" Thompson, "the curly haired man with broad shoulders who visited Ada Sims at Tuxedo—named 'Orange' or something." But she skilfully interpreted them and forwarded the necessary invitations to those for whom they were intended.

By a convenient laxity of social standards, since tickets of admission were not issued, many young men in need of amusement came who were not invited at all, as did also, more rarely, some of the opposite sex.

Mrs. Bouguereau had arrived early and had given very definite instructions to the dressing room maids, the men in the coat room and the head waiters. She wanted it positively understood—as she couldn't be everywhere herself—that no girls were to be allowed to go upstairs without shoulder straps and that, if the dresses were too low, Emma must stitch in some tulle of the appropriate color before they left the dressing room. And no young lady should be allowed to take off anything. If any undergarments were discovered lying around they should be instantly concealed. Of course if the girls left them at home nothing could be done about it. Flasks were to be confiscated but returned to their owners at the end of the evening—she looked severely at the row of sophisticated domestics—with their contents intact.

She begged Rheinart, the captain in charge of the supper, to use discretion about the amount of "white grape juice" he served—if any table was too noisy he might even remove the pitcher on the pretext of refilling it and then not bring it back. The dance was going to be one of the high spots in her business career and while she wanted plenty of "pep" there must be nothing that could offend

anybody—that Geroud dance, where it was said they had passed around bedroom keys, and that other recent costume party where each guest had gone as one of the characters in the Stillboy case, had started a lot of talk.

There was to be no "necking"—no skipping off on the part of any couple into the storage loft back of the music balcony. Rheinart must station a special man there whom he could absolutely trust to refuse all bribes.

Tall, angular, efficient, good natured, herself a devoted daughter supporting a decrepit old mother, she was but part of a system the object of which was pleasure. One emphatic protest to the mothers and she could have prevented much of the misconduct that went on. But she dared not antagonize the daughters.

Mrs. Bouguereau would have been genuinely horrified had it been suggested to her that the Elysée ballroom was in the slightest degree a menace to morals. Yet it was in fact nothing less, although every New York mother felt quite safe in letting her daughter go to any entertainment given by the Kaynes.

As she had climbed the stairs Mrs. Bouguereau saw that the work of her hands was good. The huge mirror lined ballroom had been latticed and turned into a rose garden, with a platform disguised as a "gazebo" or bower from which Mrs. Kayne, with specially favored friends, might view Sheila's social triumph. In an acre of polished floor were reflected a multitude of electric lights peeping through screens of flowering green.

The contract—on which she took ten percent—had been only twenty-five hundred dollars; and the job had been complete. The orchestra was already mildly jazzing "All I want is a little bit of love, a little bit of love from you!" The supper room, into which she glanced, was a real tropical glade—thirty-five hundred dollars. She felt a thrill of genuine pride—if only her classmates back in the Normal School could see it with their own eyes instead of merely reading about it in the papers! Then Rheinart called her and she hurried back to the landing in time to receive the Kaynes—and Sheila, as perfectly sweet in white and mauve.

Rufus, stiff and self-conscious, nervously congratulated her upon her achievement. "Looks very nice. What did you do about the champagne?"

"Successfully camouflaged."

The banker started to light a cigarette but changed his mind in spite of Rheinart's lighted match.

"I trust everything will be satisfactory, sir," said the latter bowing low.

Rufus handed him a fifty dollar bill. Then everybody began to arrive at once—for the theaters were out. At a quarter to twelve they were still coming. Maitland, shoved along by an even later comer and knowing nobody, paused just inside the main doorway. In the center of the ballroom stood a compact mass of boys which, being constantly augmented, had gradually driven the dancers closer and closer towards the walls until only a narrow aisle was left. Many of the boys and some of the girls were smoking cigarettes while they danced, and Lloyd saw several lighted stubs tossed upon the floor without any effort being made to extin-

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guish them by the boys in the "stag line." A pungent aroma of alcohol floated above this group and mingled with the smoke arising from it. These young gentlemen about town were intensely serious—their time was valuable.

Occasionally one of them would dart into the crowded throng of dancers, tear a girl from the arms of her partner, press her madly to him and drag her away only to lose her to another after a few yards. Then the dejected youth would rejoin his companions and his eyes would resume their fiercely penetrating search. It reminded Maitland of a long black net being hauled closer and ever closer about a struggling mass of scintillating fish from which the trawlers were choosing the most toothsome.

The air was hot; the speed of the dance so swift that the girls seemed clinging to their partners' bodies merely to prevent being trampled upon, as one unhorsed might cling to a slipped girth; while a cynical drummer with a face like a snapping turtle drove them on faster and ever faster with a frenzy of whistles, yells and catcalls, accompanied by the jangle of cowbells and the crash of crockery.

Rufus—after having been twice mistaken for a waiter—at length perceived that his only function was to pay the bill and decided, as soon as the receiving was over, that he might as well slip over to the club for a game of bridge. It was not as if he were going to leave Elizabeth entirely alone, for by that time his brother James had arrived with his wife and daughter, his sister Bridget, with her husband Ward Mallory, had put in an appearance and Mrs. Brice-Brewster had come in after the opera, escorted by Mr. Pepperill.

Mrs. Bouguereau hovered in the background retrieving couples who sought to lose themselves. A great hubbub came up from below where the men congregated outside the coat room. The overflow from the ballroom had swamped the landings and the stairs were crowded. In ordinary life they were normal boys and girls. But here in this artificial atmosphere most of them felt obliged to conduct themselves as they imagined chorus girls and roués would conduct themselves.

It was Maitland's first dance since his return from the other side and it struck him as an extraordinary performance. No European cocotte would publicly conduct herself as some of these young girls were doing. Women like that had too much sense to advertise. If this was the "society" into which the mothers introduced their daughters, why not turn them loose on Broadway and be done with it?

He pushed through the throng and took his stand nearer the orchestra, where if possible it was less crowded and whence he could view the dancers to better advantage. And then among them he saw Diana dancing with Devereaux. They must have come there together! She passed at a distance, observed him, faintly smiled and disappeared among the swirling throng. Then unexpectedly she was just in front of him and involuntarily he stepped towards her with a slight outstretching of his arms.

"Well!" she cried laughing. "Here I am! Aren't you going to dance with me? Don't you want me?"

Lloyd took her hand, nodding at his friend.

"Want you!" he murmured reddening. "Of course I do!"

"I must be running along, Di," said Devereaux, releasing her. "Good night. So long, Lloyd!"

The sportsman's tall figure struggled for a moment against the current of dancers and was engulfed. Diana lifted her arms as if to place them upon Lloyd's shoulder. "Well!" she protested. "I'm beginning to think you *don't* want me!"

"I'm sorry, I don't know how to dance this—whatever it is. I'd ruin your dress," he stammered.

She dropped her arms and flirted her fan. "Never mind!" she answered at once. "Then we can sit down over there with the old folks and watch the children. Aren't they funny?"

He frowned a little.

"I don't find them particularly so!" he replied as he led her towards the gazebo. She interpreted his note of disapprobation as a condescension, although he had not meant it so.

"Don't take our modern Babylon too seriously!" she said, obviously intending to convey as well: "Don't take yourself too seriously!"

He saw that she was piqued and would have liked to soothe her irritation, yet neither then nor at any other time could he tell her less than the whole truth.

"I don't know that I could take it too seriously! It seems to me it's pretty bad!" Her lip curved.

"Mr. Savonarola?" she gibed. "Oh no!" he retorted. "Just an interested observer. It isn't exactly what America went into the war to make the world safe for—is it?"

She did not know it but the real reason for her resentment of his disapproval was her consciousness of his disapproval of her. "It's democratic enough!" she laughed in an attempt at a lighter tone. "Our system brings a girl into contact with nearly every sort of man."

"There's no doubt about the contact!" he muttered as a couple cantered past. "Are you sure you're qualified to judge of us?" she asked sharply.

Her tone hurt him. "Perhaps not," he answered. "I didn't mean to be discourteous. You asked me a question and I tried to answer it honestly. I might have evaded it, I suppose. But I didn't want to—with you."

She looked up quickly and her eyes softened as they had on the former occasion when he had asked her forgiveness. After all, he had not meant to be unkind.

"It is really a wonderful party!" he declared. An expression such as he had not before seen there came into her face. "I don't blame you for being disgusted," she confessed. "But they're not really rotten—just silly kids!"

The situation thus momentarily relieved was saved by the doors of the supper room being thrown open at that moment. In the mad rush for tables that ensued, Maitland and Diana, who had almost reached the "gazebo," found themselves deserted with the adults at the upper end of the ballroom. The James Kaynes and the Mallorays, having felicitated Mrs. Rufus upon the character of the entertainment, now took their departure, and Maitland was constrained to assist Mr. Pepperill in conveying the remaining Olympians to the dining room.



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There was no longer any question as to the success of the party and Mrs. Bouguereau who, all smiles, conducted them to their seats, admitted modestly that things were going very well. As the moments passed they went better and better, owing no doubt to Mrs. Bouguereau's "camouflage." The tropic glade was soon thick with tobacco smoke and sickly sweet with the odor of food, cigarettes and toilet perfumes. The din was deafening. It was the supreme moment of the Young.

Mr. Pepperill, sitting at his hostess's right, caught Lloyd's eye across the table and made his customary wry face. Diana watched him with amusement.

"I can't imagine what can have become of Rufus!" ejaculated Mrs. Kayne. "However—they seem to be getting along all right!"

At that instant, as if in confirmation of her statement, a boy at an adjoining table half rose and waved a flask in her direction.

"Have some hootch?" he shouted.

The girl beside him seized the flask and pulled him back into his chair before Mrs. Kayne had time to grasp exactly what had occurred. She was glad they were all having such a good time! she told Mr. Pepperill. They were having a good time, weren't they—Mr. What-was-the-name?—Bateman? Across the room Sheila, unable to eat a mouthful, sat in speechless ecstasy.

It was at about this juncture, as Lloyd afterwards remembered, that Mr. Pepperill assisted Mrs. Brice-Brewster to arise and make her adieus. Their departure, however, had no perceptible result upon the spirits of the company, which were already as effervescent as they well could be. And now from behind a screen of palms six saxophone players—"The Jazz Kings"—made up in exaggerated imitation of negro minstrels—filed in amid cheers of recognition and wild applause from the company, with whom they appeared to be on terms of intimacy.

Several minutes later, the minstrels having departed, a new excitement arose. At one side of the room a long table had been set especially for the use of the "stags." This had been usurped by a very noisy party who in spite of Mrs. Bouguereau and Rheinart became steadily more and more uproarious until at the departure of the vaudeville artists they were attracting the attention of the entire room. They were now engaged in the pastime of breaking the silverware in two and throwing it into a heap in the middle of the table amid shrill cries of joy. Rheinart expostulated in vain. They offered to break him in two and throw him in with the silverware. Mrs. Bouguereau was at her wits' end. She did not wish to make a scene, but really—breaking silverware! She had chaperoned some rough parties but there had been nothing like this before in her entire experience. They might begin to throw crockery next! The girls, however, were thrilled. They called excitedly upon one another to look. That was Snooky Brown standing up with the ladle! Was he really going to break it in two? Oh, dear! Wasn't it awful! What a funny boy he was!

Lloyd was shocked—his sense of decency

offended. He had not believed such a scene possible. At a negro cake walk perhaps; but not at the formal introduction to society of the daughter of a respectable New York family at one of the supposedly best hotels in the city. These young ruffians ought to be thrown out! Where was the host? It was really none of his business and he hated all scenes. He looked quickly at Mrs. Kayne, but her face showed only helpless bewilderment. The Brown boy waving the ladle about his head was yelling incoherently. At the opposite end of the table another boy with a sweep of his arm pushed all the adjacent china to the floor with a crash.

Diana glanced meaningly at Lloyd. It was all the authority he needed. He sprang to his feet, darted across the intervening space and wrenched the ladle from the boy's hands. Instantly the hubbub ceased and every eye was fixed upon this tall young man who stood towering angry and vengeful above the group of crestfallen, cringing boys. Hardly conscious of his action, Lloyd pointed towards the door of the supper room.

"Go! All of you!" he said.

Amid silence they slowly arose to their feet one by one and with sheepish grins slunk out of sight behind the palms. The next instant there was as much noise as before—perhaps even more, since everybody was discussing the incident in great excitement. Lloyd, his lips trembling and his cheeks white, returned to his seat.

"Thank you! A thousand times! Mr. Savonarola!" Diana whispered. "They were outrageous!"

"I'm glad you think so!" he answered grimly, pouring himself out a glass of water. "I was afraid you might think they were only being silly!"

Diana laughed good naturedly at the thrust. Mrs. Kayne still looked like a frightened sheep. In a way she was relieved, although she was not altogether certain that such Spartan methods were really necessary.

Mrs. Bouguereau was aghast. She wished that young man had not interfered. The boys would have quieted down in a moment or two—there would not have been anything left to break. Calling attention to it would only make for notoriety—and hurt her business. Rheinart, however, heaved a sigh of relief and from behind Lloyd's chair muttered "Well done, sir!"

But it was Sheila who, coming across to where Maitland stood, thrust her hand into his impulsively and thanked him for having saved her party. He really had been perfectly splendid! Why hadn't he danced with her? Then she would teach him! And so, Mrs. Bouguereau having just then by an inspiration directed the orchestra to start up again, she dragged the pupil away and refused to have her lesson interrupted for at least fifteen minutes.

Gradually, the dance regained most of its vivacity. Rufus, who had lost ninety dollars at bridge, having thus escaped at slight expense the necessity of assuming the responsibility of preserving order, returned just as Lloyd was going away and, ignorant of what had occurred during supper, expressed much pleasure

at finding him there. Perhaps he would do for Sheila! When Lloyd bade Diana good night at half-past one she said with a quizzical laugh:

"I should think you'd feel quite like a member of the family! However, it can't be helped."

At the foot of the stairs fifteen or twenty maids sat in a somnolent row, their heads at varying angles. They would sit there for from two to three hours longer waiting for their young charges to have just one last dance. A semi-comatose youth in the coat room received Lloyd's check and accompanying half dollar as in a trance. One young gentleman—as yet unobserved by the eagle eye of Mrs. Bouguereau—was lying prone on the floor behind the curve of the main staircase.

The effect of the grape juice had slightly worn off by two o'clock. At three another supper was served and at four-thirty, breakfast—consisting of scrambled eggs, sausages, bouillon and coffee. Sheila, exhausted to the point of semi-consciousness, kept on mechanically staggering from one partner to another until the last bedraggled flapper had departed. She dimly heard the orchestra playing Home Sweet Home, but she had no recollection of how she got to her own sweet home or into bed—where she dreamed of a perfectly stunning man who drove everybody down the Elysée's stairs and then carried her away in his powerful arms.

Some three hours later Rufus, in response to the young footman Capper's knock, awoke and sat up stiffly to take the breakfast tray across his knees. Lying folded by the toast and marmalade was a copy of the morning paper and he turned automatically to the familiar society column opposite the editorial page. Yes, there it was!

"Ball at Elysée Hotel for Miss Sheila Kayne." In the middle of the sheet was a picture purporting to be that of his youngest daughter, but in reality that of a young person unknown to him.

At a dance, easily the most brilliant as yet of the season, Miss Sheila Kayne youngest daughter of Rufus Kayne, Esq., President of the Utopia Trust Co., was introduced last evening to a large but select gathering of New York's best society," etc.

How had they referred to him? "President of the Utopia Trust Co." But what more could they have said? What more was he? The affair had gone off well, anyhow. That Mrs. Bouguereau was a clever woman. Not everyone could have handled those reporters so as to have kept that silver-breaking incident out of the papers.

Greatly relieved, he poured a smoking golden stream of coffee into his particular cup of Spode and reached for the hot milk. That Maitland fellow! Curious how he was always mixing into his affairs. He hoped none of the boys' parents would be cut up at their being put out. No use treading on people's toes. Personally he'd rather have let it go. By the time he put in the cream he had reached the conclusion that on the whole Maitland had been too officious. At all events Sheila was "out." Thank God, that was over!

To hint at the nature of the third dramatic instalment of "His Children's Children" would be to spoil the story. But don't miss it—in September COSMOPOLITAN.

Bertie Changes His Mind

(Continued from page 105)

stragglers to come up. It was an unusual performance, and I, personally, found it extremely exhilarating. It seemed to smite the gov'nor, however, like a blow. He recoiled a couple of steps and flung up an arm defensively. Then the uproar died away and an air of expectancy fell upon the room. Miss Tomlinson directed a brightly authoritative gaze upon the gov'nor, and he caught it, gulped somewhat and tottered forward.

"Well, you know . . ."

Then it seemed to strike him that this opening lacked the proper formal dignity.

"Ladies . . ."

A silvery peal of laughter from the front row stopped him again.

"Girls!" said Miss Tomlinson. She spoke in a low, soft voice, but the effect was immediate. Perfect stillness instantly descended upon all present. I am bound to say that, brief as my acquaintance with Miss Tomlinson had been, I could recall few women I had admired more.

I fancy that Miss Tomlinson had gauged the gov'nor's oratorical capabilities pretty correctly by this time and had come to the conclusion that nothing much in the way of a stirring address was to be expected.

"Perhaps," she said, "as it is getting late and he has not very much time to spare, Mr. Wooster will just give you some little word of advice which may be helpful to you in after life, and then we will sing the school song and disperse."

She looked at the gov'nor. He passed a finger round the inside of his collar.

"Advice? After life? What? Well, I don't know . . ."

"Just some brief word of helpful counsel, Mr. Wooster," said Miss Tomlinson firmly.

"Oh, well . . . Well, yes . . . Well . . ."

It was painful to see the gov'nor's brain endeavoring to work. "Well, I'll tell you something that's often done me a bit of good, and it's a thing not many people know. My old uncle Henry gave me the tip when I first came to London. 'Never forget, my boy,' he said, 'that, if you stand outside Romano's in the Strand, you can see the clock on the wall of the Law Courts down in Fleet Street. Most people who don't know don't believe it's possible, because there are a couple of churches in the middle of the road and you would think they would be in the way. But you can, and it's worth knowing. You can win a lot of money betting on it with fellows who haven't found it out.' And by Jove, he was perfectly right. Many a quid have I . . ."

Miss Tomlinson gave a hard, dry cough. "Perhaps it would be better, Mr. Wooster," she said in a cold, even voice, "if you were to tell my girls some little story. What you say is no doubt extremely interesting, but perhaps a little . . ."

"Oh, ah, yes," said the gov'nor. "Story? Story?" He appeared completely distraught, poor young gentleman. "I wonder if you've heard the one about the stockbroker and the chorus girl? Stop me if you have. Th's chappie . . ."

"We will now sing the school song," said Miss Tomlinson, rising like an iceberg. I decided not to remain for the singing

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Do you know what to do when the engine of your car decides to take a rest? There is some helpful information about this problem on page 127.

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of the school song. It seemed probable to me that the gov'nor would shortly be requiring the car.

I had not long to wait. In a very few moments the gov'nor came tottering up. The gov'nor's is not one of those inscrutable faces which it is impossible to read. On the contrary, it is a limpid pool in which is mirrored each passing emotion. I could read it now like a book, and his first words were very much on the lines I had anticipated.

"Jeeves," he said hoarsely, "is that confounded car mended yet?"

"Just this moment, sir."

"Then for heaven's sake let's go!"

"But I understood that you were to address the young ladies, sir."

"Oh, I've done that!" responded the gov'nor, blinking twice. "I've done that."

"It was a success, I hope, sir?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Most extraordinarily successful. Went like a breeze. But—er—I think I may as well be going. No use outstaying one's welcome, what?"

"Assuredly not, sir."

I had climbed into my seat and was about to start the engines when voices made themselves heard; and at the first sound of them the gov'nor sprang with almost incredible nimbleness into the tonneau, and when I glanced round he was on the floor covering himself with a rug.

"Have you seen Mr. Wooster, my man?"

Miss Tomlinson had entered the stable yard, accompanied by a lady of, I should say, French origin.

"No, madam."

The French lady uttered some exclamation in her native tongue.

"Is anything wrong, madam?" I inquired.

Miss Tomlinson in normal mood was, I should be disposed to imagine, a lady who would not readily confide her troubles to the ear of a gentleman's gentleman. That she did so now was sufficient indication of the depth to which she was stirred.

"Yes, there is! Mademoiselle has just found several of the girls smoking cigarettes in the shrubbery. When questioned, they stated that Mr. Wooster had given them the horrid things." She turned. "He must be in the garden somewhere or in the house. I think the man is out of his senses. Come, mademoiselle!"

It must have been about a minute later that the gov'nor poked his head out of the rug like a tortoise.

"Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"Get a move on! Start her up! Get going and keep going!" I trod on the self-starter.

"It would perhaps be safest to drive carefully until we are out of the school grounds, sir," I said. "I might run over one of the young ladies, sir."

"Well, what's the objection to that?"
"Or even Miss Tomlinson, sir."
"Don't!" said the gov'nor wistfully.
"You make my mouth water!"

"Jeeves," said the gov'nor when I brought him his whisky and syphon one night a week later, "this is dashed jolly."

"Sir?"

"Jolly. Cozy and pleasant, you know. I mean, looking at the clock and wondering if you're going to be late with the good old fluids and then you coming in with the tray always exactly on time, never a minute late, and shoving it down on the table and biffing off and the next night coming in and shoving it down and biffing off and the next night . . . I mean, gives you a sort of safe, restful feeling. Soothing! That's the word. Soothing!"

"Yes, sir. Oh, by the way, sir . . ."

"Well?"

"Have you succeeded in finding a suitable house yet, sir?"

"House? What do you mean, house?"

"I understood, sir, that it was your intention to give up the flat and take a house of sufficient size to enable you to have your sister, Mrs. Scholfield, and her three young ladies to live with you."

The gov'nor shuddered strongly.
"You do get the damndest silliest ideas sometimes, Jeeves," he said.

P. G. Wodehouse taps another of his eternal well-springs of laughter in "The Metropolitan Touch" in September COSMOPOLITAN.

Don't Marry An Actor

(Continued from page 73)

courageous smile, and held out his hand. They gripped each other's hands firmly and looked each other frankly in the eyes.

"Partners," said Terry, with very real feeling.

The locomotive blew an impatient whistle.

"I'll mail you a copy of the act," said Terry hurriedly. "Be sure to have your lines pat by September second. Good luck."

II

THE resolve to go into partnership with Broderick Terry, to burst into vaudeville, to see the world, to earn her own living or starve in the attempt, made an extraordinary change in Ellen O'Brien's mental processes. She now found no difficulty in reconciling herself to a few more months of Roncevalles, or to a few thousand more parental Don'ts.

But as the weeks passed and no word came to her from Terry she began to suffer from the presentiment that she had been duped.

The inland California summer burned itself away. As August drew to a close she showed herself so critical, fault finding and generally pernickity, so utterly unlike her former good natured, easy going self, that some of the girls began to hint that she was probably in love and that the fortunate man either had not been apprised of his fortune or had repudiated it.

Broderick Terry, as a matter of fact, had made a deeper impression upon Ellen's sensibilities than she would have

confessed even to herself. It was not the thought that she had been duped and trifled with by a man that really upset her and made her fault finding and pernickity. It was the thought that she had been "conned along" and then "chucked" by a particular man that hurt.

The gate of her prison, which had seemed for some weeks to be standing wide open, was swinging slowly to. The first of September came and went, bringing no word from Terry. Then indeed she felt that the gate of her prison had once more closed.

She passed the night of September the first without sleeping at all. She passed the first three hours of September the second without sleeping at all. But then just as the Chamber of Commerce clock began to strike three, she sniffled a little with discouragement and disappointment, yawned a genuine yawn, closed a pair of prickly eyes and fell asleep.

When she waked everything was different. She felt rested, refreshed, happy and excited. During sleep, her subconsciousness, scouting far and wide by processes still hidden from the owners of subconsciousnesses, had discovered that Broderick Terry was on his way to Roncevalles. Waking toward eight-thirty she felt as confident that he had arrived as if she had seen him stepping off the eight-fifteen.

At a quarter to nine the telephone rang. By good fortune Mr. O'Brien had carried his newspaper to the cellar where he could chew in peace and keep cool.

She recognized Terry's voice, but it sounded weak and troubled.

"I'm at the Roncevalles House," he said. "When can I see you?"

"You could meet me in half an hour at the Imperial Sundae Parlor," she said hurriedly. "There won't be anyone there so early."

And there they met.

But the meeting was a great shock to Ellen. And it brought out the mother in her. She forgot all about her prison, all about the act. She thought only of how a young man so recently the picture of health and high spirits had become white, drawn, lined, pathetic and broken. And she knew at once that at their former meeting up on the bold high edge of nothing it was not the man's proposition which had touched her heart but the man himself. All that she had ever heard of consumption rushed into her mind.

"You poor thing!" she cried. "What have you been doing to yourself?"

He coughed. And she heard once more the weak, troubled voice.

"I came," he said, "because I promised. But I'm afraid you are going to be disappointed."

"That's nothing," she said. "The important thing is you."

"Really?" His voice sounded a little stronger. The smile widened. He pulled out a chair for her at one of the side tables, sat himself down opposite her, rested his elbows on the table and beamed.

"It was mean of me," he said, "but I didn't know you cared a straw or I wouldn't have done it. Did you think I was dying of consumption?"

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She nodded, her eyes round and full of wonder; her heart swiftly beating the relief which it felt.

"A girl," he said, "has to have confidence in her partner. And I felt that somehow or other I had to convince you that I really *can* act when I put my mind to it."

"But—" she objected.

"The pallor and the lines?" he suggested.

Ellen nodded.

"Make-up," he said. "Are you mad?"

"I guess I'm too happy to be mad."

"Well," said he, "I bring news. Are you still interested?"

"If you had ever spent a summer in Roncevalles you wouldn't ask me that."

"We are to have a tryout in San Francisco—just one month from yesterday."

"When do we start to rehearse?"

"Right now. And every moment of the day from now on—when we are together and when we are apart."

"Being together isn't going to be so darned easy," said Ellen.

"You forget that I have the t. b.'s, that I have come here for my health, that horseback riding has been prescribed for me, that there is a natural theater on your father's property, that it is pretty well protected by Don't Trespass signs and that you also ride. Can you do a sundae at this time of day?"

It was a long time before the sharp young people of Roncevalles put two and two together, or, to be more accurate, made one out of two. All that the young people noticed at first was that Ellen was keeping herself to herself a whole lot lately.

Meanwhile in the little meadow on the brink of Lover's Leap a little miracle was being accomplished. That two presentable young people were falling deeply and sincerely in love with each other was not the miracle. The miracle was this—that the technique of acting came as easily and naturally to Ellen as flight to a young bird.

Before two weeks had passed the act was running smoothly from beginning to end.

At night in the privacy of her own room and in the mornings before breakfast she practised make-up. She had a good eye for form and color, and at the end of the two weeks she could have so disguised herself as to walk through the main street of Roncevalles during the busy hour without being recognized.

When at last the young people began to associate Ellen's daily rides into her father's hills with the daily excursions of Mr. Terry, it must be said to their credit that they thought no evil.

But a very large percentage of every Anglo-Saxon population is composed of persons who spend a good deal of their time in putting evil constructions upon the actions of other people. And of course the gossip about Ellen and Terry was meat and drink to them. To strip from Ellen the reputation which she had always enjoyed even among themselves was the work of an instant. To acquaint Ellen's father with the "facts" was the agreeable task of a committee of the "Mothers' Club" appointed for the purpose. It was curious but true that the president of the club, who now acted as chairman of the sub-committee, had never had a child or a husband.

Mr. O'Brien listened to what she had to say, and the committee listened. Miss Gottlieb and the committee imagined

that the veins which began to stand out on the O'Brien forehead were due to rage against Ellen. They believed that whatever they recommended to him he would do. They began to roll their tongues.

Mr. O'Brien listened to their slanderous deductions and to their Mid-victorian recommendations without speaking a word. Then, Miss Gottlieb having finished her speech and emphasized the committee recommendations, he advanced one single step and began to quiver and shake as if he were very cold.

"Because my girl takes a fancy to go riding with a young man," he said slowly, "you come to her father, a man that knows her from A to Z, and tell him she's—she's bad . . ."

"What other possible conclusion . . ." interrupted the chairman in her sharp, self-centered voice. The effort which Mr. O'Brien made to control himself should be described in Shakespearean words and printed in letters of gold. It was almost a success.

"To a bunch of dirty minded, foul mouthed, ugly faced, childless, middle-aged hens there wouldn't be any other possible conclusion . . . You spoil my daughter's life, and that spoils mine. What do I care if I go to jail? I don't . . . If you aren't out of my house and out of my yard in ten seconds, I'll take down that horse whip yonder and cut your yellow, withered hides to ribbons!"

If Ellen could have heard her father she would have forgotten all the Don'ts and loved him beyond measure. Unfortunately the face which he had for her when late that afternoon she came in from riding was altogether different from the face which he had shown to her enemies. He glared at her and through set teeth forced out the words:

"Don't you ever dare to see that man again or I'll whip you within an inch of your life!"

It was a good thing that Mr. O'Brien had spoken strongly to the Mothers' Club. It developed that certain husbands of certain club members owed him money, and that if his daughter was in any public manner smirched there would be a financial readjustment which would throw many families into financial mourning. It was also rumored that Miss Ellen herself was "packing" a black snake whip.

But this was not true.

Miss Ellen had other matters to think of. How, for instance, to escape from her father's jurisdiction?

She was a free-born American citizen; she was of age to do as she pleased. Nevertheless she had been locked in her room and couldn't get out. And even if she succeeded in getting out, she was without funds and consequently, had no place to go.

Her father's last words as he had slammed her in for the night stuck in her gorge. For she had learned that very day that Broderick Terry loved her in the same way that she loved him, and she knew him to be good and sweet and kind and gentle, and she knew that she would be happy with him and pampered and loved. Therefore her father's last words, "I'd rather see you walk the streets than married to a man like that," were like poisoned arrows. Her father had also

stated that Broderick Terry was a presumptuous puppy, and that he couldn't act.

About two in the morning a window in the second story of the O'Brien ranch house opened and a comely young woman in riding clothes emerged and, partially by means of a series of sheets knotted together and partially by the simpler means of letting go of the sheets and falling, descended to the ground. She picked herself up, straightened her hat and limping slightly set out in the direction of the sleeping town.

The pretentious glass door of the Roncevalles House was unlocked. The office was empty. Miss Ellen limped to the desk and consulted the register. Then she climbed two flights and knocked on the door of a room which bore a certain number.

Mr. Terry was a light sleeper. He had presently risen, unlocked his door and opened it a few inches. An ordinary man would have started and exclaimed "You!" Mr. Terry didn't.

"It won't take me three minutes to dress," he said. "Oh, you poor baby! . . . And then what?"

"Give me all the money you can," she said, "and I'll be at the side door with horses as quick as I can. Father's been told about us. He thinks the worst, and we've got to beat it!"

How Ellen obtained horses at that time of the night is known only to herself and the proprietor of the livery stable. But it is certain that having cleared the outskirts of the town she returned to Terry out of the thick roll of bills which he had given her a solitary twenty, and said:

"Is that enough to get married on?"

Meanwhile the proprietor of the livery stable had waked the telephone central and called Mr. O'Brien.

"Say, Mr. O'Brien," he said, "what's your Ellen doin', hirin' two horses at this time of night? Was it all right to let her have 'em?"

He grinned darkly as a torrent of bad language roared over the wire.

"Shouldn't have let her have 'em? Well, that's too bad. She said you knew all about everything and that everything was O.K. . . What's that? . . . You don't have to. She paid in advance . . . Stop her. What with? She hired Darkness and Dawn."

Darkness and Dawn were good horses in their way. But there was a stallion in the O'Brien stables who could really go. The old man hadn't been "up" for several years; but he had been a cowboy in his youth, and rage did the rest.

When he had clattered through the main street of Roncevalles he kicked the horse in the ribs and increased the pace.

That the fugitives might have left town by some other road did not, very naturally, enter his head. There was no other road. Roncevalles stands near the edge of the desert. If you don't depart by train you always depart in the opposite direction. In other words, instead of venturing into the desert you follow the road over the mountains to the town of Egypt.

Egypt may be left by a number of roads. But with that stallion between his knees, O'Brien believed that he would come up with the fugitives somewhere this side of Egypt, and leaving one of them where he found him, fetch the other one back home.

Occasionally the fingers of the right hand sought the butt of a six shooter and felt for a series of three small notches which he had once, according to the custom of the old West, had occasion to cut into the ivory with his hunting knife.

The first house as you ride into Egypt from Roncevalles belongs to Mr. Gideon, a cattle rancher and justice of the peace. To the picket fence which separated Mr. Gideon's dooryard from the road two horses were tethered—a black and a white. These horses looked familiar to Mr. O'Brien but he could not have sworn to them. But a closer inspection told him that they had been recently sweated. Mr. O'Brien was an Irishman. It was therefore his habit, in emergencies, to jump at conclusions.

Tying the stallion alongside of the black and the white, he staggered stiffly up the pathway to Mr. Gideon's house and pushed open the front door.

The front door of Mr. Gideon's house opened directly into the living room. And Mr. O'Brien had no sooner burst unceremoniously into this room than it dawned upon him that he had made a blunder.

Mr. Gideon, with Mrs. Gideon and two daughters for witnesses, was, it is true, in the very act of performing a wedding. But the persons being tied together were not the persons whom Mr. O'Brien had counted on overtaking and keeping apart.

The couple who were in the act of getting married merely looked cold and reproachful. They were not a prepossessing pair. The woman—you could hardly call her young—squinted (coldly) and her cheeks were so puffed out that it looked as if she had the toothache. The groom was a spiritless individual. He looked sick and yellow. His front teeth were protruding and shaped like a rabbit's.

Mr. O'Brien was completely taken aback. He stammered an excuse.

"My daughter," he said, "ran away to get married and—I'm very sorry, folks, for interrupting the way I did—but I thought she'd come here."

"Well," said Mr. Gideon sharply, "is that your daughter?"

"It is *not*!" exclaimed Mr. O'Brien with uncomplimentary emphasis.

Mr. Gideon shrugged his shoulders.

"Then," he said, "I guess you better look for her elsewhere, and the next time you take it into your head to visit me, ring the bell."

Mr. O'Brien was glad to get off so easily. He was in the act of shinnying up the side of the stallion, being now too lame and stiff to mount like a man, when one of the Gideon girls came flying down the path from the house.

"The gentleman that's being married," she said, "says to tell you that he saw a young couple boardin' the train for San Francisco not half an hour ago. They'd come on horseback."

Mr. O'Brien groaned and muttered: "It must 'a' been them."

His rage had evaporated, leaving him weak, pathetic and abused.

"Let 'em go," he said. "Let 'em go. I done what I could to save her; but it's no use. The cards were stacked . . . Young lady, it was kind of you to take the trouble to come out and tell me this after the way I busted in on you. I can only do one thing to thank you. I can give

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you a piece of good advice. Whatever you do, don't marry an actor."

He rode back toward Roncevalles, weary and broken.

And he was right about the cards being stacked. For the newly married pair had no sooner got clear of the Gideon house and family than the woman took the plumpers out of her cheeks, loosened the hair that had been drawn up tightly under her hat and resumed all the beauty of the former Ellen O'Brien. The man proved that the protruding rabbit teeth were false by taking them out of his mouth and dropping them into his waistcoat pocket.

"Were you scared, darling?" he asked. "Almost into a fit," she said; and then with a sudden excited laugh she cried, "Who says we can't act?"

That parents are as often wrong as right has been pretty well demonstrated during the last few million years by human experience. But it certainly looked as if Mr. O'Brien had been right.

The baby was sickly, and poverty and neglect had broken Ellen's heart. Her beauty would break next; but pallor alone and a loss of weight could not spoil it. The grimness and drabness of her surroundings only served to heighten and emphasize it.

Things had gone from bad to worse.

Terry could act. He had not lied about that; but he had lied about other things. He had lied about his habits. These stood between him and success. Managers wouldn't take a chance.

He had too much imagination to carry liquor. It was only the first drink or two that brought out of him jollity and conviviality. Close behind and ready to swamp them were ego, vanity and the temper of a fiend.

"You will come home drunk," Ellen had said "just once too often."

She sat and rocked the baby and wondered which homecoming would be the last. Would it be the next one? She hadn't set eyes on him for nearly fifty-eight hours.

Presently she heard his step. She did not so much as turn her head when he entered the room.

He must have one credit. He began with a drunkenly mumbled apology. Ellen made no answer.

He shrugged his shoulders, crossed the room and tried to open the door of the dresser. It was locked.

"Where's the key?" he asked shortly.

Ellen, without looking at him, pointed to the window.

"There is nearly half a pint of whisky in this crib," he said, "and I need it."

Terry made an effort to break open the drawer of the dresser. But it was strong and the lock was good. He controlled his anger for a moment and pointing to the door, and at the same time taking a menacing step toward Ellen, exclaimed: "Get that key!"

She arose quietly and laid the baby in its crib. She looked for a moment at its little face, and then turning with a strangled sob, moved blindly toward the door.

Terry shrugged his shoulders and turned his back. The sight of silly women crying was obnoxious to him.

Ellen gave him one look. Satisfied that his back was turned, she quickly took the key from the inside of the hall door lock and slipped it into the outside. Then she

Posed by Lois Wilson, leading woman in Paramount motion pictures. Miss Wilson, like many other attractive stars of the screen, uses and endorses Ingram's Milkweed Cream to protect and preserve the complexion.



Sunburn, tan, freckles —They need not mar your complexion

ENJOY this summer the sports you love best—without sacrificing your complexion. Play tennis or golf as much as you like—swim to your heart's content—secure in the knowledge that your skin is protected from sunburn, tan and freckles.

For you *can* guard your skin against the burning rays of the sun. You *can* protect it from the coarsening effects of hot, dusty winds if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. Not only does it protect the skin—it *keeps the complexion fresh and clear*, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up," *revitalizes*, the sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use at once. It will soon soothe away old traces of redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections. Its continued use will preserve your fair, wholesome complexion through a

long summer of outdoor activities. Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Use it regularly, according to directions in the Health Hint booklet enclosed in the carton—keep your fresh complexion through the trying heat of summer.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

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Established 1885
40 TENTH STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse—An attractive, new souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with a silver dime, and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

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GENTLEMEN: Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an elder-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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The drink that cools— and quenches thirst



Hires

THE GENUINE ROOTBEER

WHEN you're hot and thirsty always ask for Hires. There's no other drink like it. No other drink has the spicy tang of sixteen pure herbs, roots, barks and berries. Always wholesome and refreshing, Hires cools and quenches thirst on the hottest day.

Say Hires plainly at the fountain and get the genuine.

Hires comes in bottles too—carbonated and ready to drink. There's nothing better for home use. Get it at your grocer's or wherever soft drinks are sold.

For making rootbeer at home, always ask for Hires Household Extract. It's easy to make. One 25-cent package makes 80 glasses. At your dealer's or sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY

219 S. Twenty-fourth Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Canadian price, 35 cents the package

laughed. Something in her laugh frightened him and sobered him.

"What in hell's the matter with you?" She was halfway into the hall—ready in a flash to slam the door and lock it.

"Nothing," she said. "But I've had enough of this. I'm not going to retrieve that key for you—like a dog. I'm going to get a policeman."

A returning wave of drunkenness made this threat seem humorous to him. He laughed.

"And you can explain to the policeman," she said, "about the marks on the baby's neck."

"What marks?"
"Finger marks."

He shambled to the cradle and looked into it. And froze. He clutched at his own throat and looked at Ellen, his eyes wide and sober with sheer horror.

"The policeman," she said slowly, "will see for himself that the baby—the lucky, lucky little baby—is dead—and you will be able to explain about the finger marks."

She shut the door softly and he heard the key turn in the lock.

When he found that he could not escape from the room his reason began to break down. It was very horrible. It was moving, too, and tragic. You couldn't help feeling sorry for the man; because just before his reason went he saw everything so clearly, and his mistakes and his selfishness seemed so horrible to him.

It is better not to dwell on this scene. She came back—the policeman with her. But Terry was no longer in the kitchen. He had picked up a bread knife from the table and retired into the bedroom with it.

A moment later a whole theater full of people broke into frantic applause and the curtain descended upon a smiling Mr. and Mrs. Broderick Terry who held hands and made charming bows. The curtain went up.

This time Ellen snatched the baby out of the cradle and proved that it was an imitation baby and the applause was even louder than ever.

As the people crowded out of the theater a young man might have been heard to remark:

"It's a rotten act if ever I saw one; but they do certainly put it over."

This sentence was picked up and represented by an elderly gentleman who was a complete stranger to the young man.

"It isn't a rotten act," he said belatedly. "And I guess I ought to know. My son-in-law wrote it. And it's been a knock-out for two years."

The young critic smiled good naturedly. "Well," he said, "there's one good thing about it. It points a good moral. It teaches our daughters not to marry actors, doesn't it?"

"No it don't!" shouted the elderly gentleman, and he hustled his way through the crowd and brimming with indignation, pride and affection made for the stage door of the theater.

Of all the strange tales Gouverneur Morris has told, perhaps the strangest is "His Wonders to Perform" in September COSMOPOLITAN. On all newsstands August 1922.

August, 1922

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OPOLITAN

August 10

Pompeian Beauty powder



The Lure of Beauty

No wonder he finds it hard to say good night. With the warm coloring of her cheeks, her lustrous skin and radiant eyes, her beauty fascinates him. You will share the secret of her beauty instantly—when you, too, use the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle? Lastly dust over again with powder to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youthified in an instant! (Above 3 articles may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct shade is more important than color of your dress. New NATURELLE is a more delicate tone than Flesh, blends with medium complexion. Our New RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"
 Day Cream (60c) . . . holds the powder
 Beauty Powder (60c) . . . in four shades
 Bloom (60c) . . . a rouge that won't break
 Massage Cream (60c) . . . clears the skin
 Night Cream (50c) improved cold cream
 Fragrance (30c) . . . talc, exquisite odor
 Vanity Case (\$1.00) . powder and rouge
 Lip Stick (25c) . . . makes lips beautiful



GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1922 Art Panel. Also please send five samples named in offer.

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Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.

Get 1922 Panel—Five Samples Sent With It

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THE POMPEIAN CO., 2036 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
 Also Made in Canada © 1922, The Pompeian Co.

Washing tests made by nation's biggest manufacturer of yarns

Show safe way to
wash knitted goods

Wool is more easily harmed by poor laundering than any other fabric. A strong (or alkaline) soap, for example, will harden, yellow and shrink wool. Rubbing takes away the fluffiness and gives a board-like appearance.

It is as important to the manufacturer as to the wearer to find the safe way to wash woollens. For this reason the makers of the Fleisher Yarns had careful laundering tests made. The letter from this company tells the interesting things these tests showed, and why, as a result, it is recommending Lux as the safe way to wash woollens.



S.B. & B.W. FLEISHER, INC.
MANUFACTURERS OF
WORSTED YARNS

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had different colored garments of light, medium and heavy weight yarns washed in Lux. Each garment was given the number of washings it would normally receive.

The wools kept their fluffiness and shrank so little that it was hard to believe they had received such frequent washings. A harsh soap not only takes the "life" out of wool, but shrinks and mats it so that all the softness and fluffiness disappear.

The very satisfactory results obtained with Lux are a striking testimonial to the way it cleanses. We knew, of course, that Lux was pure, but we had no idea that a product which cleansed so thoroughly could be at the same time so absolutely mild. We are glad to recommend it to our customers.

Very truly yours,

S. B. Fleisher, Inc.



Send today for our booklet of expert laundering advice. It is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. P-8, Cambridge, Mass.

How to wash knitted things

Measure knitted and crocheted garments before washing. Remove knitted buttons as the wood may stain the material. Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garments up and down in suds. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring or twist.

Lay on towel to dry, pat into shape, stretching to the right measurements again. Dry in even temperature.

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